This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

DC.
Lockhart

DC

Lockhart

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

Engd by Illman & Pilbrow.

NAPOLEON

N. York. Published by J. & J. Harper. 1832.

WITH COPPERPLATE ENGRAVINGS.

TWO VOLUMES.

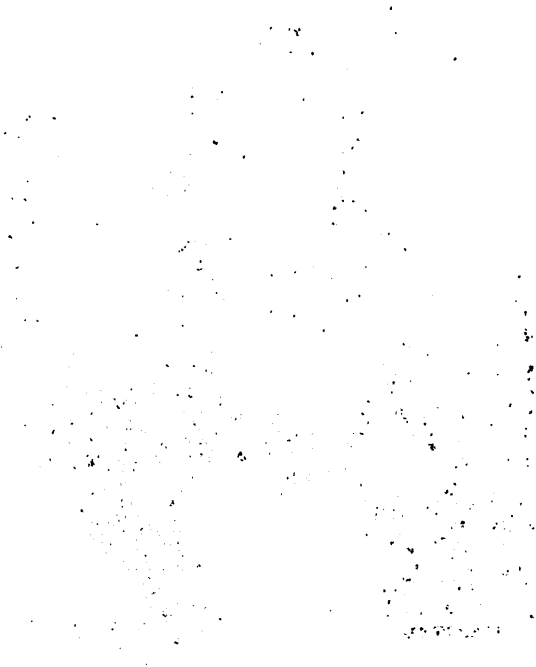
VOL. I.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS

NO. 82 CLIFF-STREET.

1837.



N.York, Published by J.& J. Harper 1832.

923
N16

Harper's Stereotype Edition.

Ed Nov. 1830 & per Nov 1831.

YOUNG MEN'S HEBREW ASSOCIATION LIBRARY

B 316

HISTORY

OF

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

BY J. G. LOCKHART, ESQ.

WITH COPPERPLATE ENGRAVINGS.

NEW YORK

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL I.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS

No. 82 CLIFF-STREET.

1837.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1907

923
N16l
v.1

CONTENTS

OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

NEW YORK.

CHAPTER I.

Birth and Parentage of Napoleon Buonaparte—His Education at Brienne and at Paris—Enters the Army—His first Military Service in Corsica, in 1793..... *page* 13

CHAPTER II.

Buonaparte commands the Artillery at Toulon—Fall of Toulon—The Representatives of the People—Junot..... 21

CHAPTER III.

Buonaparte Chief of Battalion at Nice—Fall of Robespierre—He is superseded—Buonaparte at Paris in 1795—The Day of the Sections—Commands the Army of the Interior—Marries Josephine de Beauharnois—Appointed to the Command of the Army of Italy 28

CHAPTER IV.

The Army of Italy—Tactics of Buonaparte—Battle of Monte Notte—Battle of Millesimo—Battle of Mondovi—Armistice of Cherasco—Close of the Campaign of Piedmont—Peace granted to Sardinia 38

CHAPTER V.

The French cross the Po at Placenza—The Battle of Fombio—The Bridge of Lodi—Napoleon occupies Milan—Resigns, and resumes his Command—Insurrection of Pavia—Military Executions—The French pass the Mincio at Borghetto—Beaulieu retreats behind the Adige—Mantua besieged—Peace with the King of the Two Sicilies—The Pope buys a Respite 45

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER VI.

Wurmser supersedes Beaulieu—Jourdan and Moreau march into Germany, and are forced to retreat again—The Austrians advance from the Tyrol—Battle of Salo and Lonato—Escape of Napoleon—Battle near Castiglione—Wurmser retreats on Trent, and is recruited—Battle of Roveredo—Battle of Primolano—Battle of Bassano—Battle of St. George—Wurmser shut up in Mantua 69

CHAPTER VII.

Affairs of Corsica—Alvinzi assumes the Command of the Austrians on the Italian Frontier—The three Battles of Arcola—Retreat of Alvinzi—Battle of Rivoli—Battle of La Favorita—Surrender of Mantua—Victor marches on Ancona—Despair of the Pope—Treaty of Tolentino 89

CHAPTER VIII.

Neutrality of Venice—The Archduke Charles—Battle of Tagliamento—Retreat of the Archduke—Treaty of Leoben—War with Venice—Venice conquered 86

CHAPTER IX.

Pichegru—The Directory appeal to Buonaparte—The 18th Fructidor—The Court of Montebello—Josephine—The Treaty of Campo-Formio—Buonaparte leaves Italy 93

CHAPTER X.

Napoleon at Rastadt—He arrives in Paris—His Reception by the Directory—His Conduct and Manners—He is appointed to command the Army for the Invasion of England—He recommends an Expedition to Egypt—Reaches Toulon—Embarks 101

CHAPTER XI.

The Voyage to Egypt—Malta surrendered—The French escape Nelson, and take Alexandria—The March up the Nile—The Battle of the Pyramids—Cairo surrenders—The Battle of Aboukir 112

CHAPTER XII.

Buonaparte's Administration in Egypt—Armaments of the Porte—Buonaparte at Suez—At El-Arish, Gazah, Jaffa, Acre—Retreat to Egypt—Defeat of the Turks at Aboukir—Napoleon embarks for France 121

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER XIII.

Retrospect—Buonaparte arrives in France—The Revolution of the 18th Brumaire—The Provisional Consulate 138

CHAPTER XIV.

The Provisional Consulate—Reforms in France—Pacification of the Chouans—Constitution of the Year VIII.—Buonaparte Chief Consul 153

CHAPTER XV.

The Chief Consul writes to the King of England—Lord Grenville's Answer—Napoleon passes the Great St. Bernard—The taking of St. Bard—The Siege of Genoa—The Battle of Marengo—Italy reconquered—Napoleon returns to Paris—The Infernal Machine—The Battle of Hohenlinden—The Treaty of Luneville 164

CHAPTER XVI.

Affairs of Naples and of the Pope—The Emperor Paul of Russia—Northern Confederacy against England—Battle of Copenhagen—Nelson's Victory—Death of Paul—Expedition to Egypt under Sir Ralph Abercrombie—Battle of Alexandria—Conquest of Egypt—The Flotilla of Boulogne—Negotiations with England—Peace of Amiens 196

CHAPTER XVII.

Peace of Amiens—The Concordat—The Legion of Honour—Buonaparte President of the Cisalpine Republic—First Consul for Life—Grand Mediator of the Helvetic Confederacy—St. Domingo—Toussaint L'Ouverture—Dissatisfaction of England—Trial of Peltier—Lord Whitworth—Rupture of the Peace of Amiens—Detention of English Travellers in France 203

CHAPTER XVIII.

Recommencement of the War—French seize Hanover and Naples—The English take St. Domingo and other colonies—Scheme of invading England resumed—Moreau—Pichegru—Georges Cadoudal—Captain Wright—Murder of the Duke D'Enghein—Napoleon Emperor of France—King of Italy—Genoa united to the Empire .. 228

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER XIX.

New Coalition against France—Sweden—Russia—Austria joins the Alliance—Napoleon heads the Army in Germany—Ulm surrendered by Mack—Vienna taken—Naval Operations—Battle of Trafalgar—Battle of Austerlitz—Treaty of Presburg—Joseph Buonaparte King of Naples—Louis Buonaparte King of Holland—Confederation of the Rhine—New Nobility in France 253

CHAPTER XX.

Discontent of Prussia—Death of Pitt—Negotiation of Lords Yarmouth and Lauderdale—Broken off—Murder of Palm, the Bookseller—Prussia declares War—Buonaparte heads the Army—Naumburgh taken—Battle of Jena—Napoleon enters Berlin—Fall of Magdeburg, &c.—Humiliation of Prussia—Buonaparte's Cruelty to the Duke of Brunswick—His Rapacity and Oppression in Prussia 275

HISTORY

OF

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

B816
NEW YORK.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

CHAPTER I.

Birth and Parentage of Napoleon Buonaparte—His Education at Brienne and at Paris—Enters the Army—His first military Service in Corsica in 1793.

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE was born at Ajaccio on the 15th of August, 1769. The family had been of some distinction, during the middle ages, in Italy; whence his branch of it removed to Corsica in the troubled times of the Guelphs and Ghibellines. They were always considered as belonging to the gentry of the island. Charles, the father of Napoleon, an advocate of considerable reputation, married his mother, Letitia Ramolini, a young woman, eminent for beauty and for strength of mind, during the civil war—when the Corsicans, under Paoli, were struggling to avoid the domination of the French. The advocate had espoused the popular side in that contest, and his lovely and high-spirited wife used to attend him through the toils and dangers of his mountain campaigns. Upon the termination of the war he would fain have exiled himself along with Paoli; but his relations dissuaded him from this step, and he was afterward reconciled to the conquering party, and protected and patronised by the French governor of Corsica, the count de Marbœuff.

It is said that Letitia had attended mass on the morning of the 15th of August; and, being seized suddenly on her return, gave birth to the future hero

of his age, on a temporary couch covered with tapestry, representing the heroes of the Iliad. He was her second child. Joseph, afterward king of Spain, was older than he: he had three younger brothers, Lucien, Louis, and Jerome; and three sisters, Eliza, Caroline, and Pauline. These grew up. Five others must have died in infancy; for we are told that Letitia had given birth to thirteen children, when at the age of thirty she became a widow.

In after-days, when Napoleon had climbed to sovereign power, many flatterers were willing to give him a lofty pedigree. To the emperor of Austria, who would fain have traced his unwelcome son-in-law to some petty princes of Treviso, he replied, "I am the Rodolph of my race,"* and silenced, on a similar occasion, a professional genealogist, with, "Friend, my patent dates from Monte Notte."†

Charles Buonaparte, by the French governor's kindness, received a legal appointment in Corsica—that of *Procureur du Roi* (answering nearly to attorney-general); and scandal has often said that Marbœuff was his wife's lover. The story received no credence in Ajaccio.

Of Napoleon's boyish days few anecdotes have been preserved in Corsica. His chosen plaything, they say, was a small brass cannon; and, when at home in the school-vacations, his favourite retreat was a solitary summer-house among the rocks on the seashore, about a mile from Ajaccio, where his mother's brother (afterward cardinal Fesch) had a villa. The place is now in ruins, and overgrown with bushes, and the people call it "Napoleon's Grotto." He has himself said that he was remarkable only for obstinacy and curiosity: others add, that he was high-spirited, quarrelsome, imperious; fond of solitude; slovenly in his dress. Being detected stealing figs in an orchard, the proprietor

* Rodolph of Hapsburgh was the founder of the Austrian family.
† His first battle.

threatened to tell his mother, and the boy pleaded for himself with so much eloquence, that the man suffered him to escape. His careless attire, and his partiality for a pretty little girl in the neighbourhood, were ridiculed together in a song which his playmates used to shout after him in the streets of Ajaccio:

"Napoleone di mezza calzetta
Fa l'amore a Giacominetta."*

His superiority of character was very early felt. An aged relation, Lucien Buonaparte, archdeacon of Ajaccio, called the children about his death-bed to take farewell and bless them: "You, Joseph," said the expiring man, "are the eldest; but Napoleon is the head of his family. Take care to remember my words." Napoleon took excellent care that they should not be forgotten. He began with beating his elder brother into subjection.

From his earliest youth he chose arms for his profession. When he was about seven years old (1776), his father was, through Marbœuff's patronage, sent to France as one of a deputation from the Corsican *noblesse* to king Louis XVI.; and Napoleon, for whom the count had also procured admission into the military school of Brienne, accompanied him. After seeing part of Italy, and crossing France, they reached Paris; and the boy was soon established in his school, where, at first, every thing delighted him, though, forty years afterward, he said he should never forget the bitter parting with his mother ere he set out on his travels. His progress in Latin, and in literature generally, attracted no great praise; but in every study likely to be of service to the future soldier, he distinguished himself above his contemporaries. Of the mathematical tutors accordingly he was a great favourite. One of the other teachers having condemned him for some offence or neglect to wear a coarse woollen dress on

* Napoleon, with his stockings about his heels, makes love to Giacominetta.

a particular day, and dine on his knees at the door of the refectory, the boy's haughty spirit swelling under this dishonour, brought on a sudden vomiting and a strong fit of hysterics. The mathematical master, passing by, said they did not understand what they were dealing with, and released him. He cared little for common pastimes; but his love for such as mimicked war was extreme; and the skill of his fortifications, reared of turf, or of snow, according to the season, and the address and pertinacity with which he conducted their defence, attracted the admiration of all observers. Napoleon was poor and all but a foreigner* among the French youth, and underwent many mortifications from both causes. His temper was reserved and proud;—he had few friends—no bosom-companion; he lived by himself, and among his books and maps. Yet, when any scheme requiring skill and courage was in agitation, he was pretty sure to be called in as temporary dictator.

There is reason to believe that the haughtiness with which some of the young French gentlemen at this seminary conducted themselves towards this poor, solitary alien, had a strong effect on the first political feelings of the future emperor of France. He, from the beginning of the revolutionary struggle, boy and youth, espoused and kept by the side of those who desired the total change of government It is a strange enough fact, that Pichegru, afterward so eminent, and ultimately so unfortunate, was for some time his monitor in the school of Brienne. Being consulted many years later as to the chance of enlisting Buonaparte in the cause of the exiled Bourbons, this man is known to have answered: "It will be lost time to attempt that—I knew him in his youth—he has taken his side, and he will not change it."

* Corsica became by law a French department only two months before Napoleon was born.

In 1783, Buonaparte was, on the recommendation of his masters, sent from Brienne to the Royal Military School at Paris; this being an extraordinary compliment to the genius and proficiency of a boy of fourteen. Here he spent nearly three years, devoted to his studies. That he laboured hard we may judge; for his after-life left scanty room for book-work, and of the vast quantity of information which his strong memory ever placed at his disposal, the far greater proportion must have been accumulated now. He made himself a first-rate mathematician; he devoured history—his chosen authors being Plutarch and Tacitus; the former the most simple painter that antiquity has left us of heroic characters—the latter the profoundest master of political wisdom. The poems of Ossian were then new to Europe, and generally received as authentic remains of another age and style of heroism. The dark and lofty genius which they display, their indistinct but solemn pictures of heroic passions, love, battle, victory, and death, were appropriate food for Napoleon's young imagination; and, his taste being little scrupulous as to minor particulars, Ossian continued to be through life his favourite poet. While at Paris, he attracted much notice among those who had access to compare him with his fellows; his acquirements, among other advantages, admitted him to the familiar society of the celebrated Abbé Raynal. He had just completed his sixteenth year when, (in August, 1785,) after being examined by the great Laplace, he obtained his first commission as second lieutenant in the artillery regiment *La Fere*. His corps was at Valance when he joined it; and he mingled, more largely than might have been expected from his previous habits, in the cultivated society of the place. His personal advantages were considerable; the outline of the countenance classically beautiful; the eye deep-set and dazzlingly brilliant; the figure short, but slim, active, and per-

fectly knit. Courtly grace and refinement of manners he never attained, nor perhaps coveted; but he early learned the art, not difficult probably to any person possessed of such genius and such accomplishments, of rendering himself eminently agreeable wherever it suited his purpose or inclination to be so.

Feb. 27, 1785.] It was in this year that his father died of a cancer in the stomach; the same disease which was destined, at about the same time of life, to prove fatal to himself.

While at Valance, Buonaparte competed anonymously for a prize offered by the Academy of Lyons for the best answer to Raynal's question: "What are the principles and institutions by the application of which mankind can be raised to the highest happiness?" He gained the prize; what were the contents of his Essay we know not. Talleyrand, long afterward, obtained the manuscript, and, thinking to please his sovereign, brought it to him. He threw his eye over two or three pages, and tossed it into the fire. The treatise of the lieutenant probably abounded in opinions which the emperor had found it convenient to forget.

Even at Brienne his political feelings had been determined. At Valance he found the officers of his regiment divided, as all the world then was, into two parties; the lovers of the French monarchy, and those who desired its overthrow. He sided openly with the latter. "Had I been a general," said Napoleon, in the evening of his life, "I might have adhered to the king: being a subaltern, I joined the patriots."

In the beginning of 1792, he became captain of artillery; and, happening to be in Paris, witnessed the terrible scenes of the 20th of June, when the revolutionary mob stormed the Tuilleries, and the king and his family, after undergoing innumerable insults and degradations, with the utmost difficulty

preserved their lives; and of the still darker 10th of August, when, the palace being once more invested, the national guard assigned for its defence took part with the assailants; the royal family were obliged to take refuge in the national assembly, and the brave Swiss guards were massacred almost to a man in the courts of the Tuilleries. Buonaparte was a firm friend to the assembly, to the charge of a party of which, at least, these excesses must be laid; but the spectacle disgusted him. The yells, screams, and pikes with bloody heads upon them, formed a scene which he afterward described as "hideous and revolting." As yet he had been but a spectator of the revolution, destined to pave his own path to sovereign power; ere long circumstances called on him to play a part.

General Paoli, who had lived in England ever since the termination of that civil war in which Charles Buonaparte served under his banner, was cheered, when the great French revolution first broke out, with the hope that liberty was about to be restored to Corsica. He came to Paris, was received with applause as a tried friend of freedom, and appointed governor of his native island, which for some time he ruled wisely and happily. But as the revolution advanced, Paoli, like most other wise men, became satisfied that license was more likely to be established by its leaders, than law and rational liberty; and avowing his aversion to the growing principles of Jacobinism, and the scenes of tumult and bloodshed to which they gave rise, he was denounced in the national assembly as the enemy of France. An expedition was sent to deprive him of his government under the command of La Combe, Michel, and Salicetti, one of the Corsican deputies to the convention; and Paoli called on his countrymen to take arms in his and their own defence. Buonaparte happened at that time (1793) to have leave of absence from his regiment, and to

be in Corsica on a visit to his mother. He had fitted up a little reading-room at the top of the house as the quietest part of it, and was spending his mornings in study, and his evenings among his family and old acquaintance, when the arrival of the expedition threw the island into convulsion. Paoli, who knew him well, did all he could to enlist him in his cause; he used, among other flatteries, to clap him on the back, and tell him he was "one of Plutarch's men." But Napoleon had satisfied himself that Corsica was too small a country to maintain independence,—that she must fall under the rule either of France or England; and that her interests would be best served by adhering to the former. He therefore resisted all Paoli's offers, and tendered his sword to the service of Salicetti. He was appointed provisionally to the command of a battalion of national guards; and the first military service on which he was employed was the reduction of a small fortress, called the Torre di Capitello, near Ajaccio. He took it, but was soon besieged in it, and he and his garrison, after a gallant defence, and living for some time on horseflesh, were glad to evacuate the tower, and escape to the sea. The English government now began to reinforce Paoli, and the cause of the French party seemed for the moment to be desperate. The Buonapartes were banished from Corsica, and their mother and sisters took refuge first at Nice, and afterward at Marseilles, where for some time they suffered all the inconveniences of exile and poverty. Napoleon rejoined his regiment. He had chosen France for his country; and seems, in truth, to have preserved little or no affection for his native soil.

After arriving at supreme power, he bestowed one small fountain on Ajaccio; and succeeded, by the death of a relation, to a petty olive garden near that town. In the sequel of his history the name of Corsica will scarcely recur.

CHAPTER II.

Buonaparte commands the Artillery at Toulon—Fall of Toulon—The Representatives of the People—Junot.

BUONAPARTE's first military service occurred, as we have seen, in the summer of 1793. The king of France had been put to death on the 21st of January in that year; and in less than a month afterward, the convention had declared war against England. The murder of the king, alike imprudent as atrocious, had in fact united the princes of Europe against the revolutionary cause; and within France itself a strong reaction took place. The people of Toulon, the great port and arsenal of France on the Mediterranean, partook these sentiments, and invited the English and Spanish fleets off their coast to come to their assistance, and garrison their city. The allied admirals took possession accordingly of Toulon, and a motley force of English, Spanish, and Neapolitans prepared to defend the place. In the harbour and roads there were about twenty-five ships of the line, and the city contained immense naval and military stores of every description, so that the defection of Toulon was regarded as a calamity of the first order by the revolutionary government.

This event occurred in the midst of that period which has received the name of *the reign of terror*. The streets of Paris were streaming with innocent blood; Robespierre was glutting himself with murder; fear and rage were the passions that divided mankind, and their struggles produced on either side the likeness of some epidemic phrensy. Whatever else the government wanted, vigour to repel aggression from without was displayed in abundance.

the narrow passage between the port and the Mediterranean, and fortified it so strongly, that it passed by the name of the Little Gibraltar. It was necessary, therefore, to form extensive batteries behind La Grasse, ere there could be a prospect of seizing it. Buonaparte laboured hard all day, and slept every night in his cloak by the guns, until his works approached perfection. He also formed a large battery behind Malbosquet; but this he carefully concealed from the enemy. It was covered by a plantation of olives; and he designed to distract their attention by opening its fire for the first time when he should be about to make his great effort against Little Gibraltar. But the representatives of the people had nearly spoiled every thing. These gentlemen, walking their rounds, discovered the battery behind the olives, and inquiring how long it had been ready, were told for eight days. Not guessing with what view so many guns had been kept so long idle, they ordered an immediate cannonade. The English made a vigorous sally, and spiked the guns before Buonaparte could reach the spot. On his arrival on the eminence behind, he perceived a long deep ditch, fringed with brambles and willows, which he thought might be turned to advantage. He caused a regiment of foot to creep along the ditch, which they did without being discovered, until they were close upon the enemy. General O'Hara, the English commander, mistook them when they appeared for some of his own allies, and rushing out to give them some orders was wounded and made prisoner. The English were dispirited when they lost their general; they retreated; and the French were at liberty to set about the repair of their battery. In this affair much blood was shed. Napoleon himself received a bayonet-thrust in his thigh, and fell into the arms of Muiron, who carried him off the field. Such was the commencement of their brotherly friendship.

His wound, however, did not prevent him from continuing his labours behind Little Gibraltar.

That fort had very nearly been seized, by a sort of accident, some time before his preparations were completed; a casual insult excited a sudden quarrel between the men in Buonaparte's trenches, and the Spaniards in Little Gibraltar. The French soldiers, without waiting for orders, seized their arms and rushed to the assault with fury. Napoleon, coming up, perceived that the moment was favourable, and persuaded Doppet to support the troops with more regiments; but the doctor, marching at the head of his column, was seized with a panic, on seeing a man killed by his side, and ordered a retreat, before any thing could be effected.

A few days after, this poltroon was in his turn superseded by a brave veteran, general Dugommier, and Napoleon could at last count on having his efforts backed. But, for the second time, the representatives did their best to ruin his undertaking. The siege had now lasted four months, provisions were scarce in the camp, and these civilians never being able to comprehend what was meant by bestowing all this care on a place so far below the city as Little Gibraltar, wrote to Paris that they saw no chance of success, and hoped the government would agree with them that the siege ought to be abandoned. Two days before this letter reached Paris, Toulon had fallen, and the representatives gave out that the despatch was a forgery.

The moment at last came when Buonaparte judged it right to make his grand attempt. He threw 8,000 bombs and shells into Little Gibraltar, and having thus shattered the works, at daybreak Dugommier commanded the assault. The French, headed by the brave Muiron, rushed with impetuous valour through the embrasures, and put the whole garrison to the sword. The day was spent in arranging the batteries, so as to command the shipping; and next

morning—so true had been Buonaparte's prophecy—when the French stood to their posts, the English fleet was discovered to be already under way.

Then followed a fearful scene. The English would not quit Toulon without destroying the French ships and arsenals that had fallen into their possession; nor could they refuse to carry with them the Antijacobin inhabitants, who knew that their lives would be instantly sacrificed if they should fall into the hands of the victorious republicans, and who now flocked to the waterside to the number of 14,000, praying for the means of escape. The burning of ships, the explosion of magazines, the roar of artillery, and the cries of these fugitives filled up many hours. At last the men-of-war were followed by a flotilla bearing those miserable exiles; the walls were abandoned; and Dugommier took possession of the place.

The republicans found that all persons of condition, who had taken part against them, had escaped; and their rage was to be contented with meaner victims. A day or two having been suffered to pass in quiet, a proclamation, apparently friendly, exhorted the workmen who had been employed on the batteries of the besieged town to muster at headquarters. One hundred and fifty poor men, who expected to be employed again in repairing the same fortifications, obeyed this summons—were instantly marched into a field—and shot in cold blood; not less than a thousand persons were massacred under circumstances equally atrocious. Buonaparte himself repelled with indignation the charge of having had a hand in this butchery. Even if he had, he was not the chief in command, and durst not have disobeyed orders but at the sacrifice of his own life. It is on all hands admitted that a family of royalists, being shipwrecked on the coast near Toulon a few days after, were rescued from the hands of the ferocious republicans, solely by his interference and

address. Putting himself at the head of some of his gunners, he obtained possession of the unhappy prisoners; quieted the mob by assuring them that they should all be publicly executed the next morning; and meanwhile, sent them off during the night in artillery wagons supposed to be conveying stores.

Dec. 18, 1793.] The recovery of Toulon was a service of the first importance to the French government. It suppressed all insurrectionary spirit in the south of France; and placed a whole army at their disposal elsewhere. But he to whose genius the success was due, did not at first obtain the credit of his important achievement at Paris. The representatives of the people never made their appearance on the eventful morning at Little Gibraltar, until three hours after the troops were in possession of the best part of the fortifications. Then, indeed, they were seen sword in hand in the trenches, blustering and swaggering in safety. Yet these men did not blush to represent themselves as having headed the assault, while, in their account of the conflict, even the name of Buonaparte did not find a place. The truth could not, however, be concealed effectually; and he was appointed to survey and arrange the whole line of fortifications on the Mediterranean coast of France.

It was during the siege of Toulon that Napoleon, while constructing a battery under the enemy's fire, had occasion to prepare a despatch, and called out for some one who could use a pen. A young sergeant, named Junot, leaped out, and, leaning on the breastwork, wrote as he dictated. As he finished, a shot struck the ground by his side, and scattered dust in abundance over him and every thing near him. "Good," said the soldier, laughing, "this time we shall do without sand." The cool gayety of this pleased Buonaparte; he kept his eye on the man; and Junot came in the sequel to be marshal of France and duke of Abrantes.

CHAPTER III.

Buonaparte Chief of Battalion at Nice—Fall of Robespierre—He is superseded—Buonaparte at Paris in 1795—The Day of the Sections—Commands the Army of the Interior—Marries Josephine de Beauharnois—Appointed to the Command of the Army of Italy

From this time, Napoleon advanced by rapid strides to greatness. His admirable skill was still further displayed in his survey of the fortifications above mentioned; and having completed this service, he was appointed to join the army of Italy, then stationed at Nice, with the rank of chief of battalion.

Here his advice suggested a plan by which the Sardinians were driven from the Col di Tende on the 7th March, 1794; Saorgio, with all its stores, surrendered; and the French obtained possession of the maritime Alps, so that the difficulties of advancing into Italy were greatly diminished. Of these movements, however, his superior officers reaped as yet the honour. He was even superseded very shortly after their success. But this, which at the moment seemed a heavy misfortune, was, in truth, one of the luckiest circumstances that ever befell him.

July 28, 1794.] He was put under arrest in consequence of the downfall of Robespierre, being supposed to belong to the party which that monster had made the instrument of his crimes, and known to have lived on terms of friendship with his younger brother, "the representative of the people." He in vain disclaimed all participation in the ambitious designs of the Robespierres, and asserted that he would have poniarded his own brother, had he suspected him of forming schemes of tyranny. He was, indeed, after a few days, released from confine-

ment; and the officer who came to release him was surprised to find him busy in his dungeon over the map of Lombardy. For the moment, however, the prejudice was too strong to be entirely overcome; and he seems to have spent some time in obscurity with his own family, who were then in very distressed circumstances, at Marseilles. It was here that he fell in love with Mademoiselle Clery, whom, but for some accident, it appears he would have married. Her sister afterward married his brother Joseph, and she herself became the wife of his friend Bernadotte, and queen of Sweden. It is supposed that Buonaparte found himself too poor to marry at this time; and circumstances interfered to prevent any renewal of his proposals.

In May, 1795, he came to Paris to solicit employment; but at first he met with nothing but repulses. The president of the Military Committee, Aubry, objected to his youth. "Presence in the field of battle," said Buonaparte, "might be reckoned in place of years." The president, who had not seen much actual service, thought he was insulted, and treated him so coldly that he actually tendered the resignation of his commission. This, however, was not accepted, and he lingered on amid the crowd of expectants.

Talma, the celebrated tragedian, was one of his chief associates at this time, and even then talked with confidence of the future fortunes of "little Buonaparte." This player's kindness and Aubry's opposition were both remembered. The emperor always patronised Talma; and Aubry died in exile.

Napoleon, despairing of employment at home, now meditated taking service with some foreign power, and even used some interest to gain permission to go to Turkey. "How strange," he said to his friends, "would it be if a little Corsican soldier should become king of Jerusalem!" Go where he might, he already contemplated greatness.

Ere this scheme could be put in execution, he was nominated to the command of a brigade of artillery in Holland. The long-deferred appointment was, no doubt, very welcome; but in the mean time, his services were called for on a nearer and more important field.

The French nation were now heartily tired of the national convention: it had lost most of its distinguished members in the tumults and persecutions of the times; and above all, it had lost respect by remaining for two years the slave and the tool of the terrorists. The downfall of Robespierre, when it did take place, showed how easily the same blessed deliverance might have been effected long before, had this body possessed any sense of firmness or of dignity. Even the restoration of the members banished by the tyrant did not serve to replace the convention in the confidence of the public. They themselves saw clearly that a new remodelling of the government was called for and must be; and their anxiety was to devise the means of securing for themselves as large a share as possible of substantial power, under some arrangement sufficiently novel in appearance to throw dust in the eyes of the people.

A great part of the nation, there is no doubt, were at this time anxious to see the royal family restored, and the government settled on the model of 1791. Among the more respectable citizens of Paris, in particular, such feelings were very prevalent. But many causes conspired to surround the adoption of this measure with difficulties, which none of the actually influential leaders had the courage, or perhaps the means, to encounter. The soldiers of the republican armies had been accustomed to fight against the exiled princes and nobility, considered them as the worst enemies of France, and hated them personally. The estates of the church, the nobles, and the crown had been divided and sold

and the purchasers foresaw that, were the monarchy restored at this period, the resumption of the forfeited property would be pressed with all the powers of government. And, lastly, the men who had earned for themselves most distinction and influence in public affairs, had excellent reasons for believing that the Bourbons and nobility, if restored, would visit on their own heads the atrocities of the revolution, and above all the murder of the king.

The conventionalists themselves, however, had learned by this time that no peace nor security could be expected, unless some form of government were adopted, in which the legislative and the executive functions should at least appear to be separated; and they were also at length inclined to admit the excellence of that part of the British constitution, which, dividing the legislatorial power between two assemblies of senators, thus acquires the advantage of a constant revision of counsels, and regulates the political machine by a system of mutual checks and balances. They were desirous, therefore, of proposing some system which might, in a certain degree, satisfy those who had been endeavouring to bring about the restoration of the monarchy; and the new constitution of the year *three* of the republic (1795) presented the following features. I. The executive power was to be lodged in five directors, chosen from time to time, who were to have no share in the legislation. II. There was to be a council of five hundred, answering generally to our house of commons: and, III. A smaller assembly, called the council of ancients, intended to fulfil in some measure the purposes of a house of peers.

This scheme might probably have been approved of; but the leading members of the convention, from views personal to themselves, appended to it certain conditions which excited new disgust. They decreed, first, that the electoral bodies of France, in

choosing representatives to the two new councils, must elect at least two-thirds of the present members of convention; and, secondly, that if full two-thirds were not returned, the convention should have the right to supply the deficiency out of their own body. It was obvious that this machinery had no object but the continuance of the present legislators in power; and the nation, and especially the superior classes in the city of Paris, were indignant at conduct which they considered as alike selfish and arbitrary. The royalist party gladly lent themselves to the diffusion of any discontents; and a formidable opposition to the measures of the existing government was organized.

The convention meantime continued their sittings, and, exerting all their skill and influence, procured from many districts of the country reports accepting of the new constitution, with all its conditions. The Parisians, being nearer and sharper observers, and having abundance of speakers and writers to inform and animate them, assembled in the several sections of the city, and proclaimed their hostility to the convention and its designs. The national guard, consisting of armed citizens, almost unanimously sided with the enemies of the convention; and it was openly proposed to march to the Tuilleries, and compel a change of measures by force of arms.

The convention, perceiving their unpopularity and danger, began to look about them anxiously for the means of defence. There were in and near Paris 5000 regular troops, on whom they thought they might rely, and who of course contemned the national guard as only half soldiers. They had besides some hundreds of artillery-men; and they now organized what they called "the Sacred Band," a body of 1500 ruffians, the most part of them old and tried instruments of Robespierre. With these means they prepared to arrange a plan of defence;

and it was obvious that they did not want materials, provided they could find a skilful and determined head.

The insurgent sections placed themselves under the command of *Danican*, an old general of no great skill or reputation. The convention opposed to him *Menou;* and he marched at the head of a column into the section Le Pelletier to disarm the national guard of that district—one of the wealthiest of the capital. The national guard were found drawn up in readiness to receive him at the end of the Rue Vivienne; and Menou, becoming alarmed, and hampered by the presence of some of the "representatives of the people," entered into a parley, and retired without having struck a blow.

The convention judged that Menou was not master of nerves for such a crisis; and consulted eagerly about a successor to his command. Barras, of their number, had happened to be present at Toulon, and to have appreciated the character of Buonaparte. He had, probably, been applied to by Napoleon in his recent pursuit of employment. Deliberating with Tallien and Carnot, his colleagues, he suddenly said, "I have the man whom you want; it is a little Corsican officer, who will not stand upon ceremony."*

These words decided the fate of Napoleon and of France. Buonaparte had been in the Odeon theatre when the affair of Menou occurred, had run out, and witnessed the result. He now happened to be in the gallery, and heard the discussion in which he was so much interested. He was presently sent for, and asked his opinion as to the retreat of Menou. He explained what had happened, and how it might have been avoided, in a manner which gave satisfaction. He was desired to assume the command, and arrange his plan of defence as well as the cir-

* Some accounts attribute these words, not to Barras, but to Carnot.

cumstances might permit; for it was already late at night, and the decisive assault on the Tuilleries was expected to take place next morning. Buonaparte stated that the failure of the march of Menou had been chiefly owing to the presence of the "representatives of the people," and refused to accept the command unless he received it free from all such interference. They yielded: Barras was named commander-in-chief; and Buonaparte second, with the virtual control. His first care was to despatch Murat, then a major of chasseurs, to Sablons, five miles off, where fifty great guns were posted. The sectionaries sent a stronger detachment for these cannon immediately afterward; and Murat, who passed them in the dark, would have gone in vain had he received his orders but a few minutes later.

On the 4th of October (called in the revolutionary almanac the 13th Vendemaire) the affray accordingly occurred. Thirty thousand national guards advanced about two, P. M., by different streets, to the siege of the palace; but its defence was now in far other hands than those of Louis XVI.

Buonaparte, having planted artillery on all the bridges, had effectually secured the command of the river, and the safety of the Tuilleries on one side. He had placed cannon also at all the crossings of the streets by which the national guard could advance towards the other front; and, having posted his battalions in the garden of the Tuilleries and Place du Carousel, he awaited the attack.

The insurgents had no cannon; and they came along the narrow streets of Paris in close and heavy columns. When one party reached the church of St. Roche, in the Rue St. Honore, they found a body of Buonaparte's troops drawn up there, with two cannons. It is disputed on which side the firing began; but in an instant the artillery swept the streets and lanes, scattering grape-shot among the national guards, and producing such confusion that

they were compelled to give way. The first shot was a signal for all the batteries which Buonaparte had established: the quays of the Seine, opposite to the Tuilleries, were commanded by his guns below the palace and on the bridges. In less than an hour the action was over. The insurgents fled in all directions, leaving the streets covered with dead and wounded: the troops of the convention marched into the various sections, disarmed the terrified inhabitants, and before nightfall every thing was quiet.

This eminent service secured the triumph of the conventionalists, who now, assuming new names, continued in effect to discharge their old functions. Barras took his place at the head of the directory, having Sieyes, Carnot, and other less celebrated persons, for his colleagues; and the first director took care to reward the hand to which he owed his elevation. Within five days from *the day of the Sections*, Buonaparte was named second in command of the army of the interior; and shortly afterward, Barras, finding his duties as director sufficient to occupy his time, gave up the command-in-chief of the same army to his "little Corsican officer."

He had no lack of duties to perform in this new character. The national guard was to be re-organized; a separate guard for the representative body to be formed; the ordnance and military stores were all in a dilapidated condition. The want of bread, too, was continually producing popular riots, which could rarely be suppressed but by force of arms. On one of these last occasions, a huge, sturdy fish-wife exhorted the mob to keep to their places, when Buonaparte had almost persuaded them to disperse. "These coxcombs, with their epaulettes and gorgets," said she, "care nothing for us; provided they feed well and fatten, we may starve." "Good woman," cried the general of the interior, who at this

time was about the leanest of his race, "only look at me,—and decide yourself which of the two is the fatter." The woman could not help laughing: the joke pleased the multitude, and harmony was restored.

Buonaparte, holding the chief military command in the capital, and daily rising in importance from the zeal and firmness of his conduct in this high post, had now passed into the order of marked and distinguished men. He continued, nevertheless, to lead in private a quiet and modest life, studying as hard as ever, and but little seen in the circles of gayety. An accident, which occurred one morning at his military levee, gave at once a new turn to his mode of life, and a fresh impetus to the advance of his fortunes.

A fine boy, of ten or twelve years of age, presented himself; stated to the general that his name was Eugene Beauharnois, son of viscount Beauharnois, who had served as a general officer in the republican armies on the Rhine, and been murdered by Robespierre; and said his errand was to recover the sword of his father. Buonaparte caused the request to be complied with; and the tears of the boy, as he received and kissed the relic, excited his interest. He treated Eugene so kindly, that next day his mother, Josephine de Beauharnois, came to thank him; and her beauty and singular gracefulness of address made a strong impression.

This charming lady was the daughter of a planter, by name De La Pagerie, and a native of St. Domingo. While she was an infant, according to herself, a negro sorceress prophesied that "she should one day be greater than a queen, and yet outlive her dignity."*

Josephine, after her husband's death, had been

* According to some, the last clause ran "die in an hospital," which was in the sequel interpreted to mean Malmaison—a palace which (like our own St. James's) had once been an hospital.

herself imprisoned until the downfall of Robespierre. In that confinement she had formed a strict friendship with another lady, who had now married Tallien, one of the most eminent of the leaders of the convention. Madame Tallien had introduced Josephine to her husband's friends; and Barras, the first director, having now begun to hold a sort of court at the Louxembourg, these two beautiful women were the chief ornaments of its society. It was commonly said that Josephine, whose character was in some respects indifferent, possessed more than legitimate influence over the first director. Buonaparte offered her his hand; she accepted it; and the young general by this means cemented his connexion with the society of the Louxembourg, and in particular with Barras and Tallien, at that moment the most powerful men in France.

Napoleon had a strong tendency to the superstition of fatalism, and he always believed that his fortunes were bound up in some mysterious manner with those of this beautiful woman. She loved him warmly, and served him well. Her influence over him was great, and it was always exerted on the side of humanity. She, and she alone, could overrule, by gentleness, the excesses of passion to which he was liable; and her subsequent fate will always form one of the darkest pages in the history of her lord.

Tranquillity was now restored in Paris; and the directory had leisure to turn their attention to the affairs of the army of Italy, which seemed to be in a confused and unsatisfactory condition. They determined to give it a new general; and Buonaparte was appointed to the splendid command. "Advance this man," said Barras to the other directors, "or he will advance himself without you." He quitted his young wife just three days after their marriage;* paid a short visit to his mother at Mar-

* 9th March, 1796.

seilles; and arrived, after a rapid journey, at the head-quarters at Nice. From that moment opened the most brilliant scene of his existence; yet, during the months of victory and glory that composed it, his letters, full of love and home-sickness, attest the reluctance with which he had so soon abandoned his bride.

CHAPTER IV.

The Army of Italy—Tactics of Buonaparte—Battle of Monte Notte—Battle of Millesimo—Battle of Mondovi—Armistice of Cherasco—Close of the Campaign of Piedmont—Peace granted to Sardinia.

BUONAPARTE at the age of twenty-six assumed the command of the army of Italy; exulting in the knowledge, that if he should conquer, the honour would be all his own. He had worked for others at Toulon, at the Col di Tende, at Saorgio: even in the affair of the sections the first command had been nominally in the hands of Barras. Henceforth he was to have no rivals within the camp. "In three months," said he, "I shall be either at Milan or at Paris." He had already expressed the same feeling in a still nobler form. "You are too young," said one of the directors, hesitating about his appointment as general. "In a year," answered Napoleon, "I shall be either old or dead."

He found the army in numbers about 50,000; but wretchedly deficient in cavalry, in stores of every kind,* in clothing, and even in food; and watched by an enemy vastly more numerous. It was under

* Berthier used to keep, as a curiosity, a general order, by which three louis d'or were granted as a great supply to each general of division, dated on the very day of the victory at Albegna.

such circumstances that he at once avowed the daring scheme of forcing a passage to Italy, and converting the richest territory of the enemy himself into the theatre of war. "Soldiers," said he, "you are hungry and naked; the republic owes you much, but she has not the means to pay her debts. I am come to lead you into the most fertile plains that the sun beholds. Rich provinces, opulent towns, all shall be at your disposal. Soldiers! with such a prospect before you, can you fail in courage and constancy?" This was Napoleon's first address to his army. The sinking hearts of the soldiers beat high with hope and confidence when they heard the voice of the young and fearless leader; and Augereau, Massena, Serrurier, Joubert, Lannes—distinguished officers, who might themselves have aspired to the chief command—felt, from the moment they began to understand his character and system, that the true road to glory would be to follow the star of Napoleon.

He perceived that the time was come for turning a new leaf in the history of war. With such numbers of troops as the infant republic could afford him, he saw that no considerable advantages could be obtained against the vast and highly disciplined armies of Austria and her allies, unless the established rules and etiquettes of war were abandoned. It was only by such rapidity of motion as should utterly transcend the suspicion of his adversaries, that he could hope to concentrate the whole pith and energy of a small force upon some one point of a much greater force opposed to it, and thus *rob* them (according to his own favourite phrase) of the victory. To effect such rapid marches, it was necessary that the soldiery should make up their minds to consider tents and baggage as idle luxuries; and that, instead of a long and complicated chain of reserves and stores, they should dare to rely wholly for the means of subsistence on the resources of

the countries into which their leader might conduct them. They must be contented to conquer at whatever hazard; to consider no sacrifices or hardships as worthy of a thought. The risk of destroying the character and discipline of the men, by accustoming them to pillage, was obvious. Buonaparte trusted to victory, the high natural spirit of the nation, and the influence of his own genius, for the means of avoiding this danger; and many years, it must be admitted, elapsed ere he found much reason personally to repent of the system which he adopted. Against the enemies of the republic its success was splendid, even beyond his hopes.

The objects of the approaching expedition were three: first, to compel the king of Sardinia, who had already lost Savoy and Nice, but still maintained a powerful army on the frontiers of Piedmont, to abandon the alliance of Austria: secondly, to compel Austria, by a bold invasion of her rich Italian provinces, to make such exertions in that quarter as might weaken those armies which had so long hovered on the French frontier of the Rhine; and, if possible, to stir up the Italian subjects of that crown to adopt the revolutionary system and emancipate themselves for ever from its yoke. The third object, though more distant, was not less important. The influence of the Roman Church was considered by the directory as the chief, though secret, support of the cause of royalism within their own territory; and to reduce the Vatican into insignificance, or at least force it to submission and quiescence, appeared indispensable to the internal tranquillity of France. The revolutionary government, besides this general cause of hatred and suspicion, had a distinct injury to avenge. Their agent Basseville had three years before been assassinated in a popular tumult at Rome: the papal troops had not interfered to protect him, nor the pope to punish his murderers; and the haughty republic considered

this as an insult which could only be washed out with a sea of blood.

Napoleon's plan for gaining access to the fair regions of Italy differed from that of all former conquerors: they had uniformly penetrated the Alps at some point or other of that mighty range of mountains: he judged that the same end might be accomplished more easily by advancing along the narrow stripe of comparatively level country which intervenes between those enormous barriers and the Mediterranean sea, and forcing a passage at the point where the last of the Alps melt, as it were, into the first and lowest of the Apennine range. No sooner did he begin to concentrate his troops towards this region, than the Austrian general, Beaulieu, took measures for protecting Genoa, and the entrance of Italy. He himself took post with one column of his army at Voltri, a town within ten miles of Genoa: he placed D'Argenteau with another Austrian column at Monte Notte, a strong height further to the westward; and the Sardinians, under Colli, occupied Ceva—which thus formed the extreme right of the whole line of the allied army. The French could not advance towards Genoa but by confronting some one of the three armies thus strongly posted, and sufficiently, as Beaulieu supposed, in communication with each other.

It was now that Buonaparte made his first effort to baffle the science of those who fancied there was nothing new to be done in warfare. On the 10th of April, D'Argenteau came down upon Monte Notte, and attacked some French redoubts, in front of that mountain and the villages which bear its name, at Montelegino. At the same time, general Cervoni and the French van were attacked by Beaulieu near Voltri, and compelled to retreat. The determined valour of colonel Rampon, who commanded at Montelegino, held D'Argenteau at bay during the 10th and 11th; and Buonaparte, contenting himself

with watching Beaulieu, determined to strike his effectual blow at the centre of the enemy's line. During the night of the 11th various columns were marched upon Montelegino, that of Cervoni and that of Laharpe from the van of the French line, those of Augereau and Massena from its rear. On the morning of the 12th, D'Argenteau, preparing to renew his attack on the redoubts of Montelegino, found he had no longer Rampon only and his brave band to deal with; that French columns were in his rear, on his flank, and drawn up also behind the works at Montelegino; in a word, that he was surrounded. He was compelled to retreat among the mountains; he left his colours and cannon behind him, 1,000 killed and 2,000 prisoners. The centre of the allied army had been utterly routed, before either the commander-in-chief at the left, or general Colli at the right of the line, had any notion that a battle was going on.

Such was the battle of Monte Notte, the first of Napoleon's fields. Beaulieu, in order that he might re-establish his communication with Colli, (much endangered by the defeat of D'Argenteau,) was obliged to retreat upon Dego; the Sardinian, with the same purpose in view, fell back also, and took post at Millesimo; while D'Argenteau was striving to re-organize his dispirited troops in the difficult country between. It was their object to keep fast in these positions until succours could come up from Lombardy; but Napoleon had no mind to give them such respite.

The very next day after this victory he commanded a general assault on the Austrian line. Augereau, with a fresh division, marched at the left upon Millesimo; Massena led the centre towards Dego; and Laharpe, with the French right wing, manœuvred to turn the left flank of Beaulieu.

Augereau rushed upon the outposts of Millesimo, seized and retained the gorge which defends that

place, and cut off Provera with two thousand Austrians, who occupied an eminence called Cossaria, from the main body of Colli's army. Next morning Buonaparte himself arrived at that scene of the operations. He forced Colli to accept battle, utterly broke and scattered him, and Provera, thus abandoned, was obliged to yield at discretion.

Meanwhile, Massena on the same day had assaulted the heights of Biastro, and carrying them at the point of the bayonet, cut off Beaulieu's communication with Colli; then Laharpe came in front and in flank also upon the village of Dego, and after a most desperate conflict, drove the Austrian commander-in-chief from his post. From this moment Colli and Beaulieu were entirely separated. After the affairs of Dego and Millesimo, the former retreated in disorder upon Ceva; the latter, hotly pursued, through a difficult country, upon Aqui: Colli, of course, being anxious to cover Turin, while the Austrian had his anxious thoughts already upon Milan. Colli was again defeated at Mondovi in his disastrous retreat: he there lost his cannon, his baggage, and the best part of his troops. The Sardinian army might be said to be annihilated. The conqueror took possession of Cherasco, within ten miles of Turin, and there dictated the terms on which the king of Sardinia was to be permitted to retain any shadow of sovereign power.

Thus, in less than a month, did Napoleon lay the gates of Italy open before him. He had defeated in three battles forces much superior to his own; inflicted on them, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, a loss of 25,000 men; taken eighty guns and twenty-one standards; reduced the Austrians to inaction; utterly destroyed the Sardinian king's army; and, lastly, wrested from his hands Coni and Tortona, the two great fortresses called "the keys of the Alps,"—and indeed, except Turin itself, every place of any consequence in his dominions. This unfor-

tunate prince did not long survive such humiliation. He was father-in-law to both of the brothers of Louis XVI., and, considering their cause and his own dignity as equally at an end, died of a broken heart, within a few days after he had signed the treaty of Cherasco.

Buonaparte, meanwhile, had paused for a moment to consolidate his columns on the heights, from which the vast plain of Lombardy, rich and cultivated like a garden, and watered with innumerable fertilizing streams, lay at length within the full view of his victorious soldiery. "Hannibal forced the Alps," said he, gayly, as he now looked back on those stupendous barriers, "and we have turned them."

"Hitherto" (he thus addressed his troops) "you have been fighting for barren rocks, memorable for your valour, but useless to your country; but now your exploits equal those of the armies of Holland and the Rhine. You were utterly destitute, and you have supplied all your wants. You have gained battles without cannon, passed rivers without bridges, performed forced marches without shoes, bivouacked without strong liquors, and often without bread. None but republican phalanxes, soldiers of liberty, could have endured such things. Thanks for your perseverance! But, soldiers, you have done nothing—for there remains much to do. Milan is not yet ours. The ashes of the conquerors of Tarquin are still trampled by the assassins of Basseville."

The consummate genius of this brief campaign could not be disputed; and the modest language of the young general's despatches to the directory, lent additional grace to his fame. At this time the name of Buonaparte was spotless; and the eyes of all Europe were fixed in admiration on his career.

CHAPTER V.

The French cross the Po at Placenza—The Battle of Fombio—The Bridge of Lodi—Napoleon occupies Milan—Resigns, and resumes his Command—Insurrection of Pavia—Military Executions—The French pass the Mincio at Borghetto—Beaulieu retreats behind the Adige—Mantua besieged—Peace with the King of the Two Sicilies—The Pope buys a Respite.

PIEDMONT being now in the hands of Buonaparte, the Austrian general concentrated his army behind the Po, with the purpose of preventing the invader from passing that great river, and making his way to the capital of Lombardy.

Napoleon employed every device to make Beaulieu believe that he designed to attempt the passage of the Po at Valenza; and the Austrian, a man of routine, who had himself crossed the river at that point, was easily persuaded that these demonstrations were sincere. Meanwhile, his crafty antagonist executed a march of incredible celerity upon Placenza, fifty miles lower down the river; and appeared there on the 7th of May, to the utter consternation of a couple of Austrian squadrons, who happened to be reconnoitring in that quarter. He had to convey his men across that great stream in the common ferry boats, and could never have succeeded had there been any thing like an army to oppose him. Andreossi (afterward so celebrated) was commander of the advanced guard: Lannes (who became in the sequel marshal duke of Montebello) was the first to throw himself ashore at the head of some grenadiers. The German hussars were driven rapidly from their position. Buonaparte himself has said that no operation in war is more critical than the passage of a great river: on this occasion the skill of his arrangements enabled

him to pass one of the greatest in the world without the loss of a single man.

Beaulieu, as soon as he ascertained how he had been outwitted, advanced upon Placenza, in the hope of making Buonaparte accept battle with the Po in his rear, and therefore under circumstances which must render any check in the highest degree disastrous. Buonaparte, in the mean time, had no intention to await the Austrian on ground so dangerous, and was marching rapidly towards Fombio, where he knew he should have room to manœuvre. The advanced divisions of the hostile armies met at that village on the 8th of May. The Austrians occupied the steeples and houses, and hoped to hold out until Beaulieu could bring up his main body. But the French charged so impetuously with the bayonet, that the Austrian, after seeing one-third of his men fall, was obliged to retreat, in great confusion, leaving all his cannon behind him, across the Adda —a large river, which, descending from the Tyrolese mountains, joins the Po at Pizzighitone; and thus forms the immediate defence of the better part of the Milanese against any army advancing from Piedmont. Behind this river Beaulieu now concentrated his army, establishing strong guards at every ford and bridge, and especially at Lodi, where, as he guessed (for once rightly), the French general designed to force his passage.

The wooden bridge of Lodi formed the scene of one of the most celebrated actions of the war; and will ever be peculiarly mixed up with the name of Buonaparte himself. It was a great neglect in Beaulieu to leave it standing when he removed his head-quarters to the east bank of the Adda: his outposts were driven rapidly through the old straggling town of Lodi on the 10th; and the French, sheltering themselves behind the walls and houses, lay rea to attempt the passage of the bridge. Beaulieu ha placed a battery of thirty cannon so as to sweep it

completely; and the enterprise of storming it in the face of this artillery, and of a whole army drawn up behind, is one of the most daring on record.

Buonaparte's first care was to place as many guns as he could get in order in direct opposition to this Austrian battery. A furious cannonade on his side of the river also now commenced. The general himself appeared in the midst of the fire, pointing with his own hand two guns in such a manner as to cut off the Austrians from the only path by which they could have advanced to undermine the bridge; and it was on this occasion that the soldiery, delighted with his dauntless exposure of his person, conferred on him his honorary nickname of *The Little Corporal*. In the mean time, he had sent general Beaumont and the cavalry to attempt the passage of the river by a distant ford (which they had much difficulty in effecting), and awaited with anxiety the moment when they should appear on the enemy's flank. When that took place, Beaulieu's line, of course, showed some confusion, and Napoleon instantly gave the word. A column of grenadiers, whom he had kept ready drawn up close to the bridge, but under shelter of the houses, were in a moment wheeled to the left, and their leading files placed on the bridge. They rushed on, shouting *Vive la Republique!* but the storm of grape-shot for a moment checked them. Buonaparte, Lannes, Berthier, and Lallemagne, hurried to the front, and rallied and cheered the men. The column dashed across the bridge in despite of the tempest of fire that thinned them. The brave Lannes was the first who reached the other side, Napoleon himself the second. The Austrian artillery-men were bayonetted at their guns ere the other troops, whom Beaulieu had removed too far back, in his anxiety to avoid the French battery, could come to their assistance. Beaumont pressing gallantly with his horse upon the flank, and Napoleon's infantry forming rapidly

as they passed the bridge, and charging on the instant, the Austrian line became involved in inextricable confusion, broke up, and fled. The slaughter on their side was great; on the French, there fell only 200 men. With such rapidity, and consequently with so little loss, did Buonaparte execute this dazzling adventure—"the terrible passage," as he himself called it, "of the bridge of Lodi."

It was, indeed, terrible to the enemy. It deprived them of another excellent line of defence; and blew up the enthusiasm of the French soldiery to a pitch of irresistible daring. Beaulieu, nevertheless, contrived to withdraw his troops in much better style than Buonaparte had anticipated. He gathered the scattered fragments of his force together, and soon threw the line of the Mincio, another tributary of the Po, between himself and his enemy. The great object, however, had been attained: the Austrian general escaped, and might yet defend Mantua, but no obstacle remained between the victorious invader and the rich and noble capital of Lombardy. The garrison of Pizzighitone, seeing themselves effectually cut off from the Austrian army, capitulated. The French cavalry pursued Beaulieu as far as Cremona, which town they seized; and Buonaparte himself prepared to march at once upon Milan. It was after one of these affairs that an old Hungarian officer was brought prisoner to Buonaparte, who entered into conversation with him, and among other matters questioned him "what he thought of the state of the war?" "Nothing," replied the old gentleman, who did not know he was addressing the general-in-chief,—"nothing can be worse. Here is a young man who knows absolutely nothing of the rules of war; to-day he is in our rear, to-morrow on our flank, next day again in our front. Such violations of the principles of the art of war are intolerable!"

The archduke, who governed in Lombardy for

the emperor, had made many a long prayer and procession; but the saints appeared to take no compassion on him, and he now withdrew from the capital. A revolutionary party had always existed there, as indeed in every part of the Austrian dominions beyond the Alps; and the tricolour cockade, the emblem of France, was now mounted by multitudes of the inhabitants. The municipality hastened to invite the conqueror to appear among them as their friend and protector; and on the 14th of May, four days after Lodi, Napoleon accordingly entered, in all the splendour of a military triumph, the venerable and opulent city of the old Lombard kings.

He was not, however, to be flattered into the conduct, as to serious matters, of a friendly general. He levied immediately a heavy contribution (eight hundred thousand pounds sterling) at Milan,—taking possession, besides, of twenty of the finest pictures in the Ambrosian gallery.

The conqueror now paused to look about and behind him; and proceeded still farther to replenish his chest by exactions, for which no justification can be adduced from the ordinary rules of international law. With Sardinia he had already reckoned; of the Austrian capital in Italy he had possession; there was only one more of the Italian governments (Naples) with which the French republic was actually at war; although, indeed, he had never concealed his intention of revenging the fate of Basseville on the court of Rome. The other powers of Italy were, at worst, neutrals in the war; with Tuscany and Venice, France had, in fact, friendly relations. But Napoleon knew, or believed, that all the Italian governments, without exception, considered the French invasion of Italy as a common calamity; the personal wishes of most of the minor princes (nearly connected as these were, by blood or alliance, with the imperial house of Austria) he, not unreasonably concluded were strongly against his

own success in this great enterprise. Such were his pretences—more or less feasible; the temptation was, in fact, great; and he resolved to consider and treat whatever had not been with him as if it had been against him. The weak but wealthy princes of Parma and Modena, and others of the same order, were forthwith compelled to purchase his clemency not less dearly than if they had been in arms. Besides money, of which he made them disburse large sums, he demanded from each a tribute of pictures and statues, to be selected at the discretion of citizen Monge and other French connoisseurs who now attended his march for such purposes.

In modern warfare, the works of art had hitherto been considered as a species of property entitled in all cases to be held sacred; and Buonaparte's violent and rapacious infraction of this rule now excited a mighty clamour throughout Europe. Whether the new system originated within himself, or in the commands of the directory, is doubtful. But from this time the formation of a great national gallery of pictures and statues at Paris, was considered as an object of the first importance; and every victorious general was expected to bring trophies of this kind in his train. Whether the fine arts themselves are likely to be improved in consequence of the accumulation in any one place of such vast treasures as the Louvre ere long exhibited, there has been, and will no doubt continue to be, much controversy. It is certain that the arts of France derived no solid advantage from Napoleon's museum. The collection was a mighty heap of incense for the benefit of the national vanity; and the hand which brought it together was preparing the means of inflicting on that vanity one of the most intolerable of wounds, in its ultimate dispersion.

The duke of Modena would fain have redeemed he famous St. Jerome, of Correggio, at the price of

80,000*l.*; and Buonaparte's lieutenants urged him to accept the money. "No," said he, "the duke's two millions of francs would soon be spent; but his Correggio will remain for ages to adorn Paris, and inspire the arts of France." The prophecy was not inspired. Of one thing there can be no doubt; namely, that the abstraction of these precious monuments of art from the Italian collections was deeply and permanently resented by the Italian people. This sacrilege, as those enthusiastic and intelligent lovers of all the elegant arts considered it, turned back many a half-made convert from the principles of the French revolution.

Buonaparte remained but five days in Milan; the citadel of that place still held out against him; but he left a detachment to blockade it, and proceeded himself in pursuit of Beaulieu. The Austrian had now planted the remains of his army behind the Mincio, having his left on the great and strong city of Mantua, which has been termed the "citadel of Italy," and his right at Peschiera, a Venetian fortress, of which he took possession in spite of the remonstrances of the doge. Peschiera stands where the Mincio "flows out of its apparent lake," the Lago di Guarda. That great body of waters stretching many miles backwards towards the Tyrolese Alps, at once extended the line of defence, and kept the communication open with Vienna. The Austrian veteran occupied one of the strongest positions that it is possible to imagine. The invader hastened once more to dislodge him.

The French directory, meanwhile, had begun to entertain certain not unnatural suspicions as to the ultimate designs of their young general, whose success and fame had already reached so astonishing a height. They determined to check, if they could, the career of an ambition which they apprehended might outgrow their control. Buonaparte was ordered to take half his army, and lead it against

the pope and the king of Naples, and leave the other half to terminate the contest with Beaulieu, under the orders of Kellermann. But he acted on this occasion with the decision which these directors in vain desired to emulate. He answered by resigning his command. "One half of the army of Italy," said he, "cannot suffice to finish the matter with the Austrian. It is only by keeping my force entire that I have been able to gain so many battles and to be now in Milan. You had better have one bad general than two good ones." The directory durst not persist in displacing the chief whose name was considered as the pledge of victory. Napoleon resumed the undivided command, to which now, for the last time, his right had been questioned.

Another unlooked-for occurrence delayed, for a few days longer, the march upon Mantua. The heavy exactions of the French, and even more perhaps the wanton contempt with which they treated the churches and the clergy, had produced or fostered the indignation of a large part of the population throughout Lombardy. Reports of new Austrian levies being poured down the passes of the Tyrol were spread and believed. Popular insurrections against the conqueror took place in various districts: at least 30,000 were in arms. At Pavia the insurgents were entirely triumphant; they had seized the town, and compelled the French garrison to surrender.

This flame, had it been suffered to spread, threatened immeasurable evil to the French cause. Lannes instantly marched to Benasco, stormed the place, plundered and burnt it, and put the inhabitants to the sword without mercy. The general in person appeared before Pavia; blew the gates open; easily scattered the townspeople; and caused the leaders to be executed, as if they had committed a crime in endeavouring to rescue their country from the arm of a foreign invader. Everywhere the same fero-

cious system was acted on. The insurgent commanders were tried by courts-martial, and shot without ceremony. At Lugo, where a French squadron of horse had been gallantly and disastrously defeated, the whole of the male inhabitants were massacred. These bloody examples quelled the insurrections; but they fixed the first dark and indelible stain on the name of Napoleon Buonaparte.

The spirit of the Austrian and Catholic parties in Lombardy thus crushed, the French advanced on the Mincio. The general made such disposition of his troops, that Beaulieu doubted not he meant to pass that river, if he could, at Peschiera. Meantime, he had been preparing to repeat the scene of Placenza, and actually, on the 30th of May, forced the passage of the Mincio, not at Peschiera, but further down at Borghetto. The Austrian garrison at Borghetto in vain destroyed one arch of the bridge. Buonaparte supplied the breach with planks; and his men, flushed with so many victories, charged with a fury not to be resisted. Beaulieu was obliged to abandon the Mincio, as he had before the Adda and the Po, and to take up the new line of the Adige.

Meantime, an occurrence, which may be called accidental, had nearly done more than repay the Austrians for all their reverses. The left of their line, stationed still further down the Mincio, at Puzzuolo, no sooner learned from the cannonade that the French were at Borghetto, than they hastened to ascend the stream, with the view of assisting the defence of their friends. They came too late for this; the commander at Borghetto had retreated ere they arrived. They, however, came unexpectedly; and such was the chance, reached Valleggio after the French army had pursued the Austrians through it and onwards—and, at the moment when Buonaparte and a few friends, considering the work of the day to be over, and this

village as altogether in the rear of both armies, were about to sit down to dinner in security, Sebetendorff, who commanded the Puzzuolo division, came rapidly, little guessing what a prize was near him, into the village. The French general's attendants had barely time to shut the gates of the inn, and alarm their chief by the cry "to arms." Buonaparte threw himself on horseback, and galloping out by a back passage, effected the narrowest of escapes from the most urgent of dangers. Sebetendorff was soon assaulted by a French column, and retreated, after Beaulieu's example, on the line of the Adige. Buonaparte, profiting by the perilous adventure of Valleggio, instituted a small corps of picked men, called *guides*, to watch continually over his personal safety. Such was the germ from which sprung by degrees the famous imperial guard of Napoleon.

The Austrian had thus, in effect, abandoned for the time the open country of Italy. He now lay on the frontier between the vast tract of rich provinces which Napoleon had conquered and the Tyrol. The citadel of Milan, indeed, still held out; but the force there was not great, and, cooped up on every side, could not be expected to resist much longer. Mantua, which possessed prodigious natural advantages, and into which the retreating general had flung a garrison of full 15,000 men, was, in truth, the last and only Italian possession of the imperial crown, which, as it seemed, there might still be a possibility of saving. Beaulieu anxiously awaited the approach of new troops from Germany to attempt the relief of this great city; and his antagonist, eager to anticipate the efforts of the imperial government, sat down immediately before it.

Mantua lies on an island, being cut off on all sides from the main land by the branches of the Mincio, and approachable only by five narrow causeways, of which three were defended by strong and regular fortresses or intrenched camps, the other two by

gates, drawbridges, and batteries. Situated amid stagnant waters and morasses, its air is pestilential, especially to strangers. The garrison were prepared to maintain the position with their usual bravery; and it remained to be seen whether the French general possessed any new system of attack, capable of abridging the usual operations of the siege, as effectually as he had already done by those of the march and the battle. His commencement was alarming; of the five causeways, by sudden and overwhelming assaults, he obtained four; and the garrison were cut off from the main land, except only at the fifth causeway, the strongest of them all, named, from a palace near it, *La Favorita*. It seemed necessary, however, in order that this blockade might be complete, that the Venetian territory, lying beyond Mantua, should immediately be occupied by the French. The power of this ancient government was no longer such as to inspire much respect, and Buonaparte resolved that the claim of neutrality should form no obstacle to his measure. The French directory had already most ungenerously trampled on the dignity of Venice, by demanding that she should no longer afford a retreat to the illustrious exile, the count of Provence eldest surviving brother of Louis XVI.* That unfortunate prince had, accordingly, though most reluctantly, been desired to quit the Venetian states, and had already passed to the Rhine, where his gallant cousin, the prince of Condé, had long been at the head of a small and devoted army composed of the expatriated gentry of France. Buonaparte, however, chose to treat the reluctance with which Venice had been driven to this violation of her hospitality, as a new injury to his government: he argued that a power who had harboured in friendship, and unwillingly expelled, the *Pretender* to the

*The same who became afterward Louis XVIII. of France.

French monarchy, had lost all title to forbearance on the part of the revolutionary forces. This was a gross and ungenerous insult, and it was a gratuitous one; for he had a far better argument behind. The imperial general had, as we have seen, neglected the reclamations of the doge, when it suited his purpose to occupy Peschiera. "You are too weak," said Buonaparte, when the Venetian envoy reached his head-quarters, "to enforce neutrality on hostile nations such as France and Austria Beaulieu did not respect your territory when his interest bade him violate it; nor shall I hesitate to occupy whatever falls within the line of the Adige.' In effect, garrisons were placed forthwith in Verona and all the strong places of that domain. The tri colour flag now waved at the mouth of the Tyrolese passes; and Napoleon, leaving Serrurier to blockade Mantua, returned himself to Milan, where he had important business to arrange.

The king of Naples, utterly confounded by the successes of the French, was now anxious to procure peace, almost on whatever terms, with the apparently irresistible republic. Nor did it, for the moment, suit Buonaparte's views to contemn his advances. A peace with this prince would withdraw some valuable divisions from the army of Beaulieu; and the distance of the Neapolitan territory was such, that the French had no means of carrying the war thither with advantage, so long as Austria retained the power of sending new forces into Italy by the way of the Tyrol. He concluded an armistice accordingly, which was soon followed by a formal peace, with the king of the two Sicilies; and the Neapolitan troops, who had recently behaved with eminent gallantry, abandoning the Austrian general, began their march to the south of Italy.

This transaction placed another of Napoleon's destined victims entirely within his grasp. With no friend behind him, the pope saw himself at the

mercy of the invader; and in terror prepared to submit. Buonaparte occupied immediately his legations of Bologna and Ferrara, making prisoners in the latter of these towns four hundred of the papal troops, and a cardinal, under whose orders they were. The churchman militant was dismissed on parole; but, being recalled to head-quarters, answered that his master, the pope, had given him a dispensation to break his promise. This exercise of the old dispensing power excited the merriment of the conquerors. The Vatican, meanwhile, perceived that no time was to be lost. The Spanish resident at the Roman court was despatched to Milan; and the terms on which the holy father was to obtain a brief respite were at length arranged. Buonaparte demanded and obtained a million sterling, a hundred of the finest pictures and statues in the papal gallery, a large supply of military stores, and the cession of Ancona, Ferrara, and Bologna, with their respective domains.

He next turned his attention to the grand duke of Tuscany,—a prince who had not only not taken any part in the war against the republic, but had been the very first of the European rulers to recognise its establishment, and had kept on terms of friendship with all its successive authorities. Buonaparte, however, in pursuance of his system, resolved that the brother of the emperor should pay for his presumed inclinations. For the present, the Florentine museum and the grand duke's treasury were spared; but Leghorn, the seaport of Tuscany and great feeder of its wealth, was seized without ceremony; the English goods in that town were confiscated to the ruin of the merchants; and a great number of English vessels in the harbour made a narrow escape. The grand duke, in place of resenting these injuries, was obliged to receive Buonaparte with all the appearance of cordiality at Florence; and the spoiler repaid his courtesy by telling

him, rubbing his hands with glee, during the princely entertainment provided for him, "I have just received letters from Milan; the citadel has fallen; —your brother has no longer a foot of land in Lombardy." "It is a sad case," said Napoleon himself long afterward,—speaking of these scenes of exaction and insolence,—"when the dwarf comes into the embrace of the giant, he is like enough to be suffocated; but 't is the giant's nature to squeeze hard."

In the mean time, the general did not neglect the great and darling plan of the French government, of thoroughly revolutionizing the north of Italy, and establishing there a groupe of republics modelled after their own likeness, and prepared to act as subservient allies in their mighty contest with the European monarchies. The peculiar circumstances of Northern Italy, as a land of ancient fame and high spirit, long split into fragments, and ruled for the most part by governors of German origin, presented many facilities for the realization of this design; and Buonaparte was urged constantly by his government at Paris, and by a powerful party in Lombardy, to hasten its execution. He, however, had by this time learned to think of many idols of the directory, with about as little reverence as they bestowed on the shrines of Catholicism; in his opinion more was to be gained by temporizing with both the governments and the people of Italy, than by any hasty measures of the kind recommended. He saw well the deep disgust which his exactions had excited. "You cannot," said he, "at one and the same moment rob people, and persuade them you are their friends." He fancied, moreover, that the pope and other nerveless rulers of the land might be converted into at least as convenient ministers of French exaction, as any new establishments he could raise in their room. Finally, he perceived that whenever the directory were to arrange seriously the terms of a settlement with the great monarchy of Austria, their

best method would be to restore Lombardy, and thereby purchase the continued possession of the more conveniently situated territories of Belgium and the Louxembourg. The general, therefore, temporized; content, in the mean time, with draining the exchequers of the governments, and cajoling from day to day the population. The directory were with difficulty persuaded to let him follow his own course; but he now despised their wisdom, and they had been taught effectually to dread his strength.

Napoleon, it is clear enough, had no intention to grant these Italian governments any thing but a respite; nor is it to be doubted that their disposition to take part with Austria remained as it had been before they entered into these treaties with France. That the purpose of deceit was mutual, affords, however, no plea of justification—least of all to the stronger party. "It will be well," says sir Walter Scott, "with the world, when falsehood and finesse are as thoroughly exploded in international communication, as they are among individuals in all civilized countries."

CHAPTER VI.

Wurmser supersedes Beaulieu—Jourdan and Moreau march into Germany, and are forced to retreat again—The Austrians advance from the Tyrol—Battle of Sale and Lonato—Escape of Napoleon—Battle near Castiglione—Wurmser retreats on Trent, and is recruited—Battle of Roveredo—Battle of Primolano—Battle of Bassano—Battle of St. George—Wurmser shut up in Mantua.

The general was now recalled to the war. The cabinet of Vienna, apt to be slow, but sure to be persevering, had at last resolved upon sending efficient aid to the Italian frontier. Beaulieu had been too often unfortunate to be trusted longer: Wurmser, who enjoyed a reputation of the highest class, was sent to replace him; 30,000 men were drafted from the armies on the Rhine to accompany the new general; and he carried orders to strengthen himself further on his march, by whatever recruits he could raise among the warlike and loyal population of the Tyrol.

The consequences of thus weakening the Austrian force on the Rhine were, for the moment, on that scene of the contest, inauspicious. The French, in two separate bodies, forced the passage of the Rhine under Jourdan and Moreau; before whom the imperial generals, Wartensleben and the archduke Charles, were now compelled to retire.

But the skill of the archduke ere long enabled him to effect a junction with the columns of Wartensleben; and thus to fall upon Jourdan with a great superiority of numbers, and give him a signal defeat. The loss of the French in the field was great, and the bitter hostility of the German peasantry made their retreat a bloody one. Moreau, on the other hand, learning how Jourdan was discomfited, found himself compelled to give up the plan of pursuing

his march further into Germany, and executed that famous retreat through the Black Forest which has made his name as splendid as any victory in the field could have done. But this reverse, however alleviated by the honours of Moreau's achievement, was attended with appearances of the most perilous kind. The genius of Carnot had devised a great scheme of operations, of which one half was thus at once cut short. He had meant Moreau and Jourdan, coalescing beyond the Rhine, to march upon th Tyrol; while Buonaparte should advance from the scene of his Italian conquests, join his brother generals on that frontier, and then march in union with them to dictate a peace before the gates of Vienna. All hope of this junction of forces was now at an end for this campaign. The French saw themselves compelled to resume the defensive on the western frontier of Germany; and the army of Italy had to await the overwhelming war which seemed ready to pour down upon Lombardy from the passage of the Tyrol.

Wurmser's army, when he fixed his head-quarters at Trent, mustered in all 80,000; while Buonaparte had but 30,000 to hold a wide country in which abhorrence of the French cause was now prevalent, to keep up the blockade of Mantua, and to oppose this fearful odds of numbers in the field. He was now, moreover, to act on the defensive, while his adversary assumed the more inspiriting character of invader. He awaited the result with calmness.

Wurmser might have learned from the successes of Buonaparte the advantages of compact movement; yet he was unwise enough to divide his great force into three separate columns, and to place one of these upon a line of march which entirely separated it from the support of the others. He himself with his centre, came down on the left bank of the Lago di Guarda, with Mantua before him as his mark; his left wing, under Melas, was to descend

the Adige, and drive the French from Verona; while his right wing, under Quasdonowich, was ordered to keep down the valley of the Chiese, in the direction of Brescia, and so to cut off the retreat of Buonaparte upon the Milanese;—in other words, to interpose the waters of the Lago di Guarda between themselves and the march of their friends—a blunder not likely to escape the eagle eye of Napoleon.

He immediately determined to march against Quasdonowich, and fight him where he could not be supported by the other two columns. This could not be done without abandoning for the time the blockade of Mantua; but it was not for Buonaparte to hesitate about purchasing a great ultimate advantage, by a present sacrifice, however disagreeable. The guns were buried in the trenches during the night of the 31st July, and the French quitted the place with a precipitation which the advancing Austrians considered as the result of terror.

Napoleon, meanwhile, rushed against Quasdonowich, who had already come near the bottom of the lake of Guarda. At Salo, close by the lake, and further from it, at Lonato, two divisions of the Austrian column were attacked and overwhelmed. Augereau and Massena, leaving merely rear-guards at Borghetto and Peschiera, now marched also upon Brescia. The whole force of Quasdonowich must inevitably have been ruined by these combinations had he stood his ground; but by this time the celerity of Napoleon had overawed him, and he was already in full retreat upon his old quarters in the Tyrol. Augereau and Massena, therefore, countermarched their columns, and returned towards the Mincio. They found that Wurmser had forced their rear-guards from their posts: that of Massena, under Pigeon, had retired in good order to Lonato: that of Augereau, under Vallette, had retreated in confusion, abandoning Castiglione to the Austrians

Flushed with these successes, old Wurmser now

resolved to throw his whole force upon the French, and resume at the point of the bayonet his communication with the scattered column of Quasdonowich. He was so fortunate as to defeat the gallant Pigeon at Lonato, and to occupy that town. But this new success was fatal to him. In the exultation of victory he extended his line too much towards the right; and this over-anxiety to open the communication with Quasdonowich had the effect of so weakening his centre, that Massena, boldly and skilfully seizing the opportunity, poured two strong columns on Lonato, and regained the position; whereon the Austrian, perceiving that his army was cut in two, was thrown into utter confusion. Some of his troops, marching to the right, were met by those of the French who had already defeated Quasdonowich in that quarter, and obliged to surrender: the most retreated in great disorder. At Castiglione alone a brave stand was made. But Augereau, burning to wipe out the disgrace of Vallette,* forced the position, though at a severe loss. Such was the battle of Lonato. Thenceforth nothing could surpass the discomfiture and disarray of the Austrians. They fled in all directions upon the Mincio, where Wurmser himself, meanwhile, had been employed in revictualling Mantua.

A mere accident had once more almost saved the Austrian. One of the many defeated divisions of the army, wandering about in anxiety to find some means of reaching the Mincio, came suddenly on Lonato, the scene of the late battle, at a moment when Napoleon was there with only his staff and guards about him. He knew not that any consi derable body of Austrians remained together in the neighbourhood; and but for his presence of mind must have been their prisoner. The Austrian had not the skill to profit by what fortune threw in his

* Vallette was cashiered. Augereau was afterward created duke o Castiglione, in memory of this exploit.

way; his enemy was able to turn even a blunder into an advantage. The officer sent to demand the surrender of the town was brought blindfolded, as is the custom, to his head-quarters; Buonaparte, by a secret sign, caused his whole staff to draw up around him, and when the bandage was removed from the messenger's eyes, saluted him thus: "What means this insolence? Do you beard the French general in the middle of his army?" The German recognised the person of Napoleon, and retreated stammering and blushing. He assured his commander that Lonato was occupied by the French in numbers that made resistance impossible; 4000 men laid down their arms; and then discovered, that if they had used them, nothing could have prevented Napoleon from being their prize.

Wurmser collected together the whole of his remaining force, and advanced to meet the conqueror. He, meanwhile, had himself determined on the assault, and was hastening to the encounter. They met between Lonato and Castiglione. Wurmser was totally defeated, and narrowly escaped being a prisoner; nor did he without great difficulty regain Trent and Roveredo, those frontier positions from which his noble army had so recently descended with all the confidence of conquerors. In this disastrous campaign the Austrians lost 40,000: Buona parte probably understated his own loss at 7000 During the seven days which the campaign occupied, he never took off his boots, nor slept except by starts. The exertions which so rapidly achieved this signal triumph were such as to demand some repose; yet Napoleon did not pause until he saw Mantua once more completely invested. The reinforcement and revictualling of that garrison were all that Wurmser could show, in requital of his lost artillery, stores, and 40,000 men.

During this brief campaign, the aversion with which the ecclesiastics of Italy regarded the French

manifested itself in various quarters. At Pavia, Ferrara, and elsewhere, insurrection had broken out, and the spirit was spreading rapidly at the moment when the report of Napoleon's new victory came to reawaken terror and paralyze revolt. The conqueror judged it best to accept for the present the resubmission, however forced, of a party too powerful to be put down by examples. The cardinal Mattei, archbishop of Ferrara, being brought into his presence, uttered the single word *pecavi*. the victor was contented with ordering him a penance of seven days' fasting and prayer in a monastery: but he had no intention to forget these occurrences whenever another day of reckoning with the pope should come.

While he was occupied with restoring quiet in the country, Austria, ever constant in adversity, hastened to place 20,000 fresh troops under the orders of Wurmser; and the brave veteran, whose heart nothing could chill, prepared himself to make one more effort to relieve Mantua, and drive the French out of Lombardy. His army was now, as before, greatly the superior in numbers; and though the bearing of his troops was more modest, their gallantry remained unimpaired. Once more the old general divided his army; and once more he was destined to see it shattered in detail.

He marched from Trent towards Mantua, through the defiles of the Brenta, at the head of 30,000; leaving 20,000 under Davidowich at Roveredo, to cover the Tyrol. Buonaparte instantly detected the error of his opponent. He suffered him to advance unmolested as far as Bassano, and the moment he was there, and consequently completely separated from Davidowich and his rear, drew together a strong force, and darted on Roveredo, by marches such as seemed credible only after they had been accomplished.

Sept. 4.] The battle of Roveredo is one of Na-

poleon's most illustrious days. The enemy had a strongly intrenched camp in front of the town; and behind it, in case of misfortune, Calliano, with its castle seated on a precipice over the Adige, where that river flows between enormous rocks and mountains, appeared to offer an impregnable retreat. Nothing could withstand the ardour of the French. The Austrians, though they defended the intrenched camp with their usual obstinacy, were forced to give way by the impetuosity of Dubois and his hussars. Dubois fell, mortally wounded, in the moment of his glory: he waved his sabre, cheering his men onwards with his last breath. "I die," said he, "for the republic;—only let me hear, ere life leaves me, that the victory is ours." The French horse, thus animated, pursued the Germans, who were driven, unable to rally, through and beyond the town. Even the gigantic defences of Calliano proved of no avail. Height after height was carried at the point of the bayonet; 7000 prisoners and fifteen cannon remained with the conquerors. The Austrians fled to Levisa, which guards one of the chief defiles of the Tyrolese Alps, and were there beaten again. Vaubois occupied this important position with the gallant division who had forced it. Massena fixed himself in Wurmser's late head-quarters at Trent; and Napoleon, having thus totally cut off the field-marshal's communication with Germany, proceeded to issue proclamations calling on the inhabitants of the Tyrol to receive the French as friends, and seize the opportunity of freeing themselves for ever from the dominion of Austria. He put forth an edict declaring that the sovereignty of the district was henceforth in the French republic, and inviting the people themselves to arrange, according to their pleasure, its interior government.

The French general made a grievous mistake when he supposed that the Tyrolese were divided in their attachment to the Austrian government, be-

cause he had found the Italian subjects of that crown to be so. The Tyrol, one of the most ancient of the Austrian possessions, had also been one of the best governed; the people enjoyed all the liberty they wished under a paternal administration. They received with scornful coldness the flattering exortations of one in whom they saw only a victorious and rapacious enemy; and Buonaparte was soon satisfied that it would cost more time than was then at his disposal to republicanize those gallant mountaineers. They, in fact, began to arm themselves, and waited but the signal to rise every where upon the invaders.

Wurmser heard with dismay of the utter ruin of Davidowich; and doubted not that Napoleon would now march onwards into Germany, and, joining Jourdan and Moreau, whose advance he had heard of, and misguessed to have been successful, endeavour to realize the great scheme of Carnot—that of attacking Vienna itself. The old general saw no chance of converting what remained to him of his army to good purpose, but by remaining in Lombardy, where he thought he might easily excite the people in his emperor's favour, overwhelm the slender garrisons left by Buonaparte, and so cut off, at all events, the French retreat through Italy, in case they should meet with any disaster in the Tyrol or in Germany. Napoleon had intelligence which Wurmser wanted. Wurmser himself was his mark: and he returned from Trent to Primolano where the Austrian's vanguard lay, by a forced march of not less than sixty miles performed in two days! The surprise with which this descent was received may be imagined. The Austrian van was destroyed in a twinkling. The French, pushing every thing before hem, halted that night at Cismone—where Napoleon was glad to have half a private soldier's ration of bread for his supper. Next day he reached Bassano, where the old Austrian once more expected the fatal

rencounter. The battle of Bassano (Sept. 8) was a fatal repetition of those that had gone before it. Six thousand Austrians laid down their arms. Quasdonowich, with one division of 4000, escaped to Friuli; while Wurmser himself, retreating to Vicenza, there collected with difficulty a remnant of 16,000 beaten and discomfited soldiers. His situation was most unhappy; his communication with Austria wholly cut off—his artillery and baggage all lost—the flower of his army no more. Nothing seemed to remain but to throw himself into Mantua, and there hold out to the last extremity, in the hope, however remote, of some succours from Vienna; and such was the resolution of this often outwitted, but never dispirited, veteran.

In order to execute his purpose, it was necessary to force a passage somewhere on the Adige; and the Austrian, especially as he had lost all his pontoons, would have had great difficulty in doing so, but for a mistake on the part of the French commander at Legnago, who, conceiving the attempt was to be made at Verona, marched to reinforce the corps stationed there, and so left his own position unguarded. Wurmser, taking advantage of this, passed with his army at Legnago, and after a series of bloody skirmishes, in which fortune divided her favours pretty equally, at length was enabled to throw himself into Mantua. Napoleon made another narrow escape, in one of these skirmishes, at Arcola. He was surrounded for a moment, and had just galloped off, when Wurmser, coming up, and learning that the prize was so near, gave particular directions to bring him in alive!

Buonaparte, after making himself master of some scattered corps which had not been successful in keeping up with Wurmser, reappeared once more before Mantua. The battle of St. George—so called from one of the suburbs of the city—was fought on the 13th of September, and after prodigious

slaughter, the French remained in possession of all the causeways; so that the blockade of the city and fortress was thenceforth complete. The garrison, when Wurmser shut himself up, amounted to 26,000: ere October was far advanced, the pestilential air of the place, and the scarcity and badness of provisions, had filled his hospitals, and left him hardly half the number in fighting condition. The misery of the besieged town was extreme; and if Austria meant to rescue Wurmser, there was no time to be lost.

CHAPTER VII.

Affairs of Corsica—Alvinzi assumes the Command of the Austrians on the Italian Frontier—The three Battles of Arcola—Retreat of Alvinzi—Battle of Rivoli—Battle of La Favorita—Surrender of Mantua—Victor marches on Ancona—Despair of the Pope—Treaty of Tollentino.

THE French party in Corsica had not contemplated without pride and exultation the triumphant success of their countryman. His seizure of Leghorn, by cutting off the supplies from England, greatly distressed the opposite party in the island, and an expedition of Corsican exiles, which he now despatched from Tuscany, was successful in finally reconquering the country. To Napoleon this acquisition was due; nor were the directory insensible to its value. He, meanwhile, had heavier business on his hands.

The Austrian council well knew that Mantua was in excellent keeping; and being now relieved on the Rhenish frontier, by the failure of Jourdan and Moreau's attempts, were able to form once more a powerful armament on that of Italy. The supreme command was given to marshal Alvinzi, a veteran

of high reputation. He, having made extensive levies in Illyria, appeared at Friuli; while Davidowich, with the remnant of Quasdonovich's army, amply recruited among the bold peasantry of the Tyrol, and with fresh drafts from the Rhine, took ground above Trent. The marshal had in all 60,000 men under his orders. Buonaparte had received only twelve new battalions, to replace all the losses of those terrible campaigns, in which three imperial armies had already been annihilated. The Austrian superiority of numbers was once more such, that nothing, but the most masterly combinations on the part of the French general, could have prevented them from sweeping every thing before them in the plains of Lombardy.

Buonaparte heard in the beginning of October that Alvinzi's columns were in motion: he had placed Vaubois to guard Trent, and Massena at Bassano to check the march of the field-marshal; but neither of these generals was able to hold his ground. The troops of Vaubois were driven from that position of Calliano, the strength of which has been already mentioned, under circumstances which Napoleon considered disgraceful to the character of the French soldiery. Massena avoided battle; but such was the overwhelming superiority of Alvinzi, that he was forced to abandon the position of Bassano. Napoleon himself hurried forward to sustain Massena; and a severe rencontre, in which either side claimed the victory, took place at Vicenza. The French, however, retreated, and Buonaparte fixed his head-quarters at Verona. The whole country between the Brenta and the Adige was in Alvinzi's hands; while the still strong and determined garrison of Mantua, in Napoleon's rear, rendering it indispensable for him to divide his forces, made his position eminently critical.

His first care was to visit the discomfited troops of Vaubois. "You have displeased me," said he,

"you have suffered yourselves to be driven from positions where a handful of determined men might have bid an army defiance. You are no longer French soldiers! You belong not to the army of Italy." At these words tears streamed down the rugged cheeks of the grenadiers. "Place us but once more in the van," cried they, "and you shall judge whether we do not belong to the army of Italy." The general dropped his angry tone; and in the rest of the campaign no troops more distinguished themselves than these.

Having thus revived the ardour of his soldiery, Buonaparte concentrated his columns on the right of the Adige, while Alvinzi took up a very strong position on the heights of Caldiero, on the left bank, nearly opposite to Verona. In pursuance of the same system which had already so often proved fatal to his opponents, it was the object of Buonaparte to assault Alvinzi, and scatter his forces, ere they could be joined by Davidowich. He lost no time, therefore, in attacking the heights of Caldiero; but in spite of all that Massena, who headed the charge, could do, the Austrians, strong in numbers and in position, repelled the assailants with great carnage. A terrible tempest prevailed during the action, and Napoleon, in his despatches, endeavoured to shift the blame to the elements.

The country behind Caldiero lying open to Davidowich, it became necessary to resort to other means of assault, or permit the dreaded junction to occur. The genius of Buonaparte suggested to him on this occasion a movement altogether unexpected. During the night, leaving 1,500 men under Kilmaine to guard Verona, he marched for some space rearwards, as if he had meant to retreat on Mantua, which the failure of his recent assault rendered not unlikely. But his columns were ere long wheeled again towards the Adige; and finding a bridge ready prepared, were at once placed on the same side of

the river with the enemy,—but in the rear altogether of his position, amid those wide-spreading morasses which cover the country about Arcola. This daring movement was devised to place Napoleon between Alvinzi and Davidowich; but the unsafe nature of the ground, and the narrowness of the dykes, by which alone he could advance on Arcola, rendered victory difficult, and reverse most hazardous. He divided his men into three columns, and charged at daybreak by the three dykes which conduct to Arcola. The Austrian, not suspecting that the main body of the French had evacuated Verona, treated this at first as an affair of light troops; but as day advanced the truth became apparent, and these narrow passages were defended with the most determined gallantry. Augereau headed the first column that reached the bridge of Arcola, and was there, after a desperate effort, driven back with great loss. Buonaparte, perceiving the necessity of carrying the point ere Alvinzi could arrive, now threw himself on the bridge, and seizing a standard, urged his grenadiers once more to the charge.

The fire was tremendous; once more the French gave way. Napoleon himself, lost in the tumult, was born backwards, forced over the dyke, and had nearly been smothered in the morass, while some of the advancing Austrians were already between him and his baffled column. His imminent danger was observed. the soldiers caught the alarm, and rushing forwards, with the cry "Save the general," overthrew the Germans with irresistible violence plucked Napoleon from the bog, and carried the bridge. This was the first battle of Arcola. [*Nov.* 15.]

This movement revived in the Austrian lines their terror for the name of Buonaparte; and Alvinzi saw that no time was to be lost if he meant to preserve his communication with Davidowich. He abandoned Caldiero, and gaining the open country behind Ar-

cola, robbed his enemy for the moment of the advantage which his skill had gained. Napoleon, perceiving that Arcola was no longer in the rear of his enemy but in his front, and fearful lest Vaubois might be overwhelmed by Davidowich, while Alvinzi remained thus between him and the Brenta, evacuated Arcola, and retreated to Ronco.

Next morning, having ascertained that Davidowich had not been engaged with Vaubois, Napoleon once more advanced upon Arcola. The place was once more defended bravely, and once more it was carried. But this second battle of Arcola proved no more decisive than the first; for Alvinzi still contrived to maintain his main force unbroken in the difficult country behind; and Buonaparte once more retreated to Ronco.

Nov. 17.] The third day was decisive. On this occasion also he carried Arcola; and, by two stratagems, was enabled to make his victory effectual. An ambuscade, planted among some willows, suddenly opened fire on a column of Croats, threw them into confusion, and, rushing from the concealment, crushed them down into the opposite bog, where most of them died. Napoleon was anxious to follow up this success by charging the Austrian main body on the firm ground behind the marshes. But it was no easy matter to reach them there. He had, in various quarters, portable bridges ready for crossing the ditches and canals; but the enemy stood in good order, and three days' hard fighting had nearly exhausted his own men. In one of his conversations at St. Helena, he thus told the story. "At Arcola, I gained the battle with twenty-five horsemen. I perceived the critical moment of lassitude in either army—when the oldest and bravest would have been glad to be in their tents. All my men had been engaged. Three times I had been obliged to re-establish the battle. There remained to me but some twenty-five *guides*. I sent them

round on the flank of the enemy with three trumpets, bidding them blow loud and charge furiously. *Here is the French cavalry*, was the cry; and they took to flight." . . . . The Austrians doubted not that Murat and all the horse had forced a way through the bogs; and at that moment Buonaparte commanding a general assault in front, the confusion became hopeless. Alvinzi retreated finally, though in decent order, upon Montebello.

It was at Arcola that Muiron, who ever since the storming of Little Gibraltar had lived on terms of brother-like intimacy with Napoleon, seeing a bomb about to explode, threw himself between it and his general, and thus saved his life at the cost of his own. Napoleon, to the end of his life, remembered and regretted this heroic friend.

In these three days Buonaparte lost 8000 men: the slaughter among his opponents must have been terrible. Davidowich, in never coming up to join Alvinzi after his success over Vaubois, and Wurmser, in remaining quiet at Mantua when by advancing with his garrison he might have incommoded the French rear, were guilty of grievous misjudgment or indecision. Once more the rapid combinations of Napoleon had rendered all the efforts of the Austrian cabinet abortive. For two months after the last day of Arcola, he remained the undisturbed master of Lombardy. All that his enemy could show, in set-off for the slaughter and discomfiture of Alvinzi's campaign, was that they retained possession of Bassano and Trent, thus interrupting Buonaparte's access to the Tyrol and Germany. This advantage was not trivial; but it had been dearly bought.

A fourth army had been baffled; but the resolution of the imperial court was indomitable, and new levies were diligently forwarded to reinforce Alvinzi. Once more (January 7, 1797) the marshal found himself at the head of 60,000: once more his

superiority over Napoleon's muster-roll was enormous; and once more he descended from the mountains with the hope of relieving Wurmser and reconquering Lombardy. The fifth act of the tragedy was yet to be performed.

We may here pause, to notice some civil events of importance which occurred ere Alvinzi made his final descent. The success of the French naturally gave new vigour to the Italian party who, chiefly in the large towns, were hostile to Austria, and desirous to settle their own government on the republican model. Napoleon had by this time come to be any thing but a jacobin in his political sentiments: his habits of command; his experience of the narrow and ignorant management of the directory; his personal intercourse with the ministers of sovereign powers; his sense, daily strengthened by events, that whatever good was done in Italy was owing to his own skill and the devotion of his army,—all these circumstances conspired to make him respect himself and contemn the government, almost in despite of which he had conquered kingdoms for France. He therefore regarded now with little sympathy the aspirations after republican organization, which he had himself originally stimulated among the northern Italians. He knew, however, that the directory had, by absurd and extravagant demands, provoked the pope to break off the treaty of Bologna, and to raise his army to the number of 40,000,—that Naples had every disposition to back his holiness with 30,000 soldiers, provided any reverse should befall the French in Lombardy,—and, finally, that Alvinzi was rapidly preparing for another march, with numbers infinitely superior to what he could himself extort from the government of Paris;* and considering these circumstances, he

* Buonaparte, to replace all his losses in the last two campaigns, had received only 7000 recruits.

felt himself compelled to seek strength by gratifying his Italian friends. Two republics accordingly were organized; the Cispadane and the Transpadane—handmaids rather than sisters of the great French democracy. These events took place during the period of military inaction which followed the victories of Arcola. The new republics hastened to repay Napoleon's favour by raising troops, and placed at his disposal a force which he considered as sufficient to keep the papal army in check during the expected renewal of Alvinzi's efforts.

Buonaparte at this period practised every art to make himself popular with the Italians; nor was it of little moment that they in fact regarded him more as their own countryman than a Frenchman; that their beautiful language was his mother tongue; that he knew their manners and their literature, and even in his conquering rapacity displayed his esteem for their arts. He was wise enough, too, on farther familiarity with the state of the country, to drop that tone of hostility which he had at first adopted towards the priesthood; and to cultivate the most influential members of that powerful order by attentions which the directory heard of with wonder, and would have heard of, had he been any other than Napoleon, with scorn and contempt.* Wherever he could have personal intercourse with the priesthood, he seems to have considerably softened their spleen. Meantime, the clergy beyond the Apennines, and the nobility of Romagna, were combining all their efforts to rouse the population against him; and the pope, pushed, as we have seen, to despair by the French

* He found among them a wealthy old canon of his own name, who was proud to hail the Corsican as a true descendant of the Tuscan Buonapartes; who entertained him and his whole staff with much splendour; amused the general with his anxiety that some interest should be applied to the pope, in order to procure the canonization of a certain long-defunct worthy of the common lineage, by name Buonventara Buonaparte; and, dying shortly afterward, bequeathed his whole fortune to his new-found kinsman.

directory, had no reason to complain that his secular vassals heard such appeals with indifference.

Alvinzi's preparations were, in the mean time, rapidly advancing. The enthusiasm of the Austrian gentry was effectually stirred by the apprehension of seeing the conqueror of Italy under the walls of Vienna, and volunteer corps were formed every where and marched upon the frontier. The gallant peasantry of the Tyrol had already displayed their zeal; nor did the previous reverses of Alvinzi prevent them from once more crowding to his standard. Napoleon proclaimed that every Tyrolese caught in arms should be shot as a brigand. Alvinzi replied, that for every murdered peasant he would hang a French prisoner of war: Buonaparte rejoined, that the first execution of this threat would be instantly followed by the gibbeting of Alvinzi's own nephew, who was in his hands. These ferocious threats were soon laid aside, when time had been given for reflection; and either general prepared to carry on the war according to the old rules, which are at least sufficiently severe.

Alvinzi sent a peasant across he country to find his way if possible into the beleaguered city of Mantua, and give Wurmser notice that he was once more ready to attempt his relief The veteran was commanded to make what diversion he could in favour of the approaching army; and if things came to the worst, to fight his way out of Mantua, retire on Romagna, and put himself at the head of the papal forces. The spy who carried these tidings was intercepted, and dragged into the presence of Napoleon. The terrified man confessed that he had swallowed the ball of wax in which the despatch was wrapped. His stomach was compelled to surrender its contents; and Buonaparte prepared to meet his enemy. Leaving Serrurier to keep up the blockade of Mantua, he hastened to resume his central position at Verona, from which he could,

according to circumstances, march with convenience on whatever line the Austrian main body might choose for their advance.

The imperialists, as if determined to profit by no lesson, once more descended from the Tyrol upon two different lines of march; Alvinzi himself choosing that of the upper Adige; while Provera headed a second army, with orders to follow the Brenta, and then, striking across to the lower Adige, join the marshal before the walls of Mantua. Could they have combined their forces thus, and delivered Wurmser, there was hardly a doubt that the French must retreat before so vast an army as would then have faced them. But Napoleon was destined once more to dissipate all these victorious dreams. He had posted Joubert at Rivoli, to dispute that important position, should the campaign open with an attempt to force it by Alvinzi; while Augereau's division was to watch the march of Provera. He remained himself at Verona until he could learn with certainty by which of these generals the first grand assault was to be made. On the evening of the 13th of January, tidings were brought him that Joubert had all that day been maintaining his ground with difficulty; and he instantly hastened to what now appeared to be the proper scene of action for himself.

Arriving about two in the morning, (by another of his almost incredible forced marches,) on the heights of Rivoli, he, the moonlight being clear, could distinguish five separate encampments, with innumerable watch-fires, in the valley below. His lieutenant, confounded by the display of this gigantic force, was in the very act of abandoning the position. Napoleon instantly checked this movement; and bringing up more battalions, forced the Croats from an eminence which they had already seized on the first symptoms of the French retreat. Napoleon's keen eye, surveying the position of the five encampments below, penetrated the secret of Al-

vinzi; namely, that his artillery could not yet have arrived, otherwise he would not have occupied ground so distant from the object of attack. He concluded that the Austrian did not mean to make his grand assault very early in the morning, and resolved to force him to anticipate that movement. For this purpose, he took all possible pains to conceal his own arrival; and prolonged, by a series of petty manœuvres, the enemy's belief that he had to do with a mere outpost of the French. Alvinzi swallowed the deceit; and, instead of advancing on some great and well-arranged system, suffered his several columns to endeavour to force the heights by insulated movements, which the real strength of Napoleon easily enabled him to baffle. It is true that at one moment the bravery of the Germans had nearly overthrown the French on a point of pre-eminent importance; but Napoleon himself, galloping to the spot, roused by his voice and action the division of Massena, who, having marched all night, had lain down to rest in the extreme of weariness, and seconded by them and their gallant general,* swept every thing before him. The French artillery was in position: the Austrian (according to Napoleon's shrewd guess) had not yet come up, and this circumstance decided the fortune of the day. The cannonade from the heights, backed by successive charges of horse and foot, rendered every attempt to storm the summit abortive; and the main body of the imperialists was already in confusion, and, indeed, in flight, ere one of their divisions, which had been sent round to outflank Buonaparte and take higher ground in his rear, was able to execute its errand. When, accordingly, this division (that of Lusignan) at length achieved its destined object—it did so, not to complete the misery of a routed, but to swell the prey of a victorious, enemy. Instead

* Hence, in the sequel, Massena's title, "duke of Rivoli."

of cutting off the retreat of Joubert, Lusignan found himself insulated from Alvinzi, and forced to lay down his arms to Buonaparte. "Here was a good plan," said Napoleon, "but these Austrians are not apt to calculate the value of minutes." Had Lusignan gained the rear of the French an hour earlier, while the contest was still hot in front of the heights of Rivoli, he might have made the 14th of January one of the darkest, instead of one of the brightest, days in the military chronicles of Napoleon.

He, who in the course of this trying day had had three horses shot under him, hardly waited to see Lusignan surrender, and to intrust his friends, Massena, Murat, and Joubert, with the task of pursuing the flying columns of Alvinzi. He had heard, during the battle, that Provera had forced his way to the Lago di Guarda, and was already, by means of boats, in communication with Mantua. The force of Augereau having proved insufficient to oppose the march of the imperialists' second column, it was high time that Napoleon himself should hurry with reinforcements to the Lower Adige, and prevent Wurmser from either housing Provera, or joining him in the open field, and so effecting the escape of his own still formidable garrison, whether to the Tyrol or the Romagna.

Having marched all night and all next day, Napoleon reached the vicinity of Mantua late on the 15th. He found the enemy strongly posted, and Serrurier's situation highly critical. A regiment of Provera's hussars had but a few hours before nearly established themselves in the suburb of St. George. This Austrian corps had been clothed in white cloaks, resembling those of a well-known French regiment; and advancing towards the gate, would certainly have been admitted as friends—but for the sagacity of one sergeant, who could not help fancying that the white cloaks had too much of the gloss of novelty about them, to have stood the tear and wear of three

Buonapartean campaigns. This danger had been avoided, but the utmost vigilance was necessary. The French general himself passed the night in walking about the outposts, so great was his anxiety.

At one of these he found a grenadier asleep by the root of a tree; and taking his gun, without wakening him, performed a sentinel's duty in his place for about half an hour; when the man, starting from his slumbers, perceived with terror and despair the countenance and occupation of his general. He fell on his knees before him. "My friend," said Napoleon, "here is your musket. You had fought hard, and marched long, and your sleep is excusable: but a moment's inattention might at present ruin the army. I happened to be awake, and have held your post for you. You will be more careful another time."

It is needless to say how the devotion of his men was nourished by such anecdotes as these flying ever and anon from column to column. Next morning there ensued a hot skirmish, recorded as the battle of St. George. Provera was compelled to retreat; and Wurmser, who had sallied out and seized the causeway and citadel of La Favorita, was fain to retreat within his old walls, in consequence of a desperate assault headed by Napoleon in person.

January 16th.] Provera now found himself entirely cut off from Alvinzi, and surrounded with the French. He and 5,000 men laid down their arms. Various bodies of the Austrian force, scattered over the country between the Adige and the Brenta, followed the example;* and the brave Wurmser, whose provisions were by this time exhausted, found himself at length under the necessity of sending an offer of capitulation.

General Serrurier, as commander of the blockade, received Klenau, the bearer of Wurmser's message, and heard him state, with the pardonable artifice

* Such was the prevailing terror, that one body of 6,000 under René surrendered to a French officer who had hardly 500 men with him.

usual on such occasions, that his master was still in a condition to hold out considerably longer, unless honourable terms were granted. Napoleon had hitherto been seated in a corner of the tent wrapped in his cloak; he now advanced to the Austrian, who had no suspicion in whose presence he had been speaking, and taking his pen, wrote down the conditions which he was willing to grant. "These," said he, "are the terms to which your general's bravery entitles him. He may have them to-day; a week, a month hence, he shall have no worse. Meantime, tell him that general Buonaparte is about to set out for Rome." The envoy now recognised Napoleon; and on reading the paper, perceived that the proposed terms were more liberal than he had dared to hope for. The capitulation was forthwith signed.

On the 2d of February, Wurmser and his garrison marched out of Mantua; but when the aged chief was to surrender his sword, he found only Serrurier ready to receive it. Napoleon's generosity, in avoiding being present personally to witness the humiliation of this distinguished veteran, forms one of the most pleasing traits in his story. The directory had urged him to far different conduct. He treated their suggestions with scorn: "I have granted the Austrian," he wrote to them, "such terms as were, in my judgment, due to a brave and honourable enemy, and to the dignity of the French republic."

The loss of the Austrians at Mantua amounted, first and last, to not less than 27,000 men. Besides innumerable military stores, upwards of 500 brass cannon fell into the hands of the conqueror; and Augereau was sent to Paris, to present the directory with *sixty* stand of colours. He was received with tumults of exultation, such as might have been expected, on an occasion so glorious, from a people less vivacious than the French.

The surrender of Provera and Wurmser, following

the total rout of Alvinzi, placed Lombardy wholly in the hands of Napoleon; and he had now leisure to avenge himself on the pope for those hostile demonstrations which, as yet, he had been contented to hold in check. The terror with which the priestly court of the Vatican received the tidings of the utter destruction of the Austrian army, and of the irresistible conqueror's march southward, did not prevent the papal troops from making some efforts to defend the territories of the holy see. General Victor, with 4,000 French, and as many Lombards, advanced upon the rout of Imola. A papal force, in numbers about equal, lay encamped on the river Senio in front of that town. Monks with crucifixes in their hands ran through the lines, exciting them to fight bravely for their country and their faith. The French general, by a rapid movement, threw his horse across the stream a league or two higher up, and then charged through the Senio in their front. The resistance was brief. The pope's army, composed mostly of new recruits, retreated in confusion. Faenza was carried by the bayonet. Colli and 3,000 more laid down their arms; and the strong town of Ancona was occupied.* On the 10th of February the French entered Loretto, and rifled that celebrated seat of superstition of whatever treasures it still retained: the most valuable articles had already been packed up and sent to Rome for safety.†—Victor then turned westward from An-

* The priests had an image of the Virgin Mary at this place, which they exhibited to the people in the act of shedding tears, the more to stimulate them against the impious republicans. On entering the place, the French were amused with discovering the machinery by which this trick had been performed: the Madonna's tears were a string of glass beads which flowed by clockwork, within a shrine which the worshippers were too respectful to approach very nearly. Little or-molu fountains, which stream on the same principle, are now common ornaments for the chimney-piece in Paris.

† The *Santa Casa*, or *holy house* of Loretto, is a little brick building, round which a magnificent church has been reared, and which the Romish calendar states to have been the original dwelling-house of the

cona, with the design to unite with another French column which had advanced into the papal dominion by Perugia.

The panic which the French advance had by this time spread was such, that the pope had no hope but in submission. The peasants lately transformed into soldiers abandoned everywhere their arms, and fled in straggling groupes to their native villages. The alarm in Rome itself recalled the days of Alaric the Goth.

The conduct of Buonaparte at this critical moment was worthy of that good sense which formed the original foundation of his successes, and of which the madness of pampered ambition could alone deprive him afterward. He well knew, that of all the inhabitants of the Roman territories, the class who contemplated his approach with the deepest terror were the unfortunate French priests, whom the revolution had made exiles from their native soil. It is reported that one of these unhappy gentlemen came forth in his despair, and, surrendering himself at the French head-quarters, said he knew his fate was sealed, and that they might as well lead him at once to the gallows. Buonaparte dismissed this person with courtesy, and issued a proclamation that none of the class should be molested; on the contrary, allotting to each of them the means of existence in monasteries, wherever his arms were or should be predominant.

This conduct, taken together with other circumstances of recent occurrence, was well calculated to nourish in the breast of the pope the hope that the victorious general of France had, by this time, discarded the ferocious hostility of the revolutionary government against the church of which he was head. He hastened, however, to open a negotia-

Virgin Mary in Nazareth, transported through the air to Italy by miracle. This was for ages the chief resort of Romish pilgrims, and the riches of the place were *once* enormous.

tion, and Napoleon received his envoy, not merely with civility, but with professions of the profoundest personal reverence for the holy father. The treaty of Tollentino (12 Feb. 1797) followed. By this the pope conceded formally (for the first time) his ancient territory of Avignon; he resigned the legations of Ferrara, Bologna, and Romagna, and the port of Ancona; agreed to pay about a million and a half sterling, and to execute to the utmost the provision of Bologna with respect to works of art. On these terms Pius was to remain nominal master of some shreds of the patrimony of St. Peter.

The French directory heard with indignation that any semblance of sovereignty was still left to an enemy whose weakness had been made so manifest But Buonaparte had, ere this time, learned to act for himself. He knew that any formal dethronement of the pope would invest his cause with tenfold strength wherever the Romish religion prevailed; that a new spirit of aversion would arise against France; and that Naples would infallibly profit by the first disturbances in the north of Italy, to declare war, and march her large army from the south. He believed also—and he ere long knew—that even yet Austria would make other efforts to recover Lombardy; and was satisfied, on the whole, that he should best secure his ultimate purposes by suffering the Vatican to prolong, for some time further, the shadow of that sovereignty which had in former ages trampled on kings and emperors.

CHAPTER VIII.

Neutrality of Venice—The Archduke Charles—Battle of Tagliamento—Retreat of the Archduke—Treaty of Leoben—War with Venice—Venice conquered.

NAPOLEON was now master of all northern Italy, with the exception of the territories of Venice, which antique government, though no longer qualified to keep equal rank with the first princes of Europe, was still proud and haughty, and not likely to omit any favourable opportunity of aiding Austria in the great and common object of ridding Italy of the French. Buonaparte heard without surprise that the doge had been raising new levies, and that the senate could still command an army of 50,000, composed chiefly of fierce and semi-barbarous Sclavonian mercenaries. He demanded what these demonstrations meant, and was answered, that Venice had no desire but to maintain a perfect neutrality. Meantime, there was not wanting a strong party, throughout the Venetian territories of the main land, who were anxious to emulate the revolutionary movements of the great cities of Lombardy, and to emancipate themselves from the yoke of the Venetian oligarchy, as their neighbours had done by that of the Austrian crown. Insurrections occurred at Bergamo, Brescia, and elsewhere; and Buonaparte, though little disposed to give the inhabitants of these places the boon they were in quest of, saw and profited by the opportunity of dividing, by their means, the resources, and shaking the confidence, of the senate. After some negotiation, he told the Venetian envoy, that he granted the prayer of his masters. "Be neuter," said he; "but see that your neutrality be indeed sincere and perfect. If any

insurrection occur in my rear, to cut off my communications in the event of my marching on Germany —if any movement whatever betray the disposition of your senate to aid the enemies of France, be sure that vengeance will follow—from that hour the independence of Venice has ceased to be."

More than a month had now elapsed since Alvinzi's defeat at Rivoli; in nine days the war with the pope had reached its close; and, having left some garrisons in the towns on the Adige, to watch the neutrality of Venice, Napoleon hastened to carry the war into the hereditary dominions of Austria. Twenty thousand fresh troops had recently joined his victorious standard from France; and, at the head of perhaps a larger force than he had ever before mustered, he proceeded to the frontier of the Frioul, where, according to his information, the main army of Austria, recruited once more to its original strength, was preparing to open a sixth campaign—under the orders, not of Alvinzi, but of a general young like himself, and hitherto eminently successful—the same who had already by his combinations baffled two such masters in the art of war as Jourdan and Moreau—the archduke Charles of Austria; a prince on whose high talents the last hopes of the empire seemed to repose.

To give the details of the sixth campaign, which now commenced, would be to repeat the story which has been already five times told. The archduke, fettered by the aulic council of Vienna, saw himself compelled to execute a plan which he had discrimination enough to condemn. The Austrian army once more commenced operations on a double basis—one great division on the Tyrolese frontier, and a greater under the archduke himself on the Friulese; and Napoleon—who had, even when acting on the defensive, been able, by the vivacity of his movements, to assume the superiority on whatever point he chose to select—was not likely to

strike his blows with less skill and vigour, now that his numbers, and the quiescence of Italy behind him, permitted him to assume the offensive.

Buonaparte found the archduke posted behind the river Tagliamento, in front of the rugged Carinthian mountains, which guard the passage in that quarter from Italy to Germany. Detaching Massena to the Piave, where the Austrian division of Lusignan were in observation, he himself determined to charge the archduke in front. Massena was successful in driving Lusignan before him as far as Belluno, (where a rear guard of 500 surrendered,) and thus turned the Austrian flank. Buonaparte then attempted and effected the passage of the Tagliamento. After a great and formal display of his forces, which was met by similar demonstrations on the Austrian side of the river, Buonaparte suddenly broke up his line and retreated. The archduke, knowing that the French had been marching all the night before, concluded that the general wished to defer the battle till another day; and in like manner withdrew to his camp. About two hours after, Napoleon rushed with his whole army, who had merely lain down in ranks, upon the margin of the Tagliamento, no longer adequately guarded—and had forded the stream ere the Austrian line of battle could be formed. In the action which followed (March 12), the troops of the archduke displayed much gallantry, but every effort to dislodge Napoleon failed; at length retreat was judged necessary. The French followed hard behind. They stormed Gradisca, where they made 5,000 prisoners; and—the archduke pursuing his retreat—occupied in the course of a few days Trieste, Fiume, and every strong hold in Carinthia. In the course of a campaign of twenty days, the Austrians fought Buonaparte ten times, but the overthrow on the Tagliamento was never recovered; and the archduke, after defending Styria inch by inch, as he had the Fiume and Carinthia, at

length adopted the resolution of reaching Vienna by forced marches, there to gather round him whatever force the loyalty of his nation could muster, and make a last stand beneath the walls of the capital.

This plan, at first sight the mere dictate of despair, was in truth that of a wise and prudent general. The archduke had received intelligence from two quarters of events highly unfavourable to the French. General Laudon, the Austrian commander on the Tyrol frontier, had descended thence with forces sufficient to overwhelm Buonaparte's lieutenants on the upper Adige, and was already in possession of the whole Tyrol, and of several of the Lombard towns. Meanwhile, the Venetian senate, on hearing of these Austrian successes, had plucked up courage to throw aside their flimsy neutrality, and not only declared war against France, but encouraged their partisans in Verona to open the contest with an inhuman massacre of the French wounded in the hospitals of that city. The vindictive Italians, wherever the French party was inferior in numbers, resorted to similar atrocities. The few troops left in Lombardy by Napoleon were obliged to shut themselves up in garrisons, which the insurgent inhabitants of the neighbouring districts invested. The Venetian army passed the frontier and, in effect, Buonaparte's means of deriving supplies of any kind from his rear were for the time wholly cut off. It was not wonderful that the archduke should, under such circumstances, anticipate great advantage from enticing the French army into the heart of Germany; where, divided by many wide provinces and mighty mountains and rivers from France, and with Italy once more in arms behind them, they should have to abide the encounter of an imperial army, animated by all the best motives that can lend vigour to the arm of man; fighting for their own hearths under the eyes of their own sovereign; seconded everywhere by the loyalty of the

peasants; and well convinced that, if they could compel their enemy to a retreat, his total ruin must be the consequence.

The terror of the aulic council stepped in to prevent the archduke from reaping either the credit or the disgrace of his movement. Vienna was panic-struck on hearing that Buonaparte had stormed the passes of the Julian Alps; the royal family sent their treasures into Hungary; the middle ranks, whose interest is always peace, became clamorous for some termination to a war, which during six years had been so unfortunate; and the archduke was ordered to avail himself of the first pretence which circumstances might afford for the opening of a negotiation.

The archduke had already, acting on his own judgment and feelings, dismissed such an occasion with civility and with coldness. Napoleon had addressed a letter to his imperial highness from Clagenfurt, in which he called on him, as a brother-soldier, to consider the certain miseries and the doubtful successes of war, and put an end to the campaign by a fair and equitable treaty. The archduke replied, that he regarded with the highest esteem the personal character of his correspondent, but that the Austrian government had committed to his trust the guidance of a particular army, not the diplomatic business of the empire. The prince, on receiving these new instructions from Vienna, perceived, however reluctantly, that the line of his duty was altered; and the result was a series of negotiations—which ended in the provisional treaty of Leoben signed April 18, 1797.

No sooner was this negotiation in a fair train than Napoleon, abandoning for the moment the details of its management to inferior diplomatists, hastened to retrace his steps, and pour the full storm of his wrath on the Venetians. The doge and his senate, whose only hopes had rested on the successes of

Austria on the Adige, heard with utter despair that the archduke had shared the fate of Beaulieu, of Wurmser, and of Alvinzi, and that the preliminaries of peace were actually signed. The rapidity of Buonaparte's return gave them no breathing-time. They hastened to send offers of submission, and their messengers were received with anger and contempt. "French blood has been treacherously shed," said Napoleon; "if you could offer me the treasures of Peru, if you could cover your whole dominion with gold—the atonement would be insufficient—the lion of St. Mark* must lick the dust." These tidings came like a sentence of death upon the devoted senate. Their deliberations were unceasing; their schemes innumerable; their hearts divided and unnerved. Those secret chambers, from which that haughty oligarchy had for so many ages excluded every eye and every voice but their own, were invaded with impunity by strange-faced men, who boldly criticised their measures and heaped new terrors on their heads, by announcing that the mass of the people had ceased to consider the endurance of their sway as synonymous with the prosperity of Venice. Popular tumults filled the streets and canals; universal confusion prevailed. The commanders of their troops and fleets received contradictory orders, and the city which

"—— had held the gorgeous East in fee,"

seemed ready to yield every thing to a ruthless and implacable enemy, without even striking a blow in defence.

Buonaparte appeared, while the confusion was at its height, on the opposite coast of the Lagoon. Some of his troops were already in the heart of the city, when (31st May) a hasty message reached

* The armorial bearing of Venice.

him, announcing that the senate submitted wholly. He exacted severe revenge. The leaders who had aided the Lombard insurgents were delivered to him. The oligarchy ceased to rule, and a democratical government was formed, provisionally, on the model of France. Venice consented to surrender to the victor large territories on the main land of Italy; five ships of war; 3,000,000 francs in gold, and as many more in naval stores; twenty of the best pictures, and 500 manuscripts. Lastly, the troops of the conqueror were to occupy the capital until tranquillity was established. It will be seen in what that tranquillity was destined to consist.

Such was the humiliation of this once proud and energetic, but now worn out and enfeebled, oligarchy: so incapable was that hoary polity of contending with the youthful vigour of Napoleon.

CHAPTER IX.

Pichegru—The Directory appeal to Buonaparte—The 18th Fructidor—The Court of Montebello—Josephine—The Treaty of Campo Formio—Buonaparte leaves Italy.

In their last agony, the Venetian senate made a vain effort to secure the personal protection of the general, by offering him a purse of seven millions of francs. He rejected this with scorn. He had already treated in the same style a bribe of four millions, tendered on the part of the duke of Modena. The friend employed to conduct the business reminded him of the proverbial ingratitude of all popular governments, and of the little attention which the directory had hitherto paid to his personal interests. "That is all true enough," said Napoleon, "but for four millions I will not place myself in the

power of this duke.[2] Austria herself did not hesitate to tamper in the same manner, though far more magnificently, as became her resources, with his republican virtue. He was offered an independent German principality for himself and his heirs. "I thank the emperor," he answered, "but if greatness is to be mine, it shall come from France."

The Venetian senate were guilty, in their mortal struggle, of another and a more inexcusable piece of meanness. They seized the person of count D'Entraigues, a French emigrant, who had been living in their city as agent for the exiled house of Bourbon; and surrendered him and all his papers to the victorious general. Buonaparte discovered among these documents ample evidence that Pichegru, the French general on the Rhine, and universally honoured as the conqueror of Holland, had some time ere this hearkened to the proposals of the Bourbon princes, and, among other efforts in favour of the royal cause, not hesitated even to misconduct his military movements with a view to the downfall of the government which had intrusted him with his command.

This was a secret, the importance of which Napoleon could well appreciate;* and he forthwith communicated it to the directory at Paris.

The events of the last twelve months in France had made Pichegru a person of still higher importance than when he commenced his intrigues with the Bourbons as general on the Rhine. Some obscure doubts of his fidelity, or the usual policy of the directory, which rendered them averse (wherever they could help it) to continue any one general very long at the head of one army, had induced them to displace Pichegru, and appoint Hoche, a tried republican, in his room. Pichegru, on returning to

[2] Moreau knew it some months sooner, and said so *after* Napoleon had communicated it to the directory. This is a suspicious circumstance, when considered along with the sequel of Moreau's history.

France, became a member of the council of five hundred, and (the royalist party having at this season recovered all but a preponderance) was, on the meeting of the chambers, called to the chair of that in which he had his place.

The five directors had in truth done every thing to undermine their own authority. They were known to be divided in opinion among themselves; three only of their number adhered heartily to the existing constitution: one was a royalist: another was a democrat of the Robespierre school. One of these new and uncourtly men excited laughter by affecting a princely state and splendour of demeanour and equipage. Another disgusted one set of minds, and annoyed all the rest, by procuring a law for the observation of the tenth day as a day of repose, and declaring it a crime to shut up shops on the Sabbath. A ridiculous ritual of an avowedly heathen worship followed, and was received with partial horror, universal contempt. A tyrannical law about the equalization of weights and measures spread confusion through all mercantile transactions, and was especially unpopular in the provinces. A contemptible riot, set on foot by one who called himself Gracchus Barbœuf, for the purpose of bringing back the reign of *terrorism*, was indeed suppressed; but the mere occurrence of such an attempt recalled too vividly the days of Robespierre, and by so doing tended to strengthen the cause of the royalists in public opinion. The truth is, that a vast number of the emigrants had found their way back again to Paris after the downfall of Robespierre, and that the old sway of elegant manners and enlightened saloons was once more re-establishing itself where it had so long been supreme. Every thing indicated that the directory (the *five majesties* of the Louxembourg, as they were called in derision) held their thrones by a very uncertain tenure; and those gentlemen, nothing being left them but a choice among evils, were fain

to throw themselves on the protection of the armies which they dreaded, and of Hoche and Buonaparte; which last name in particular had long filled them with jealousy proportioned to its splendour and popularity.

Napoleon's recent conduct, in more important points than one, had excited powerfully the resentment of the directory, which now appealed to him for aid. He had taken upon himself the whole responsibility of the preliminary treaty of Leoben, although the French government had sent general Clarke into Italy for the express purpose of controlling him, and acting as his equal at least in the negotiation. A clause in that treaty, by which Mantua, the strongest fortress in Italy, and now, in consequence of Napoleon's own skill and zeal, rendered stronger than it ever had been, was to be surrendered back to Austria, was judged necessary at the time by the general, in order to obtain from the emperor the boundary of the Rhine and the cession of Belgium. But the directory thought the conqueror underrated the advantages of his own position and theirs in consenting to it, and but for Carnot would never have ratified it.* At the other side of the Italian peninsula, again, the victorious general, immediately after the fall of Venice, had to superintend the revolution of Genoa; in which great city the democratic party availed themselves of the temper and events of the time, to emancipate themselves also from their hereditary oligarchy. They would fain have excluded the nobility from all share in the remodelled government; and Napoleon rebuked and discountenanced this attempt, in terms little likely to be heard with approbation by the "*Sires* of the Louxembourg." He told the Genoese, that to exclude the nobles was in itself as unjust as

* Mantua, as will appear hereafter, was saved to France under Napoleon's final treaty with Austria; but the events which rendered this possible were as yet unknown and unexpected.

unwise, and that they ought to be grateful for the means of reorganizing their constitution, without passing *like France* through the terrible ordeal of a revolution. The rulers of France might be excused from asking at this moment—"Does the lecturer of the Ligurian republic mean to be our Washington, our Monk, or our Cromwell?"

He, however, received with alacrity the call of the trembling directory. He harangued his soldiery, and made himself secure of their readiness to act as he might choose for them. He not only sent his lieutenant Augereau to Paris, to command the national guard for the government, should they find it necessary to appeal immediately to force, but announced that he was himself prepared to "pass the Rubicon," (an ominous phrase,) and march to their assistance, with 15,000 of his best troops.

The directory, meanwhile, had in their extremity ventured to disregard the law against bringing regular troops within a certain distance of the capital, and summoned Hoche to bring a corps of his Rhenish army for their instant protection.

It was by this means that the new revolution, as it may be called, of the 18th Fructidor was effected. On that day (Sept. 4, 1797) the majority of the directory, marching their army into Paris, dethroned their two opposition colleagues. Pichegru and the other royalists of note in the assemblies, to the number of more than 150, were arrested and sent into exile. The government, for the moment, recovered the semblance of security; and Buonaparte heard, with little satisfaction, that they had been able to accomplish their immediate object without the interventio of his personal appearance on the scene. He remonstrated, moreover, against the manner in which they had followed up their success. According to him, they ought to have executed Pichegru and a few ringleaders, and set an example of moderation, by sparing all those whose royalism admitted of any

doubt, or if it was manifest, was of secondary importance. It would have been hard for the directory at this time to have pleased Buonaparte, or for Buonaparte to have entirely satisfied them; but neither party made the effort.

The fall of Venice, however, gave Napoleon the means, which he was not disposed to neglect, of bringing his treaty with Austria to a more satisfactory conclusion than had been indicated in the preliminaries of Leoben.

After settling the affairs of Venice, and establishing the new Ligurian republic, the general took up his residence at the noble castle of Montebello, near Milan. Here his wife, who, though they had been married in March, 1796, was still a bride, and with whom, during the intervening eventful months, he had kept up a correspondence full of the fervour, if not of the delicacy, of love,* had at length rejoined him. Josephine's manners were worthy, by universal admission, of the highest rank; and the elegance with which she did the honours of the castle, filled the ministers and princes, who were continually to be seen in its precincts, with admiration. While Napoleon conducted his negotiations with as much firmness and decision as had marked him in the field, it was her care that nature and art should lend all their graces to what the Italians soon learned to call *the court* of Montebello. Whatever talent Milan contained was pressed into her service. Music and dance, and festival upon festival, seemed to occupy every hour. The beautiful lakes of Lombardy were covered with gay flotillas; and the voluptuous retreats around their shores received in succession new life and splendour from the presence

* It would be painful to show, as might easily be done, from this correspondence, the original want of delicacy in Napoleon's mind. Many of his letters are such as no English gentleman would address to a *mistress*. In others, the language is worthy of a hero's passion. "Wurmser," says he, "shall pay dearly for the tears he causes you to shed."

of Napoleon, Josephine, and the brilliant circle amid whom they were rehearsing the imperial parts that destiny had in reserve for them. Montebello was the centre from which Buonaparte, during the greater part of this summer, negotiated with the emperor, controlled all Italy, and overawed the Louxembourg.

The final settlement with the emperor's commissioners would have taken place shortly after the fall of Venice, but for the universal belief that the government of France approached some new crisis, and the Austrians' hope that from such an event their negotiation might derive considerable advantages. Buonaparte well knew the secret motive which induced Cobentzel, the emperor's chief envoy, to protract and multiply discussions of which he by this time was weary. One day, in this ambassador's own chamber, Napoleon suddenly changed his demeanour; "you refuse to accept our ultimatum," said he, taking in his hands a beautiful vase of porcelain, which stood on the mantelpiece near him. The Austrian bowed. "It is well," said Napoleon, "but mark me,—within two months I will shatter Austria like this potsherd." So saying he dashed the vase on the ground in a thousand pieces, and moved towards the door. Cobentzel followed him, and made submissions which induced him once more to resume his negotiations.

The result was the treaty of Campo-Formio, so called from the village at which it was signed, on the 3d of October, 1797. By this act the emperor yielded to France Flanders and the boundary of the Rhine, including the great fortress of Mentz. The various new republics of Lombardy were united and recognised under the general name of the Cisalpine Republic. To indemnify Austria for the loss of hose territories, the fall of Venice afforded new means—of which Napoleon did not hesitate to propose, nor Austria to accept the use. The French

923-N161

general had indeed conquered Venice, but he had entered into a treaty subsequently, and recognised a wholly new government in place of the oligarchy. The emperor, on the other hand, well knew that the doge and senate had incurred ruin by rising to his own aid. Such considerations weighed little on either side. France and Austria agreed to effect a division of the whole territories of the ancient republic. Venice herself, and her Italian provinces, were handed over to the emperor in lieu of his lost Lombardy; and the French assumed the sovereignty of the Ionian islands and Dalmatia. This unprincipled proceeding excited universal disgust throughout Europe. It showed the sincerity of Buonaparte's love for the cause of freedom; and it satisfied all the world of the excellent title of the imperial court to complain of the selfishness and rapacity of the French democracy.

The emperor set his seal at Campo-Formio to another of Buonaparte's acts of dictatorship, which, though in one point of view even more unjustifiable than this, was not regarded by the world with feelings of the same order. The Italian territory of the Valteline had for ages been subject to the Grison league. The inhabitants, roused by the prevailing spirit all around them, demanded Napoleon's intercession with their Swiss masters, to procure their admission to all the political privileges of the other cantons. They refused, and Napoleon, in the plenitude of his authority, immediately supported the Valteline in throwing off the Grison yoke, and asserting its utter independence. This territory was now annexed to the Cisalpine republic. A government with which France was on terms of alliance and amity, was thus robbed of its richest possession; but the Valteline belonged, by natural position, religion, and language, to Italy, and its annexation to the new Italian republic was regarded as in itself just and proper, however questionable Buonaparte's

4063389

title to effect that event. He himself said at the time, "It is contrary to the rights of man that any one people should be subject to another:" a canon on which his after history formed a lucid commentary.

In concluding, and in celebrating the conclusion of his treaty, Napoleon's proud and fiery temperament twice shone out. Cobentzel had set down, as the first article, "The emperor recognises the French republic." "Efface that," said Napoleon, sternly, "it is as clear as that the sun is in heaven. Wo to them that cannot distinguish the light of either!" At the TE DEUM, after the proclamation of the peace, the imperial envoy would have taken the place prepared for Buonaparte, which was the most eminent in the church. The haughty soldier seized his arm and drew him back. "Had your imperial master himself been here," said he, "I should not have forgotten that in my person the dignity of France is represented."

Various minor arrangements remained to be considered, and a congress of all the German powers being summoned to meet for that purpose at Rastadt, Napoleon received the orders of the directory to appear there, and perfect his work in the character of ambassador of France. He took an affecting leave of his soldiery, published a temperate and manly address to the Cisalpine republic, and proceeded, by way of Switzerland (where, in spite of the affair of the Valteline, he was received with enthusiasm), to the execution of his duty. He carried with him the unbounded love and devotion of one of the finest armies that ever the world had seen; and the attachment, hardly less energetic, of all those classes of society throughout Italy, who flattered themselves with the hope that the Cisalpine republic, the creature of his hands, would in time prepare the way for, and ultimately merge in, a republican constitution common to the whole Italian people.

B 816

With what hopes or fears as to his own future fortunes, he abandoned the scene and the companions of his glory, the reader must form his own opinion.

CHAPTER X.

Napoleon at Rastadt—He arrives in Paris—His Reception by the Directory—His Conduct and Manners—He is appointed to command the Army for the Invasion of England—He recommends an Expedition to Egypt—Reaches Toulon—Embarks.

NAPOLEON was received by the assembled ministers at Rastadt with the respect due to the extraordinary talents which he had already displayed in negotiation as well as in war. But he stayed among them only two or three days, for he perceived that the multiplicity of minor arrangements to be discussed and settled, must, if he seriously entered upon them, involve the necessity of a long-protracted residence at Rastadt; and he had many reasons for desiring to be quickly in Paris. His personal relations with the directory were of a very doubtful kind, and he earnestly wished to study with his own eyes the position in which the government stood towards the various orders of society in the all-influential capital. He abandoned the conduct of the diplomatic business to his colleagues, and reached Paris at the beginning of December. Nor was he without a feasible pretext for this rapidity. On the 2d of October, the directory had announced to the French people their purpose to carry the war with the English into England itself; the immediate organization of a great invading army; and their design to place it under the command of "citizen general Buonaparte."

During his brief stay at Rastadt, the dictator of

Campo-Formio once more broke out. The Swedish envoy was count Fersen, the same nobleman who had distinguished himself in Paris, during the early period of the revolution, by his devotion to king Louis and Marie-Antoinette. Buonaparte refused peremptorily to enter into any negotiation in which a man, so well known for his hostility to the cause of the republic, should have any part; and Fersen instantly withdrew.

On quitting this congress, Napoleon was careful to resume, in every particular, the appearance of a private citizen. Reaching Paris, he took up his residence in the same small modest house that he had occupied ere he set out for Italy in the *Rue Chantereine*, which, about this time, in compliment to its illustrious inhabitant, received from the municipality the new name of *Rue de la Victoire*. Here he resumed with his plain clothes his favourite studies and pursuits, and, apparently contented with the society of his private friends, seemed to avoid, as carefully as others in his situation might have courted, the honours of popular distinction and applause. It was not immediately known that he was in Paris, and when he walked the streets his person was rarely recognised by the multitude. His mode of life was necessarily somewhat different from what it had been when he was both poor and obscure; his society was of course courted in the highest circles, and he from time to time appeared in them, and received company at home with the elegance of hospitality over which Josephine was so well qualified to preside. But policy, as well as pride, moved him to shun notoriety. Before he could act again he had much to observe; and he knew himself too well to be flattered by the stare either of mobs or of saloons.

In his intercourse with society at this period, he was, for the most part, remarkable for the cold reserve of his manners. He had the appearance of

one too much occupied with serious designs, to be able to relax at will into the easy play of ordinary conversation. If his eye was on every man, he well knew that every man's eye was upon him; nor, perhaps, could he have chosen a better method (had that been his sole object) for prolonging and strengthening the impression his greatness was calculated to create, than this very exhibition of indifference. He did not suffer his person to be familiarized out of reverence. When he did appear, it was not the ball or *bon mot* of the evening before, that he recalled:—he was still, wherever he went, the Buonaparte of Lodi, and Arcola, and Rivoli. His military bluntness disdained to disguise itself amid those circles where a meaner *parvenu* would have been most ambitious to shine. The celebrated daughter of Necker made many efforts to catch his fancy, and enlist him among the votaries of her wit, which then gave law in Paris. "Whom," said she, half wearied with his chilness, "whom do you consider as the greatest of women?" "Her, madam," he answered, "who has borne the greatest number of children." From this hour he had Madame de Staël for his enemy; and yet, such are the inconsistencies of human nature, no man was more sensitive than he to the assaults of a species of enemy whom he thus scorned to conciliate. Throughout his Italian campaigns—as consul—as emperor—and down to the last hour of the exile which terminated his life—Buonaparte suffered himself to be annoyed by sarcasms and pamphlets as keenly and constantly as if he had been a poetaster.

The haughtiness, for such it was considered, of his behaviour in the high society of the capital, was of a piece with what he had already manifested in the camp. In the course of his first campaigns, his officers, even of the highest rank, became sensible, by degrees, to a total change of demeanour. An old acquaintance of the Toulon period, joining the

army, was about to throw himself into the general's arms with the warmth of former familiarity. Napoleon's cold eye checked him; and he perceived in a moment how he had altered with his elevation. Buonaparte had always, on the other hand, affected much familiarity with the common soldiery. He disdained not on occasion to share the ration or to taste the flask of a sentinel; and the French private, often as intelligent as those whom fortune has placed above him, used to address the great general with even more frankness than his own captain. Napoleon, in one of his Italian despatches, mentions to the directory the pleasure which he often derived from the conversation of the men. "But yesterday," says he, "a common trooper addressed me as I was riding, and told me he thought he could tell me the movement which ought to be adopted. I listened to him, and heard him detail some operations on which I had actually resolved but a little before." It has been noticed (perhaps by over-nice speculators) as a part of the same system, that Napoleon, on his return to Paris, continued to employ the same trades-people, however inferior in their several crafts, who had served him in the days of his obscurity.*

The first public appearance of Buonaparte occurred (January 2, 1798) when the treaty of Campo-Formio was to be formally presented to the directory. The great court of the Louxembourg was roofed over with flags, an immense concourse, in-

* A silversmith, who had given him credit when he set out to Italy for a dressing case worth 50*l*., was rewarded with all the business which the recommendation of his now illustrious debtor could bring to him; and, being clever in his trade, became ultimately, under the patronage of the imperial household, one of the wealthiest citizens of Paris. A little hatter, and a cobbler, who had served Buonaparte when a subaltern, might have risen in the same manner, had their skill equalled the silversmith's. Not even Napoleon's example could persuade the Parisians to wear ill-shaped hats and clumsy boots; but he, in his own person, adhered, to the last, to his original connexion with these poor artisans.

cluding all the members of the government and of the two legislative bodies, expected the victorious negotiator; and when he appeared, followed by his staff, and surrounded on all hands with the trophies of his glorious campaigns, the enthusiasm of the mighty multitude, to the far greater part of which his person was, up to the moment, entirely unknown, outleaped all bounds, and filled the already jealous hearts of the directors with dark presentiments. They well knew that the soldiery returning from Italy had sung and said through every village, that it was high time to get rid of the lawyers, and make "the little corporal" king. With uneasy hearts did they hear what seemed too like an echo of this cry, from the assembled leaders of opinion in Paris and in France. The voice of Napoleon was for the first time heard in an energetic speech, ascribing all the glories that had been achieved to the zeal of the French soldiery—for "the glorious constitution of the year THREE"—the same glorious constitution which, in the year *eight*, was to receive the *coup de grace* from his own hand; and Barras, as presiding director, answering that "Nature had exhausted all her powers in the creation of a Buonaparte," awoke a new thunder of unwelcome applauses.

Carnot had been exiled after the 18th Fructidor, and was at this time actually believed to be dead. The institute nominated Buonaparte to fill his place; and he was received by this learned body with enthusiasm not inferior to that of the Louxembourg He thenceforth adopted on all public occasions, the costume of this academy; and, laying aside as far as was possible the insignia of his military rank, seemed to desire only the distinction of being classed with those whose scientific attainments had done honour to their country. In all this he acted on calculation. "I well knew," said he at St. Helena, "that there was not a drummer in the army but

would respect me the more for believing me to be not a mere soldier."

Some time before he left Italy, a motion had been made in one of the chambers for rewarding him with a grant of the estate of Chambord, and lost, owing solely to the jealousy of the directory. This opposition was on their part unjust and unwise, and extremely unpopular also; for it was known to all men that the general might easily have enriched himself during his wonderful campaigns, and had, in fact, brought with him to the *Rue de la Victoire* no more than 100,000 crowns, saved from the fair allowances of his rank. No one can doubt how Napoleon regarded this part of their conduct. Every day confirmed them in their jealousy; nor did he take much pains on the other hand to conceal his feelings towards them. On many occasions they were willing to make use of him, although they dreaded in so doing to furnish him with new proofs of the vast superiority which he had reached in public opinion above themselves; and he was, on his part, chary of acceding to any of their proposals.

On the 21st of January, the anniversary of the death of Louis XVI. was to be celebrated, according to custom, as a great festival of the republican calendar; and, conscious how distasteful the observance had by this time become to all persons capable of reflection, the government would fain have diverted attention from themselves, by assigning a prominent part in the ceremonial to him, on whom, as they knew, all eyes were sure to be fixed whenever he made his appearance. Napoleon penetrated their motives. He remonstrated against the ceremony altogether, as perpetuating the memory of a deed, perhaps unavoidable, but not the less to be regretted. He told them that it was unworthy of a great republic to triumph, year after year, in the shedding of an individual enemy's blood. They answered by reminding him that the Athenians and Romans of

old recorded, in similar festivals, the downfall of Pisistratus and the exile of the Tarquins. He *might* have replied, that it is easier for a nation to renounce Christianity in name, than to obliterate altogether the traces of its humanizing influence. But this view did not as yet occur to Napoleon—or, if it had, could not have been promulgated to their conviction. He stood on the impolicy of the barbarous ceremony; and was at length, with difficulty, persuaded to appear in it as a private member of the institute, along with the rest of that association. His refusal to be there as the great general of the republic annoyed the timid directory; and yet, being recognised in his civic dress, and pointed out to new myriads of observers, the effect which the government had desired to produce was brought about in spite of all Buonaparte's reluctance. The purpose of the assemblage was almost forgotten; the clamours of the people converted it into another fête for Napoleon.

It has already been said, that as early as October, 1797, the directory announced their intention of committing an army, destined for the invasion of England, to the conqueror of Italy. He wholly disapproved of their rashness in breaking off the negotiations of the preceding summer with the English envoy, lord Malmsbury, and, above all, of the insolent abruptness of that procedure.* But the die was cast; and he willingly accepted the appointment now pressed upon him by the government, who, in truth, were anxious about nothing so much as to occupy his mind with the matters of his profession, and so prevent him from taking a prominent part in the civil business of the state. Solely owing to his celebrity, two of his brothers were already distinguished members of the legislative bodies; and

* The directory broke off the negotiation in a most insolent manner, by ordering lord Malmsbury to quit France within twenty-four hours: this they did in their exultation after the 18th Fructidor

there could be no doubt that the gates of either would fly open for his own admission, if he chose it, on the next election.

Whatever views of ulterior ambition might have opened themselves to Napoleon at this period, he well knew that the hour was not yet come, in which he could serve his purposes better than by the pursuit of his military career. The directory were popular with no party; but there were many parties; and, numerically, probably the royalists were the strongest. The pure republicans were still powerful: the army of Italy was distant and scattered; that of the Rhine, far more numerous, and equally well disciplined, had its own generals—men not yet in reputation immeasurably inferior to himself; and, having been less fortunate than their brethren in Italy, and consequently acquired less wealth, it was no wonder that the soldiery of the Rhine regarded the others, if not their leader, with some little jealousy. In Napoleon's own language, "the pear was not yet ripe."

He proceeded, therefore, to make a regular survey of the French coast opposite to England, with the view of improving its fortifications, and of selecting the best points for embarking the invading force. For this service he was eminently qualified; and many local improvements of great importance, long afterward effected, were first suggested by him at this period. But the result of his examination was a perfect conviction that the time was not yet come for invading England. He perceived that extensive and tedious preparations were indispensable ere the French shipping on that coast could be put into a condition for such an attempt: and the burst of loyalty which the threat of invasion called forth in every part of Britain—the devotion with which all classes of the people answered the appeal of the government—the immense extent to which the regular and volunteer forces were increased every-

where—these circumstances produced a strong impression on his not less calculating than enterprising mind. He had himself, in the course of the preceding autumn, suggested to the minister for foreign affairs, the celebrated Talleyrand, the propriety of making an effort against England in another quarter of the world:—of seizing Malta, proceeding to occupy Egypt, and therein gaining at once a territory capable of supplying to France the loss of her West Indian colonies, and the means of annoying Great Britain in her Indian trade and empire. To this scheme he now recurred: the East presented a field of conquest and glory on which his imagination delighted to brood: the injustice of attacking the dominions of the grand seignior, an old ally of France, formed but a trivial obstacle in the eyes of the directory: the professional opinion of Buonaparte, that the invasion of England, if attempted then, must fail, could not but carry its due weight: the temptation of plundering Egypt and India was great; and great, perhaps above all the rest, was the temptation of finding employment for Napoleon at a distance from France. The Egyptian expedition was determined on; but kept strictly secret. The attention of England was still riveted on the coasts of Normandy and Picardy, between which and Paris Buonaparte studiously divided his presence—while it was on the borders of the Mediterranean that the ships and the troops really destined for action were assembling.

Buonaparte, having rifled to such purpose the cabinets and galleries of the Italian princes, was resolved not to lose the opportunity of appropriating some of the rich antiquarian treasures of Egypt; nor was it likely that he should undervalue the opportunities which his expedition might afford of extending the boundaries of science, by careful observation of natural phenomena. He drew together therefore a body of eminent artists and connoisseurs,

under the direction of *Monge*, who had managed his Italian collections: it was perhaps the first time that a troop of *savans* (there were 100 of them) formed part of the staff of an invading army.

The various squadrons of the French fleet were now assembled at Toulon; and every thing seemed to be in readiness. Yet some time elapsed ere Napoleon joined the armament; and it is said by *Miot*, that he did all he could to defer joining it as long as possible, in consequence of certain obscure hopes which he had entertained of striking a blow at the existing government, and remodelling it, to his own advantage, with the assent, if not assistance, of Austria. This author adds, that Barras, having intercepted a letter of Buonaparte to Cobentzel, went to him late one evening, and commanded him to join the fleet instantly, on pain of being denounced as the enemy of the government; that the general ordered his horses the same hour, and was on his way to Toulon ere midnight. These circumstances may or may not be truly given. It is not doubtful that the command of the Egyptian expedition was ultimately regarded, both by Napoleon and the directory, as a species of honourable banishment. On reaching Toulon, Buonaparte called his army together, and harangued them. "Rome," he said, "combated Carthage by sea as well as land; and England was the Carthage of France.—He was come to lead them, in the name of the goddess of Liberty, across mighty seas, and into remote regions, where their valour might achieve such glory and such wealth as could never be looked for beneath the cold heavens of the west. The meanest of his soldiers should receive seven acres of land;"—*where* he mentioned not. His promises had not hitherto been vain. The soldiery heard him with joy, and prepared to obey with alacrity.

The English government, meanwhile, although they had no suspicion of the real destination of the

armament, had not failed to observe what was passing in Toulon. They probably believed that the ships there assembled were meant to take part in the great scheme of the invasion of England. However this might have been, they had sent a considerable reinforcement to Nelson, who then commanded on the Mediterranean station; and he, at the moment when Buonaparte reached Toulon, was cruising within sight of the port. Napoleon well knew, that to embark in the presence of Nelson would be to rush into the jaws of ruin; and waited until some accident should relieve him from this terrible watcher. On the evening of the 19th of May, fortune favoured him. A violent gale drove the English off the coast, and disabled some ships so much that Nelson was obliged to go into the harbours of Sardinia to have them repaired. The French general instantly commanded the embarkation of all his troops; and as the last of them got on board, the sun rose on the mighty armament: it was one of those dazzling suns which the soldiery delighted afterward to call "the suns of Napoleon."

Seldom have the shores of the Mediterranean witnessed a nobler spectacle. That unclouded sun rose on a semicircle of vessels, extending in all to not less than six leagues: thirteen ships of the line and fourteen frigates (under the command of admiral Brueyes), and 400 transports. They carried 40,000 picked soldiers, and officers whose names were only inferior to that of the general-in-chief; —of the men, as well as of their leaders, the far greater part already accustomed to follow Napoleon, and to consider his presence as the pledge of victory.

CHAPTER XI.

The Voyage to Egypt—Malta surrendered—The French escape Nelson, and take Alexandria—The March up the Nile—The Battle of the Pyramids—Cairo surrenders—The Battle of Aboukir.

The French fleet was reinforced, ere it had proceeded far on its way, by general Dessaix, and his division from Italy; and, having prosperous winds, appeared on the 10th of June off Malta. The knights of St. John were no longer those hardy and devout soldiers of the Cross, who for ages inspired terror among the Mussulmans, and were considered as the heroic outguards of Christendom. Sunk in indolence and pleasure, these inheritors of a glorious name hardly attempted for a moment to defend their all but impregnable island, against the fleet which covered the seas around them. Buonaparte is said to have tampered successfully beforehand with some of the French knights. Division of counsels prevailed; and in confusion and panic the gates were thrown open. As Napoleon was entering between the huge rocky barriers of La Valletta, Caffarelli said to him, "It is well there was some one within to open the door for us; had there been no garrison at all, the business might have been less easy."

From Malta—where he left a detachment of troops to guard an acquisition which he expected to find eminently useful in his future communications with France—Buonaparte steered eastward; but, after some days, ran upon the coast of Candia to take in water and fresh provisions, and, by thus casually diverging from his course, escaped imminent danger. For Nelson, soon returning to Toulon, missed the shipping which had so lately crowded the harbour, and ascertaining that they had not sailed towards the

Atlantic, divined on the instant that their mark must be Egypt. His fleet was inferior in numbers, but he pursued without hesitation; and taking the straight line, arrived off the Nile before any of the French ships had appeared there. Buonaparte, on hearing off Candia that the English fleet was already in the Levant, directed admiral Brueyes to steer not for Alexandria, but for another point of the coast of Africa. Nelson, on the other hand, not finding the enemy where he had expected, turned back and traversed the sea in quest of him, to Rhodes—and thence to Syracuse. It is supposed, that on the 20th of June the fleets almost touched each other; but that the thickness of the haze, and Nelson's want of frigates, prevented an encounter. Napoleon, reconnoitring the coast, ascertained that there was no longer any fleet off Alexandria, and in effect reached his destination undisturbed on the 1st of July. At that moment a strange sail appeared on the verge of the horizon. "Fortune," exclaimed he, "I ask but six hours more—wilt thou refuse them?" The vessel proved not to be English; and the disembarkation immediately took place, in spite of a violent gale and a tremendous surf. They landed at Marabout, a mile and a half from Alexandria—having lost many by drowning.

Egypt, a province of the Ottoman empire, then at peace with France, was, of course, wholly unprepared for this invasion. The Turks, however, mustered what force they could, and shutting the gates of the city, held out until the French forced their way through the old crumbling walls, and it was no longer possible to resist at once superior numbers and European discipline. Two hundred French died in the assault; the Turkish loss was much greater: and Buonaparte, after taking possession, abandoned the place for three hours to the unbridled license of military execution and rapine—an atrocity for which there was only one pretext; namely, the urgent ne-

cessity of striking awe and terror into the hearts of the population, and so preventing them from obeying the call of their military chieftains, to take arms in defence of the soil.

Napoleon's conduct on this occasion was strangely contrasted with the tenour of his *General Order* to the army before their disembarkation. "The people," he then said, "with whom we are about to live, are Mahometans: the first article of their faith is, *There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet.* Do not contradict them: deal with them as you have done with the Jews and the Italians. Respect their muftis and imans, as you have done by the rabbins and the bishops elsewhere. . . .The Roman legions protected all religions. You will find here usages different from those of Europe: you must accustom yourselves to them. These people treat their women differently from us; but *in all countries, he who violates is a monster; pillage enriches only a few; it dishonours us, destroys our resources, and makes those enemies whom it is our interest to have for friends.*" Such was the text of Napoleon's *General Order;* and such the comment of his first actions.

To the people of Egypt, meanwhile, he addressed a proclamation in these words. "They will tell you that I come to destroy your religion; believe them not: answer that I am come to restore your rights, to punish the usurpers, and that I respect, more than the Mamelukes ever did, God, his prophet, and the Koran. Sheiks and imans, assure the people that we also are true Mussulmans. Is it not we that have ruined the pope and the knights of Malta? Thrice happy they who shall be with us! Wo to them that take up arms for the Mamelukes! they shall perish!"*

* At this period, Egypt, though nominally governed by a pacha appointed by the grand seignior, was in reality in the hands of the Mamelukes; a singular body of men, who paid but little respect to any

Buonaparte was a fatalist—so that one main article of the Mussulman creed pleased him well. He admired Mahomet as one of those rare beings, who, by individual genius and daring, have produced mighty and permanent alterations in the world. The general's assertion of his own belief in the inspiration of the Arab impostor, was often repeated in the sequel; and will ever be appreciated, as it was at the time by his own soldiery—whom indeed he had addressed but the day before in language sufficiently expressive of his real sentiments as to all forms of religion. Rabbi, mufti, and bishop; the Talmud, the Koran, and the Bible, were much on a level in his estimation. He was willing to make use of them all as it might serve his purpose; and, though not by nature cruel, he did not hesitate, when his interest seemed to demand it, to invest his name with every circumstance of terror, which could result from the most merciless violation of those laws of humanity which even his Koran enforces, and

authority but that of their own chiefs. Of these chiefs or beys there were twenty-four; each one of whom ruled over a separate district; who often warred with each other; and were as often in rebellion against their nominal sovereign. According to the institutions of the Mamelukes, their body was recruited solely by boys, chiefly of European birth, taken captive, and brought up from their earliest days in all military exercises. These were promoted according to their merits; it being the custom, that when a bey died, the bravest of his band succeeded him. The Mamelukes thus formed a separate *caste;* and they oppressed most cruelly the population of the country which had fallen into their keeping. The *Fellahs*, or poor Arabs who cultivate the soil, being compelled to pay exorbitantly for permission to do so, suffered the extreme of misery in the midst of great natural wealth. The *Cophts*, supposed to be descended from the ancient Egyptian nation, discharged most civil functions under the Mamelukes, and had the trades and professions in their hands; but they also were oppressed intolerably by those haughty and ferocious soldiers.

The Mamelukes were considered by Napoleon to be, individually, the finest cavalry in the world. They rode the noblest horses of Arabia, and were armed with the best weapons which the world could produce; carbines, pistols, &c. from England, and sabres of the steel of Damascus. Their skill in horsemanship was equal to their fiery valour. With that cavalry and the French infantry, Buonaparte said, it would be easy to conquer the world.

which his own address to his army had so recently inculcated.

Napoleon left Alexandria on the 7th of July, being anxious to force the Mamelukes to an encounter with the least possible delay. He had a small flotilla on the Nile, which served to guard his right flank: the infantry marched over burning sand at some distance from the river. The miseries of this progress were extreme. The air is crowded with pestiferous insects; the glare of the sand weakens most men's eyes, and blinds many; water is scarce and bad; and the country had been swept clear of man, beast, and vegetable. Under this torture even the gallant spirits of such men as Murat and Lannes could not sustain themselves:—they trod their cockades in the sand. The common soldiers asked, with angry murmurs, if it was here the general designed to give them their seven acres? He alone was superior to all evils. Such was the happy temperament of his frame, that—while others, after having rid them of their usual dress, were still suffused in perpetual floods of perspiration, and the hardiest found it necessary to give two or three hours in the middle of the day to sleep—Napoleon altered nothing; wore his uniform buttoned up as at Paris; never showed one bead of sweat on his brow; nor thought of repose except to lie down in his cloak the last at night, and start up the first in the morning. It required, however, all that this example of endurance, and the influence of character could do, to prevent the army from breaking into open mutiny.

For some days no enemy appeared; but at length, scattered groups of horsemen began to hover on their flanks; and the soldier who quitted the line but for a moment, was surrounded and put to death ere his comrades could rescue him. The rapidity with which the Mamelukes rode, and their skill as marksmen, were seconded by the character of the

soil and the atmosphere; the least motion or breath of wind being sufficient to raise a cloud of sand, through which nothing could be discerned accurately, while the constant glare of the sun dazzled almost to blindness. It was at Chebreis that the Mamelukes first attacked in a considerable body; and at the same moment the French flotilla was assaulted. In either case the superiority of European discipline was made manifest; but in either case also the assailants were able to retreat without much loss. Meantime, the hardships of the march continued; the irregular attacks of the enemy were daily becoming more numerous; so that the troops, continually halting and forming into squares to receive the charge of the cavalry by day, and forced to keep up great watches at night, experienced the extremes of fatigue as well as of privation. In the midst of this misery, the common men beheld with no friendly eyes the troop of *savans* mounted on asses (the common conveyance of the country), with all their instruments, books, and baggage. They began to suspect that the expedition had been undertaken for some merely scientific purposes; and when, on any alarm, they were ordered to open the square and give the learned party safe footing within, they used to receive them with military jeerings; "room for the asses:—stand back, here come the *savans* and the *demi-savans*."

On the 21st of July, the army came within sight of the pyramids, which, but for the regularity of the outline, might have been taken for a distant ridge of rocky mountains. While every eye was fixed on these hoary monuments of the past, they gained the brow of a gentle eminence, and saw at length spread out before them the vast army of the beys, their right posted on an intrenched camp by the Nile, their centre and left composed of that brilliant cavalry with which they were by this time acquainted. Napoleon, riding forwards to recon-

noitre, perceived (what escaped the observation of all his staff) that the guns on the intrenched camp were not provided with carriages; and instantly decided on his plan of attack. He prepared to throw his force on the left, where the guns could not be available. Mourad Bey, who commanded in chief, speedily penetrated his design; and the Mamelukes advanced gallantly to the encounter. "Soldiers," said Napoleon, "from the summit of yonder pyramids forty ages behold you;" and the battle began.

The French formed into separate squares, and awaited the assault of the Mamelukes. These came on with impetuous speed and wild cries, and practised every means to force their passage into the serried ranks of their new opponents. They rushed on the line of bayonets, backed their horses upon them, and at last, maddened by the firmness which they could not shake, dashed their pistols and carbines into the faces of the men. Nothing could move the French: the bayonet and the continued roll of musketry by degrees thinned the host around them; and Buonaparte at last advanced. Such were the confusion and terror of the enemy when he came near the camp, that they abandoned their works, and flung themselves by hundreds into the Nile. The carnage was prodigious. Multitudes more were drowned. Mourad and a remnant of his Mamelukes retreated on Upper Egypt. Cairo surrendered: Lower Egypt was entirely conquered.

Such were the immediate consequences of *the battle of the Pyramids*. The name of Buonaparte now spread panic through the East; and the "Sultan Kebir" (or King of Fire—as he was called from the deadly effects of the musketry in this engagement) was considered as the destined scourge of God, whom it was hopeless to resist.

The French now had recompense for the toils

they had undergone. The bodies of the slain and drowned Mamelukes were rifled; and, it being the custom for those warriors to carry their wealth about them, a single corpse often made a soldier's fortune. In the deserted harams of the chiefs at Cairo, and in the neighbouring villages, men at length found proofs that "eastern luxury" is no empty name. The savans ransacked the monuments of antiquity, and formed collections which will ever reflect honour on their zeal and skill. Napoleon himself visited the interior of the great pyramid, and on entering the secret chamber, in which, 3000 years before, some Pharaoh had been inurned, repeated once more his confession of faith —"There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet." The bearded orientals who accompanied him concealed their doubts of his orthodoxy, and responded, very solemnly, "God is merciful. Thou hast spoken like the most learned of the prophets."

While Napoleon was thus pursuing his career of victory in the interior, Nelson, having scoured the Mediterranean in quest of him, once more returned to the coast of Egypt. He arrived within sight of the towers of Alexandria on the 1st of August—ten days after the battle of the pyramids had been fought and won—and found Brueyes still at his moorings in the bay of Aboukir. Nothing seems to be more clear than that the French admiral ought to have made the best of his way to France, or at least to Malta, the moment the army had taken possession of Alexandria. Napoleon constantly asserted that he had urged Brueyes to do so. Brueyes himself lived not to give his testimony; but Gantheaume, the vice-admiral, always persisted in stating, in direct contradiction to Buonaparte, that the fleet remained by the general's express desire. The testimonies being thus balanced, it is necessary to consult other materials of judgment; and it appears extremely difficult to doubt, that the French admiral,

—who, it is acknowledged on all hands, dreaded the encounter of Nelson,—remained off Alexandria for the sole purpose of aiding the motions of the army and in consequence of what he at least conceived to be the wish of its general. However this might have been, the results of his delay were terrible.

The French fleet were moored in a semicircle in the bay of Aboukir, so near the shore, that, as their admiral believed, it was impossible for the enemy to come between him and the land. He expected, therefore, to be attacked on one side only, and thought himself sure that the English could not renew their favourite manœuvre of breaking the line, and so at once dividing the opposed fleet, and placing the ships individually between two fires. But Nelson daringly judged that his ships might force a passage between the French and the land; and, succeeding in this attempt, instantly brought on the conflict, in the same dreaded form which Brueyes had believed impossible. The details of this great seafight belong to the history of the English hero.* The battle was obstinate—it lasted more than twenty hours, including the whole night. A solitary pause occurred at midnight, when the French admiral's ship L'Orient, a superb vessel of 120 guns, took fire, and blew up in the heart of the conflicting squadrons, with an explosion that for a moment silenced rage in awe. The admiral himself perished. Next morning, two shattered ships, out of all the French fleet, with difficulty made their escape to the open sea. The rest of all that magnificent array had been utterly destroyed, or remained in the hands of the English.

Such was the battle of Aboukir, in which Nelson achieved, with a force much inferior to the French, what he himself called "not a victory, but a conquest." Three thousand French seamen reached

* See the admirable Life of Nelson, by Southey

the shore: a greater number died. Had the English admiral possessed frigates, he must have forced his way into the harbour of Alexandria, and seized the whole stores and transports of the army. As things were, the best fleet of the republic had ceased to be; the blockade of the coast was established: and the invader, completely isolated from France, must be content to rely wholly on his own arms and the resources of Egypt.

CHAPTER XII.

Bounaparte's Administration in Egypt—Armaments of the Porte—Bunaparte at Suez—At El-Arish, Gasah, Jaffa, Acre—Retreat to Egypt—Defeat of the Turks at Aboukir—Napoleon embarks for France.

On hearing of the battle of Aboukir a solitary sigh escaped from Napoleon. "To France," said he, "the fates have decreed the empire of the land —to England that of the sea."

He endured this great calamity with the equanimity of a masculine spirit. He gave orders that the seamen landed at Alexandria should be formed into a marine brigade, and thus gained a valuable addition to his army; and proceeded himself to organize a system of government, under which the great national resources of the country might be turned to the best advantage. We need not dwell on that vain repetition of his faith in Mahomet, to which he would not and could not give effect by openly adopting the rules and ceremonies of the Koran; which accordingly amused his own followers; and which deceived none of the Mussulman people. This was the trick of an audacious infidel, who wanted wholly that enthusiasm without which

no religious impostor can hope to partake the successes of the prophet of Mecca. Passing over this worthless preliminary, the arrangements of the new administration reflect honour on the consummate understanding, the clear skill, and the unwearied industry of this extraordinary man.

He was careful to advance no claim to the sovereignty of Egypt; but asserted, that having rescued it from the Mameluke *usurpation*, it remained for him to administer law and justice, until the time should come for restoring the province to the dominion of the grand seignior. He then established two councils, consisting of natives, principally of Arab chiefs and Moslems of the church and the law, by whose advice all measures were, nominally, to be regulated. They formed of course a very subservient senate. He had no occasion to demand more from the people than they had been used to pay to the beys; and he lightened the impost by introducing as far as he could the fairness and exactness of a civilized power in the method of levying it. He laboured to make the laws respected, and this so earnestly and rigidly, that no small wonder was excited among all classes of a population so long accustomed to the license of a barbarian horde of spoilers. On one occasion, one of the ulemahs could not help smiling at the zeal which he manifested for tracing home the murder of an obscure peasant to the perpetrator. The Mussulman asked if the dead man were in any wise related to the blood of the sultan Kebir. "No," answered Napoleon, sternly—"but he was more than that—he was one of a people whose government it has pleased Providence to place in my hands." The measures which he took for the protection of travellers to Mecca were especially acceptable to the heads of the Moslem establishment, and produced from them a proclamation, (in direct contradiction to the Koran,) signifying that it was right and lawful to pay tribute to the French. The virtuosi and

artists in his train, meanwhile, pursued with indefatigable energy their scientific researches: they ransacked the monuments of Egypt, and laid the foundation, at least, of all the wonderful discoveries which have since been made concerning the knowledge, arts, polity (and even language), of the ancient nation. Nor were their objects merely those of curiosity. They, under the general's direction, examined into the long-smothered traces of many an ancient device for improving the agriculture of the country. Canals that had been shut up for many centuries were reopened; the waters of the Nile flowed once more where they had been guided by the skill of the Pharaohs or the Ptolemies. Cultivation was extended; property secured; and it cannot be doubted that the signal improvements since introduced into Egypt, are attributable mainly to the wise example of the French administration. At Cairo itself there occurred one stormy insurrection, provoked, as may be supposed, by some wantonness on the part of the garrison; but, after this had been quelled by the same merciless vigour which Napoleon had displayed on similar occasions in Italy, the country appears to have remained in more quiet, and probably enjoyed, in spite of the presence of an invading army, more prosperity than it had ever done during any period of the same length, since the Saracen government was overthrown by the Ottomans.

In such labours Napoleon passed the autumn of 1798. General Dessaix, meanwhile, had pursued Mourad Bey into Upper Egypt, where the Mamelukes hardly made a single stand against him, but contrived by the excellence of their horses, and their familiarity with the deserts, to avoid any total disruption of their forces. Mourad returned to the neighbourhood of Cairo on hearing of the insurrection already mentioned; but departed when he learned its suppression. Those gallant horsemen

were gradually losing numbers in their constant desert marches—they were losing heart rapidly: and every thing seemed to promise, that ere long the Upper Egypt, like the Lower, would settle into a peaceful province of the new French colony.

Buonaparte, during this interval of repose, received no communication from the French government; but rumours now began to reach his quarters which might well give him new anxieties. The report of another rupture with Austria gradually met with more credence; and it was ere long placed beyond a doubt, that the Ottoman porte, instead of being tempted into any recognition of the French establishment in Egypt, had declared war against the republic, and summoned all the strength of her empire to pour in overwhelming numbers on the isolated army of Buonaparte.

As yet, however, there was no appearance of an enemy; and Napoleon seized the opportunity to explore the isthmus of Suez, where a narrow neck of land divides the Red Sea from the Mediterranean, partly with the view of restoring the communication said to have in remote times existed between them, and partly of providing for the defence of Egypt, should the Ottomans attempt the invasion by the way of Syria.

He visited the Maronite monks of Mount Sinai, and, as Mahomet had done before him, affixed his name to their charter of privileges: he examined also the well of Moses; and nearly lost his life in exploring, during low water, the sands of the Red Sea, where Pharaoh is supposed to have perished in the pursuit of the Hebrews. "The night overtook us," says Savary in his Memoirs; "the waters began to rise around us; the guard in advance exclaimed that their horses were swimming. Buonaparte saved us all by one of those simple expedients which occur to an imperturbable mind. Placing himself in the centre, he bade all the rest form a

circle round him, and then ride on, each man in a separate direction, and each man to halt as soon as he found his horse swimming. The man whose horse continued to march the last, was sure, he said, to be in the right direction: him accordingly we all followed, and reached Suez at two in the morning in safety, though so rapidly had the tide advanced, that the water was at the poitrels of our horses ere we made the land."

Buonaparte returned to Cairo, and made his last preparations for a renewal of the war. He left 15,000 in and about Cairo, the division of Dessaix in Upper Egypt, and garrisons in the chief towns; and then marched towards Syria at the head of 10,000 picked men, with the intention of crushing the Turkish armament in that quarter, before their chief force (which he now knew was assembling at Rhodes) should have time to reach Egypt by sea. Traversing the desert which divides Africa from Asia, he took possession of the fortress El-Arish (15 Feb.), whose garrison, after a vigorous assault, capitulated on condition that they should be permitted to retreat into Syria, pledging their parole not to serve again during the war. Pursuing his march, he took Gazah (that ancient city of the Philistines) without opposition; but at Jaffa (the Joppa of holy writ), the Turks made a resolute defence. The walls were carried by storm; 3000 Turks died with arms in their hands, and the town was given up during three hours to the fury of the French soldiery—who never, as Napoleon confessed, availed themselves of the license of war more savagely than on this occasion.

A part of the garrison—amounting, according to Buonaparte, to 1200 men, but stated by others as nearly 3000 in number—held out for some hours longer in the mosques and citadel; but at length, seeing no chance of rescue, grounded their arms (7th March). Napoleon separated the Egyptians

among them from the Turks and Arnouts; and on the 9th, two days after, these last were marched out of Jaffa in the centre of a battalion under general Bon. When they had reached the sand-hills, at some distance from the town, they were divided into small parties, and shot or bayoneted to a man. They, like true fatalists, submitted in silence; and their bodies were gathered together into a pyramid, where their bones are still visible whitening the sand.

Such was the massacre at Jaffa, which will ever form one of the darkest stains on the name of Napoleon. He admitted the fact himself:—and justified it on the double plea, that he could not afford soldiers to guard so many prisoners, and that he could not grant them the benefit of their parole, because they were the very men who had already been set free on such terms at El-Arish. To this last defence the answer is, unfortunately for him, very obvious. He could not possibly have recognised in every one of these victims, an individual who had already given and broken his parole. If he did—still that would not avail him:—the men surrendered with arms in their hands. No general has a right to see men abandon the means of defence, and then—after the lapse of two days too!—inflict on them the worst fate that could have befallen them had they held out. The only remaining plea is that of expediency; and it is one upon which many a retail as well as wholesale murderer might justify his crime.

It was about this time that, as if Heaven had determined to visit such atrocity on the heads of the French, the plague broke out in their camp. The very name of this horrible scourge shook the nerves of the Europeans; its symptoms filed them with indescribable horror. The sick despaired utterly; the healthy trembled to minister to them in their misery. Napoleon went through the hospitals, and

at once breathed hope into the sufferers, and rebuked the cowardice of their attendants, by squeezing and relieving with his own hand the foul ulcers which no one had dared to touch. Pity that this act of true heroism must ever be recorded on the same page that tells the story of Jaffa!

Buonaparte had now ascertained that the pacha of Syria, Achmet-Djezzar,* was at St. Jean D'Acre, (so renowned in the history of the crusades,) and determined to defend that place to extremity, with the forces which had already been assembled for the invasion of Egypt. He in vain endeavoured to seduce this ferocious chief from his allegiance to the porte, by holding out the hope of a separate independent government, under the protection of France. The first of Napoleon's messengers returned without an answer; the second was put to death; and the army moved on Acre in all the zeal of revenge, while the necessary apparatus of a siege was ordered to be sent round by sea from Alexandria.

Sir Sydney Smith was then cruising in the Levant with two British ships of the line, the Tigre and the Theseus; and, being informed of Napoleon's approach by the pacha, hastened to support him in the defence of Acre. Napoleon's vessels, conveying guns and stores from Egypt, fell into his hands, and he appeared off the town two days before the French army came in view of it. He had on board his ship colonel Philippeaux, a French royalist of great talents (formerly Buonaparte's school-fellow at Brienne) †† and the pacha willingly permitted the English commodore and this skilful ally to regulate for him, as far as was possible, the plan of his defence.

* Djezzar means *butcher*: he had well earned this title by the mercilessness of his administration.

† Sir Sydney Smith, having been taken, prisoner and most unjustifiably confined by the French government in the dungeon of the Temple, had made his escape through the zeal of certain of the royalist party, and chiefly of Philippeaux.

AUSTRIAN
NEW YORK.

The loss of his own heavy artillery, and the presence of two English ships, were inauspicious omens; yet Buonaparte doubted not that the Turkish garrison would shrink before his onset, and he instantly commenced the siege. He opened his trenches on the 18th of March. "On that little town," said he to one of his generals, as they were standing together on an eminence, which still bears the name of Richard Cœur-de-lion,—"on yonder little town depends the fate of the East. Behold the key of Constantinople, or of India."

From the 18th to the 28th of March, the French laboured hard in their trenches, being exposed to the fire of extensive batteries, arranged by Philippeaux so as to command their approach, and formed chiefly of Buonaparte's own artillery, captured on the voyage from Alexandria. The Turks also were constantly sallying out, and their pacha personally set the example of the most heroic resolution. Nevertheless, on the 28th, a breach was at last effected, and the French mounted with such fiery zeal that the garrison gave way, until Djezzar appeared on the battlements, and flinging his own pistols at the heads of the flying men, urged and compelled them to renew the defence. In the end the French retreated with great loss, and the Turks, headed by the English seamen, pursuing them to their lines, a great mine, designed to blow up the chief tower of Acre, was explored, and means taken for countermining it.

Meanwhile, a vast Mussulman army had been gathered among the mountains of Samaria, and was preparing to descend upon Acre, and attack the besiegers in concert with the garrison of Djezzar. Junot, with his division, marched to encounter them, and would have been overwhelmed by their numbers, had not Napoleon himself followed and rescued him (April 8) at Nazareth, where the splendid cavalry of the orientals, were, as usual, unable to

resist the solid squares and well-directed musketry of the French. Kleber, with another division, was in like manner endangered, and in like manner rescued by the general-in-chief at Mount Tabor (April 15). The Mussulmans dispersed on all hands; and Napoleon, returning to his siege, pressed it on with desperate assaults, day after day, in which his best soldiers were thinned, before the united efforts of Djezzar's gallantry, and the skill of his allies. At length, however, a party of French succeeded in forcing their way into the great tower, and in establishing themselves in one part of it, in despite of all the resolution that could be opposed to them. At the same critical moment, there appeared in the offing a Turkish fleet, which was known to carry great reinforcements for the pacha. Every thing conspired to prompt Napoleon to finish his enterprise at whatever cost, and he was gallantly seconded.

Sir Sydney Smith, however, was as resolute to hold out until the fleet should arrive, as Napoleon was eager to anticipate its coming. The English commander repaired with his gallant seamen to the tower, and after a furious assault dislodged the occupants. Buonaparte did not renew the attack in that quarter, but succeeded in breaking the wall in another part of the town; and the heroic Lannes headed a French party who actually entered Acre at that opening. But Djezzar was willing they should enter. He suffered them to come in unmolested; and then, before they could form, threw such a crowd of Turks upon them, that discipline was of no avail; it was a mere multitude of duels, and the brave orientals with their scimitars and pistols, overpowered their enemies, and put them to death—almost to a man. Lannes himself was with difficulty carried back desperately wounded.

The rage of Buonaparte at these repeated discomfitures may be imagined. The whole evil was

ascribed, and justly, to the presence of Sir Sydney Smith; and he spoke of that chivalrous person ever after with the venom of a personal hatred. Sir Sydney, in requital of Buonaparte's proclamation—inviting (as was his usual fashion) the subjects of the pacha to avoid his yoke and ally themselves with the invaders—put forth a counter address to the Druses and other Christian inhabitants of Syria, invoking their assistance, in the name of their religion, against the blasphemous general of a nation which had renounced Christianity. Napoleon upon this said that Sir Sydney was a madman; and if his story be true, Sir Sydney challenged him to single combat; to which he made answer, that he would not come forth to a duel unless the English could fetch Marlborough from his grave; but that, in the mean time, any one of his grenadiers would willingly give the challenger such satisfaction as he was entitled to demand. Whatever inaccuracy there may be in some of these circumstances, there is no doubt of the fact that Buonaparte and the brave commodore strove together at Acre, under the highest influence of personal resentment, as well as martial skill and determination.

21*st May.*] The siege had now lasted sixty days. Once more Napoleon commanded an assault, and his officers and soldiery once more obeyed him with devoted and fruitless gallantry. The loss his army had by this time undergone was very great. Caffarelli, and many other officers of the highest importance, were no more: the ranks of his legions were thinned by the plague, as well as the weapons of the defenders of Acre. The hearts of all men were quickly sinking. The Turkish fleet was at hand to reinforce Djezzar; and upon the utter failure of the attack of the 21st May, Napoleon yielded to stern necessity, and began his retreat upon Jaffa.

The name of Jaffa was already sufficiently stained; but fame long represented Napoleon as having now

made it the scene of another atrocity not less shocking than that of the massacre of the Turkish prisoners.

The accusation, which for many years made so much noise throughout Europe, amounts to this: that on the 27th of May, when it was necessary for Napoleon to pursue his march from Jaffa for Egypt, a certain number of the plague-patients in the hospital were found to be in a state that held out no hope whatever of their recovery; that the general, being unwilling to leave them to the tender mercies of the Turks, conceived the notion of administering opium, and so procuring for them at least a speedy and an easy death; and that a number of men were accordingly taken off in this method by his command. This story, the circumstances of which were much varied in different accounts, especially as regards the numbers of the poisoned, was first disseminated by Sir Robert Wilson, and was, in substance, generally believed in England. In each and all of its parts, on the contrary, it was wholly denied by the admirers of Buonaparte, who treated it as one of the many gross falsehoods, which certainly were circulated touching the personal character and conduct of their idol, during the continuance of his power.

Buonaparte himself, while at St. Helena, referred to the story frequently; and never hesitated to admit that it originated in the following occurrence. He sent, he said, the night before the march was to commence, for Desgenettes, the chief of the medical staff, and proposed to him, under such circumstances as have been described, the propriety of giving opium, in mortal doses, to *seven* men; adding, that had his son been in their situation he would have thought it his duty, as a father, to treat him in the same method; and that, most certainly, had he himself been in that situation, and capable of understanding it, he would have considered the deadly

cup as the best boon that friendship could offer him. M. Desgenettes, however, did not consider himself as entitled to interfere in any such method with the lives of his fellow-men: the patients were abandoned; and, at least, one of the number fell alive into the hands of Sir Sydney Smith, and recovered.

Such is Napoleon's narrative; and it is, probably, near the truth. We have sufficient evidence in the general history and character, as well as positive statements, of the medical officers at Jaffa, that no opium *was* administered. That the audacious proposal to that effect was made by Napoleon, we have his own admission; and every reader must form his own opinion, as to the degree of guilt which attaches to the fact of having meditated and designed the deed in question, under the circumstances above detailed. That Buonaparte, accustomed to witness slaughter in every form, was in general but a callous calculator when the loss of human life was to be considered, no one can doubt. That his motives, when he made his proposal to M. Desgenettes, were cruel, no human being, who considers either the temper or the situation of the man, will ever believe. He, doubtless, designed, by shortening those men's lives, to do them the best service in his power. The presumption of thus daring to sport with the laws of God and man, when expedience seemed to recommend such interference, was quite in the character of Napoleon:—cruelty was not: least of all, cruelty to his own soldiery—the very beings on whose affection all his greatness depended. Popular rumour, however, spread through Europe the story that 500 Frenchmen had been poisoned by their general at Jaffa;—and yet, Sir Sydney Smith, the bitter enemy, who was at Jaffa almost immediately after the French army left it, gave no hint whatever that even the groundwork of this exaggerated statement had ever reached his ear.

The march onwards was a continued scene of

misery; for the wounded and the sick were many, the heat oppressive, the thirst intolerable; and the ferocious Djezzar was hard behind, and the wild Arabs of the desert hovered round them on every side, so that he who fell behind his company was sure to be slain. How hard and callous the hearts of brave men can become when every thought is occupied with self, the story of that march presents a fearful picture. When a comrade, after quitting his ranks, being stimulated by the despair of falling into the hands of the Turks or Arabs, yet once again reared himself from the burning sand, and made a last attempt to stagger after the column, his painful and ineffectual efforts furnished matter for military merriment. "He is drunk," said one; "his march will not be a long one," answered another; and when he once more sank helpless and hopeless, a third remarked, "our friend has at length taken up his quarters." It is not to be omitted, that Napoleon did, on this occasion, all that became his situation. He yielded his last horse to the service of the moving hospital; and walked on foot, by the side of the sick, cheering them by his eye and his voice, and exhibiting to all the soldiery the example at once of endurance and of compassion.

June 14.] Having at length accomplished this perilous journey, Buonaparte repaired to his old head-quarters at Cairo, and re-entered on his great functions as the establisher of a new government in the state of Egypt. But he had not long occupied himself thus, ere new rumours concerning the beys on the Upper Nile, who seemed to have some strong and urgent motive for endeavouring to force a passage downwards, began to be mingled with, and by degrees explained by, tidings daily repeated of some grand disembarkation of the Ottomans, designed to have place in the neighbourhood of Alexandria. Leaving Dessaix, therefore, once more in command at Cairo, he himself descended the Nile, and tra-

velled with all speed to Alexandria, where he found his presence most necessary. For, in effect, the great Turkish fleet had already run into the bay of Aboukir; and an army of 18,000, having gained the fortress, were there strengthening themselves, with the view of awaiting the promised descent and junction of the Mamelukes, and then, with overwhelming superiority of numbers, advancing to Alexandria and completing the ruin of the French invaders.

Buonaparte reached Alexandria on the evening of the 24th of July, and found his army already posted in the neighbourhood of Aboukir, and prepared to anticipate the attack of the Turks on the morrow. Surveying their intrenched camp from the heights above with Murat, he said, "Go how it will, the battle of to-morrow will decide the fate of the world:" "Of this army, at least," answered Murat; "but the Turks have no cavalry, and if ever infantry were charged to the teeth by horse, they shall be so by mine." Murat did not penetrate the hidden meaning of Napoleon's words, but he made good his own.

July 25.] The Turkish outposts were assaulted early in the morning, and driven in with great slaughter; but the French, when they advanced, came within the range of the batteries and also of the shipping that lay close by the shore, and were checked. Their retreat might have ended in a rout, but for the undisciplined eagerness with which the Turks engaged in the task of spoiling and maiming those that fell before them; thus giving to Murat the opportunity of charging their main body in flank with his cavalry, at the moment when the French infantry, profiting by their disordered and scattered condition, and rallying under the eye of Napoleon, forced a passage to the intrenchments. From that moment the battle was a massacre. The Turks, attacked on all sides, were panic-struck; and the sea was covered with the turbans of men who flung themselves headlong into the waves, rather than

await the fury of *Le Beau Sabreur*,* or the steady rolling fire of the *Sultan Kebir*. Six thousand surrendered at discretion: twelve thousand perished on the field or in the sea. Mustapha Pacha, the general, being brought into the presence of his victor, was saluted with these words:—"It has been your fate to lose this day; but I will take care to inform the sultan of the courage with which you have contested it." "Spare thyself that trouble," answered the proud pacha, "my master knows me better than thou."

Napoleon once more returned to Cairo on the 9th of August; but it was only to make some parting arrangements as to the administration, civil and military; for, from the moment of his victory at Aboukir, he had resolved to intrust Egypt to other hands, and admiral Gantheaume was already preparing in secret the means of his removal to France.

Buonaparte always asserted, and the Buonapartist writers of his history still maintain, that this resolution was adopted in consequence of a mere accident; namely, that Sir Sydney Smith, in the course of some negotiations about prisoners which followed after the battle of Aboukir, sent a file of English newspapers for the amusement of the general. Some say the English commodore did so out of mere civility; others, that he designed to distract the movements of Napoleon, by showing him the dangerous condition to which, during his absence, the affairs of France, both at home and abroad, had been reduced. It seems, however, to be generally believed (as without doubt it is the more probable case), that Buonaparte had long ere now received intelligence of the great events in which he was so deeply concerned. He had, assuredly, many friends in Paris, who were watching keenly over his interests, and who must have been singularly ill

* The handsome swordsman—*i. e.* Murat.

served if they never were able to communicate with him during so many months.

However this might have been, the general succeeded in preventing any suspicion of his projected evasion from arising among the soldiers; and when he finally turned his back on Cairo, it was universally believed that it was but to make a tour in the Delta.

Napoleon reached the coast on the 22d August, and was there met by Berthier, Andreossy, Murat, Lannes, Marmont, and the *savans* Monge and Berthollet; none of whom had suspected for what purpose they were summoned. Admiral Gantheaume had by this time two frigates and two smaller vessels (which had been saved in the harbour of Alexandria) ready for sea; and on the morning of the 23d, the wind having fortunately driven the English squadron of blockade off the coast, Buonaparte and his followers embarked at Rosetta.

The same day the event was announced to the army, by a proclamation which the general left behind him, naming Kleber as his successor in the command. The indignation of the soldiery, who thought themselves deserted by their chief, was for a time violent; but, by degrees, the great qualities displayed by Kleber softened this feeling, and Buonaparte had left agents well qualified to explain what had happened, in the manner most favourable for himself.

Kleber received at the same time a parting letter of instructions—one of the most singular pieces that ever proceeded from Napoleon's pen. "I send you," said he, "English gazettes to the 10th of June. You will there see that we have lost Italy; that Mantua, Turin, and Tortona are blockaded. I hope, if Fortune smiles on me, to reach Europe before the beginning of October.... It is the intention of government that general Dessaix should follow me, unless great events interpose themselves, in the

course of November.... There is no doubt that, on the arrival of our squadron at Toulon, means will be found for sending you the recruits and munitions necessary for the army of Egypt. The government will then correspond with you directly; while I, both in my public and in my private capacity, will take measures to secure for you frequent intelligence."

Buonaparte proceeds, after thus boldly assuming to himself the right of speaking for the government —and in terms, it will be observed, calculated to leave no doubt that his own departure was the result of orders from Paris—to impress upon Kleber the necessity of always considering the possession of Egypt as a point of the highest importance to France; and, nevertheless, of negotiating, as long as possible, with the porte, on the basis that the French republic neither had now, nor ever had had, the smallest wish to retain possession of that country. He finally authorized Kleber, if not released or recruited by May following, to make a peace with the porte, even if the first of its conditions should be the total evacuation of Egypt.

Then follow directions for the internal administration of Egypt, in which, among other sufficiently characteristic hints, Kleber is desired to cultivate the good-will of *the Christians*, but, nevertheless, to avoid carefully giving the Mussulmans any reason to confound *the Christians* with *the French*. "Above all," says Napoleon, "gain the sheiks, who are timid, who cannot fight, and who, like all priests, inspire fanaticism without being fanatics."

The conclusion is in these words. "The army which I confide to you is composed of my children: in all times, even in the midst of the greatest sufferings, I have received the marks of their attachment: keep alive in them these sentiments. You owe this to the particular esteem and true attachment which I bear towards yourself."

CHAPTER XIII.

Retrospect—Buonaparte arrives in France—The Revolution of the 18th Brumaire—The Provisional Consulate.

We must now pause for a moment, to indicate, however briefly and imperfectly, the course of events which had determined Napoleon to abandon the army of Egypt.

While the negotiations at Rastadt were still in progress, the directory, on the most flimsy of pretences, marched an army into Switzerland; and, by vast superiority of numbers, overwhelmed the defence of the unprepared mountaineers. The conquered cantons were formed into another republic of the new kind—to wit, "the Helvetian;" nominally a sister and ally, but really a slave, of the French. Another force, acting under orders equally unjustifiable, seized Turin, and dethroned the king of Sardinia. Lastly, the pope, in spite of all his humiliating concessions at Tollentino, saw a republican insurrection, roused by French instigation, within his capital. Tumults and bloodshed ensued; and Joseph Buonaparte, the French ambassador at Rome, narrowly escaped with his life. A French army forthwith advanced on Rome; the pope's functions as a temporal prince were terminated; he retired to the exile of Siena; and another of those feeble phantoms, which the French directory delighted to invest with glorious names, appeared under the title of "the Roman republic."

These outrages roused anew the indignation, the first, of all true lovers of freedom, the second, of the monarchs whose representatives were assembled at Rastadt, and the third of the Catholic population throughout Europe. England was not slow to take

advantage of the unprincipled rashness of the directory, and of the sentiments which it was fitted to inspire; and the result was a new coalition against France, in which the great power of Russia now, for the first time, took a part. The French plenipotentiaries were suddenly ordered to quit Rastadt; and, within a few hours afterward, they were murdered on their journey by banditti clad in the Austrian uniform, most assuredly not acting under orders from the Austrian or any other government.

The king of Naples had, unfortunately for himself, a greater taste for arms than the nation he governed; and, justly concluding that the conquerors of Rome would make himself their next object, he rashly proclaimed war, ere the general measures of the coalition were arranged. The arrival of Nelson in his harbour, bringing the news of the destruction of the French fleet at Aboukir, and the consequent isolation of Napoleon, gave him courage to strike a blow which the officers of his army were little likely to second. The result of his hasty advance to the northward was not a battle, but a flight; and though the Lazzaroni of Naples, rising in fury, held the capital for some days against the French, their defences were at length overcome: the king passed over to his Sicilian dominions; and another tributary of France was announced by the name of the Parthenopean republic.

Far different success attended the better-considered movements by which the great powers of the new coalition reopened the war. The details of those bloody campaigns by which Holland and Belgium were for a moment rescued from the grasp of France; the French army, under Jourdan, beaten beyond the Rhine by the archduke Charles; and the north of Italy, the whole of Buonaparte's mighty conquests, recovered by the Austro-Russians under the command of Suwarrow; as also of the ultimate reverses of the allies in the direction of Holland,

and of the concentration of their forces in two great armies, one on the frontier of Switzerland, and another lower down on the Rhine, for the purpose of carrying the war by two inlets into the heart of France; and, finally, of the masterly retreat of general Macdonald, by which he succeeded in leading the army which had occupied Naples quite through Italy into France—all these details belong rather to the general history of the period, than to the biography of Buonaparte. Neither is it possible that we should here enter upon any minute account of the internal affairs of France during the period of his Egyptian and Syrian campaigns. It must suffice to say, that the generally unfortunate course of the war had been accompanied by the growth of popular discontent at home; that the tottering directory for a moment gathered strength to themselves by associating Sieyes to their number, that the mean and selfish conduct of the rulers soon nullified the results of that partial change; that the directory at length found it impossible to maintain the favourite system of balancing faction against faction, and so neutralizing their efforts; in a word, that the *moderates* (under which name the royalists are included) had obtained a decided command in the council of ancients, and the republicans, or democratical party, an equally overpowering majority in the assembly of the five hundred; while the directors, as a body, had no longer the slightest power to control either. Finally, the Chouans (as the royalists of Bretagne were called) had been stimulated by the disordered appearance of things at home and abroad, and 40,000 insurgents appeared in arms, withstanding, with varied success, the troops of the republic, and threatening, by their example, to rekindle a general civil war in France. Such was, or had recently been, the state of affairs when Buonaparte landed at Frejus, and sent before him to Paris, to the inexpressible delight of a nation of late

accustomed to hear of nothing but military disasters, the intelligence of that splendid victory which had just destroyed the great Turkish armament at Aboukir. He arrived at a moment when all men, of all parties, were satisfied that a new revolution was at hand; and when the leaders of all the contending factions were equally desirous of invoking arms to their support in the inevitable struggle.

Napoleon's voyage had been one of constant peril; for the Mediterranean was traversed in all directions by English ships of war, in whose presence resistance would have been hopeless. He occupied his time, during this period of general anxiety, in very peaceful studies: he read the Bible, the Koran, Homer; conversed with his savans on the old times and manners of the East; and solved problems in geometry. On the 30th of September they reached Ajaccio, and he was received with enthusiasm at the place of his birth. As soon as the wind proved favourable, on the 7th of October, the voyage was resumed. Gantheaume, descrying an English squadron off the French coast, would have persuaded him to take to the long-boat; but he refused, saying, "that experiment may be reserved for the last extremity." His confidence in fortune was not belied. They passed at midnight, unseen, through the English ships, and on the morning of the 9th were moored in safety in the bay of Frejus; and no sooner was it known that Buonaparte was at hand, than, in spite of all the laws of quarantine, persons of every description, including the chief functionaries, both civil and military, repaired on board to welcome him. His presence alone was considered as the pledge of victory. The story of Aboukir gave new fuel to the flame of universal enthusiasm; and he landed, not so much like a general who had quitted his post without orders, as a victorious prince, who had returned to restore the lost hearts and fortunes of a people that con-

fided only in him. His wife and his brother Joseph met him on his way; and his progress towards the capital, wherever his person was recognised, bore all the appearance of a triumphal procession. But he had already been two days in his own house, in the *Rue de la Victoire* (16th Oct.)—thoroughly in possession of the recent course of events, of the actual state of parties and of the public mind, and well prepared to expect in patience the crisis which, as he well knew, his presence in Paris must hasten —ere the fact of his arrival was announced to the trembling directory.

They received him, when he at length presented himself at the Louxembourg, with every demonstration of joy and respect. Not a question was asked as to his abandonment of his army; for all dreaded the answer which they had the best reason for anticipating. He was invited to accept of a public dinner, and agreed to do so. The assemblage was magnificent, and his reception enthusiastic; but his demeanour was cold and reserved. After proposing as a toast, "the union of all parties"—ominous words from those lips—he withdrew at an early hour of the evening.

He continued for some little time to avoid public notice, resuming apparently the same studies and sequestered life which he had led when last in Paris. It was, however, remarked, that when recognised by the populace, he received their salutations with uncommon affability; and that if he met any old soldier of the army of Italy, he rarely failed to recollect the man, and take him by the hand.

Meanwhile, a multitude of secret intrigues surrounded and occupied him. The *moderates*, with the director Sieyes at their head, on the one side, the *democrats*, under Barras, on the other, were equally disposed to invoke his assistance. He received the proposals of both parties; and at length decided on closing with those of the former, as con

sisting of a class of men less likely than the others to interfere with his measures—when the new government, which he had determined should be his, had been arranged. His brother Lucien, shortly before elected president of the council of five hundred, the wily Talleyrand (ex-bishop of Autun), and the acute and spirited Abbé Sieyes, were his chief confidants; nor could any age or country have furnished instruments more admirably qualified for his purpose. Meanwhile, his house was frequented by the principal officers who had accompanied him from Egypt, and by others who had served in his Italian campaigns; and though no one pretended to say what was about to happen, the impression became universal throughout Paris that some great and decisive event was at hand, and that it was to be brought about by means of Buonaparte.

Sieyes governed absolutely one of his colleagues in the directory, Ducos; and the party of which he was the chief predominated strongly, as has been mentioned, in the council of ancients. It was through the instrumentality of that council, accordingly, that the conspirators resolved to strike their first blow. And how well their measures had been preconcerted, will sufficiently appear from the most naked statement of the events of the 18th and 19th Brumaire (Nov. 10th and 11th, 1799), in the order of their occurrence.

As soon as Buonaparte's arrival was known, three regiments of dragoons, forming part of the garrison of Paris, petitioned for the honour of being reviewed by him. He had promised to do this, but delayed naming the day. In like manner, the forty adjutants of the national guard of Paris (which, as we have seen, was remodelled by himself while general of the interior) had requested leave to wait upon him, and congratulate him on his arrival: these also had been told that he would soon appoint the time for receiving them. Lastly the officers of the garrison,

and many besides, had sent to beg admittance to Napoleon's presence, that they might tender him the expression of their admiration and attachment; and to them also an answer of the same kind had been given.

On the evening of the 17th Brumaire, all the officers above mentioned received, separately, the general's invitation to come to his house in the *Rue de la Victoire*, at six o'clock the next morning; and the three regiments of dragoons were desired to be mounted for their review, at the same early hour, in the *Champs Elysées*. How many of these persons knew the real purpose of the assemblage it is impossible to tell; but Moreau, Macdonald, and other generals of the first reputation, avowedly attached to the *moderés*, were in the number of those who attended, and had, it is not to be doubted, received sufficient intimation that the crisis was at hand, though certainly not of the manner in which Buonaparte designed it to terminate. However, at the appointed hour the dragoons were at their post in the Champs Elysées; and the concourse of officers at Napoleon's residence was so great, that, the house being small, he received them in the court-yard before it, which they entirely filled.

Among those who came thither was Bernadotte: but he certainly came without any precise notion of the purposes of his friend Joseph Buonaparte, who invited him. He was, probably, next to Napoleon, the general who possessed the greatest influence at the period in Paris; and, in fact, the fate of the government depended on whether the one party in the directory should be the first to summon him to interfere, or the other party to throw themselves on Buonaparte. He came; but, unlike the rest, he came *not* in uniform, nor on horseback. Being introduced into Napoleon's private chamber, he was informed, with little preface, that a change in the government was necessary, and about to be effected

that very day. Bernadotte had already been tampered with by Sieyes and Ducos, and he rejected Napoleon's flatteries as he had theirs. It was well known to Buonaparte, that, had this great officer's advice been taken, he would, immediately on his arrival from Egypt, have been arrested as a deserter of his post: he in vain endeavoured now to procure his co-operation; and at last suffered him to depart, having with difficulty extorted a promise, that he would not, at least, do any thing against him *as a citizen*. It will soon be seen that he could have little reason to apprehend Bernadotte's interference in his military capacity.

In effect, the council of the ancients assembled the same morning, in the Tuilleries, at the early hour of seven; the president, who was one of the chief conspirators, forthwith declared that the salvation of the state demanded vigorous measures, and proposed two decrees for their acceptance: one, by which the meetings of the legislative bodies should be instantly transferred to the chateau of St. Cloud, some miles from Paris; and another, investing Napoleon with the supreme command of all the troops in and about the capital, including the national guard. These motions were instantly carried; and, in the course of a few minutes, Buonaparte received, in the midst of his martial company, the announcement of his new authority. He instantly mounted and rode to the Tuilleries, where, being introduced into the council, together with all his staff, he pronounced those memorable words—"You are the wisdom of the nation: I come, surrounded by the generals of the republic, to promise you their support. Let us not lose time in looking for precedents. Nothing in history resembled the close of the eighteenth century—nothing in the eighteenth century resembled this moment. Your wisdom has devised the necessary measure; our arms shall put it in execution." The command

intrusted to Napoleon was forthwith announced to the soldiery; and they received the intelligence with enthusiasm—the mass, of course, little comprehending to what, at such a moment, such authority amounted.

The three directors, meanwhile, who were not in the secret, and who had been much amused with seeing their colleague Sieyes set off on horseback an hour or two earlier from the Louxembourg, had begun to understand what that timely exhibition of the Abbé's awkward horsemanship portended. One of them, Moulins, proposed to send a battalion to surround Buonaparte's house, and arrest him. Their own guard laughed at them. Buonaparte was already in the Tuilleries, with many troops around him; and the directorial guard, being summoned by one of his aids-de-camp, instantly marched thither also, leaving the Louxembourg at his mercy. Barras sent his secretary to expostulate. Napoleon received him with haughtiness. "What have you done," cried he, "for that fair France which I left you so prosperous? For peace I find war; for the wealth of Italy, taxation and misery. Where are the 100,000 brave French whom I knew—where are the companions of my glory?—They are dead." Barras, whose infamous personal conduct in the articles of bribery and exaction made him tremble at the thought of impeachment, resigned his office: so did his colleagues Gouhier and Moulins. Sieyes and Ducos had done so already. Bernadotte, indeed, repaired to the Louxembourg ere Moulins and Barras had resigned, and offered his sword and influence, provided they would nominate him to the command of the forces jointly with Napoleon. They hesitated:—his word of honour given to Buonaparte, that he would do nothing *as a citizen*, rendered it indispensable that they should take that decisive step; by doing so they would at least have given the soldiery a fair choice—they hesitated—and their power was

at an end. The Louxembourg was immediately guarded by troops in whom Napoleon could place implicit confidence. The directory was no more.

Barras, in his letter, said that "he had never undertaken his office, except for the purpose of serving the cause of liberty, *and* that now, seeing the destinies of the republic in the hands of her young and invincible general, he gladly resigned it." By this courtly acquiescence he purchased indemnity for the past, and the liberty of retiring to his country-seat, there to enjoy the vast fortune he had so scandalously accumulated. The other two remained under surveillance until their insignificance was made sufficiently manifest, and being then set free, sunk into total obscurity.—But this is anticipating.

At ten o'clock on the same morning, the adverse council of five hundred assembled also, and heard, with astonishment and indignation, of the decree by which their sittings were transferred from Paris (the scene of their popular influence) to St. Cloud. They had, however, no means of disputing that point: they parted with cries of "*Vive la Republique*"—"*Vive la Constitution!*" and incited the mob, their allies, to muster next morning on the new scene of action—where, it was evident, this military revolution must either be turned back, or pushed to consummation. During the rest of the day Napoleon remained at the Tuilleries: the troops were in arms; the population expected with breathless anxiety the coming of the decisive day. A strong body of soldiery marched to St. Cloud under the orders of Murat.

The members of both assemblies repaired thither early in the morning of the 19th; and those of the opposite party beheld with dismay the military investment of the chateau. Scattered in groups about the courts and gardens, surrounded with the mob from the city, and watched by Murat and his stern veterans, they awaited with impatience the opening

of the doors; which, in consequence of some necessary preparations, did not occur until two o'clock in the afternoon.

The council of ancients were ushered into the Gallery of Mars, and, the minority having by this time recovered from their surprise, a stormy debate forthwith commenced, touching the events of the preceding day. Buonaparte entered the room, and, by permission of the subservient president, addressed the assembly. "Citizens," said he, "you stand over a volcano. Let a soldier tell the truth frankly. I was quiet in my home when this council summoned me to action. I obeyed: I collected my brave comrades, and placed the arms of my country at the service of you who are its head. We are repaid with calumnies—they talk of Cromwell —of Cæsar. Had I aspired at power the opportunity was mine ere now. I swear that France holds no more devoted patriot. Dangers surround us. Let us not hazard the advantages for which we have paid so dearly—Liberty and Equality!"—A democratic member, Linglet, added aloud, "And the Constitution"—"The Constitution!" continued Napoleon—"it has been thrice violated already—all parties have invoked it—each in turn has trampled on it: since that can be preserved no longer, let us, at least, save its foundations—Liberty and Equality. It is on you only that I rely. The council of five hundred would restore the convention, the popular tumults, the scaffolds, the reign of terror. I will save you from such horrors—I and my brave comrades, whose swords and caps I see at the door of this hall; and if any hireling prater talks of outlawry, to those swords shall I appeal." The great majority were with him, and he left them amid loud cries of "*Vive Buonaparte!*"

A far different scene was passing in the hostile assembly of the five hundred. When its members at length found their way into the Orangery, the

apartment allotted for them, a tumultuous clamour arose on every side. *Live the Constitution!—The Constitution or death!—Down with the Dictator!*—such were the ominous cries. Lucien Buonaparte, the president, in vain attempted to restore order: the *moderate* orators of the council with equal ill success endeavoured to gain a hearing. A *democrat* member at length obtained a moment's silence, and proposed that the council should renew, man by man, the oath of fidelity to the constitution of the year *three*. This was assented to, and a vain ceremony, for it was no more, occupied time which might have been turned to far different account. Overpowered, however, by the clamour, the best friends of Napoleon, even his brother Lucien, took the oath. The resignatory letter of Barras was then handed in, and received with a shout of scorn. The moment was come; Napoleon himself, accompanied by four grenadiers, walked into the chamber—the doors remained open, and plumes and swords were visible in dense array behind him. His grenadiers halted near the door, and he advanced alone towards the centre of the gallery. Then arose a fierce outcry—*Drawn swords in the sanctuary of the laws!—Outlawry!—Outlawry!—Let him be proclaimed a traitor!—Was it for this you gained so many victories?* Many members rushed upon the intruder, and, if we may place confidence in his own tale, a Corsican deputy, by name Arena, aimed a dagger at his throat. At all events, there was such an appearance of personal danger as fired the grenadiers behind him. They rushed forwards, and extricated him almost breathless; and one of their number (Thomé) was at least rewarded on the score of his having received a wound meant for the general.

It seems to be admitted, that at this moment the iron nerves of Buonaparte were, for once, shaken. With the dangers of the field he was familiar—he had not been prepared for the manifestations of this

civil rage. He came out, staggering and stammering, among the soldiery, and said, "I offered them victory and fame, and they have answered me with daggers."

Sieyes, an experienced observer of such scenes, was still on horseback in the court, and quickly reassured him. General Augereau came up but a moment afterward, and said—"You have brought yourself into a pretty situation." "Augereau," answered Napoleon (once more himself again), "things were worse at Arcola. Be quiet: all this will soon right itself." He then harangued the soldiery—"I have led you to victory, to fame, to glory. Can I count upon you?" "Yes, yes, we swear it," was the answer that burst from every line,—"*Vive Buonaparte!*"

In the council, meantime, the commotion had increased on the retreat of Napoleon. A general cry arose for a sentence of outlawry against him; and Lucien, the president, in vain appealed to the feelings of nature, demanding that, instead of being obliged to put that question to the vote, he might be heard as the advocate of his brother. He was clamorously refused, and in indignation flung off the insignia of his office. Some grenadiers once more entered, and carried him also out of the place.

The president found the soldiery without in a high state of excitement. He immediately got upon horseback, that he might be seen and heard the better, and exclaimed: "General Buonaparte, and you, soldiers of France, the president of the council of five hundred announces to you that factious men with daggers interrupt the deliberations of the senate. He authorizes you to employ force. The assembly of five hundred is dissolved."

Napoleon desired Le Clerc to execute the orders of the president; and he, with a detachment of grenadiers, forthwith marched into the hall. Amid the reiterated screams of "*Vive la Republique*," which

saluted their entrance, an aid-de-camp mounted the tribune, and bade the assembly disperse.—"Such," said he, "are the orders of the general."—Some obeyed; others renewed their shouting.—The drums drowned their voices.—"Forward, grenadiers," said Le Clerc; and the men, levelling their pieces as if for the charge, advanced. When the bristling line of bayonets at length drew near, the deputies lost heart, and the greater part of them, tearing off their scarfs, made their escape, with very undignified rapidity, by way of the windows. The apartment was cleared. It was thus that Buonaparte, like Cromwell before him,

"Turn'd out the members, and made fast the door."*

Some of his military associates proposed to him, that the unfriendly legislators should be shot, man by man, as they retreated through the gardens; but to this he would not for a moment listen.

Lucien Buonaparte now collected the *moderate* members of the council of five hundred; and that small minority, assuming the character of the assembly, communicated with the ancients on such terms of mutual understanding, that there was no longer any difficulty about giving the desired colouring to the events of the day. It was announced, by proclamation, that a scene of violence and uproar, and the daggers and pistols of a band of conspirators, in the council of five hundred, had suggested the measures ultimately resorted to. These were —the adjournment of the two councils until the middle of February next ensuing; and the deposition, meantime, of the whole authority of the state in a provisional *consulate*—the consuls being Napoleon Buonaparte, Sieyes, and Ducos.

Thus terminated the 19th of Brumaire. One of the greatest revolutions on record in the history of

* Crabbe.

the world was accomplished, by means of swords and bayonets unquestionably, but still without any effusion of blood. From that hour the fate of France was determined. The Abbé Sieyes, Talleyrand, and other eminent civilians who had a hand in this great day's proceedings, had never doubted that, under the new state of things to which it should lead, they were to have the chief management of the civil concerns of France. The ambition of Buonaparte, they questioned not, would be satisfied with the control of the armies and military establishments of the republic. But they reckoned without their host. Next day the three consuls met in Paris; and a lengthened discussion arose touching the internal condition and foreign relations of France, and the measures, not only of war, but of finance and diplomacy, to be resorted to. To the astonishment of Sieyes, Napoleon entered readily and largely upon such topics, showed perfect familiarity with them in their minutest details, and suggested resolutions which it was impossible not to approve. "Gentlemen," said the Abbé, on reaching his own house, where Talleyrand and the others expected him—and it is easy to imagine the sensations with which Sieyes spoke the words, and Talleyrand heard them—"Gentlemen, I perceive that you have got a master. Buonaparte can do, and will do, every thing himself. But," he added, after a pause, "it is better to submit, than to protract dissension for ever."

NEW YORK.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Provisional Consulate—Reforms in France—Pacification of the Cheuans—Constitution of the Year VIII.—Buonaparte Chief Consul.

The upper population of Paris had watched the stormy days of the 18th and 19th Brumaire with the most anxious fears, lest the end should be anarchy and the re-establishment of the reign of terror. Such, in all likelihood, must have been the result, had Buonaparte failed, after once attempting to strike his blow. His success held out the prospect of victory abroad, and of a firm and stable government at home, under which life and property might exist in safety; and, wearied utterly with so many revolutions and constitutions, each in turn pretending every thing, and ending in nothing but confusion, the immense majority of the nation were well prepared to consider any government as a blessing, which seemed to rest on a solid basis, and to bid fair for endurance. The revolutionary fever had in most bosoms spent its strength ere now; and Buonaparte found henceforth little opposition to any of his measures, unless in cases where the substantial personal comforts of men,—not abstract theories or dogmas,—nor even political rights of unquestionable value and importance,—were invaded by his administration.

The two chambers, on breaking up, appointed small committees to take counsel during the recess with the new heads of the executive; and, in concert with these, Buonaparte and Sieyes entered vigorously on the great task of restoring confidence and peace at home. The confusion of the finances was the most pressing of many intolerable evils; and the first day was devoted to them. In lieu of

forced loans, by which the directory had systematically scourged the people, all the regular taxes were at once raised 25 per cent.; and the receipt and expenditure of the revenue arranged on a business-like footing. The repeal of the "Law of Hostages" —a tyrannical act, by which the relations of emigrants were made responsible for the behaviour of their exiled kinsmen,—followed immediately, and was received with universal approbation. A third and a bolder measure was the discarding of the heathen ritual, and re-opening of the churches for Christian worship; and of this the credit was wholly Napoleon's, who had to oppose the *philosophic* prejudices of almost all his colleagues. He, in his conversations with them, made no attempt to represent himself as a believer in Christianity; but stood on the necessity of providing the people with the regular means of worship, wherever it is meant to have a state of tranquillity. The priests who chose to take the oath of fidelity to government were readmitted to their functions; and this wise measure was followed by the adherence of not less than 20,000 of these ministers of religion, who had hitherto languished in the prisons of France. Cambaceres, an excellent lawyer and judge, was of great service to Napoleon in these salutary reforms.

Many other judicious measures might be mentioned in this place. Some emigrants, cast on the shores by shipwreck, had been imprisoned and destined for trial by the directory. They were at once set free: and, in like manner, La Fayette and other distinguished revolutionists, who had been exiled for not adhering to all the wild notions of the preceding administrations, were at once recalled. Carnot was one of these: Buonaparte forthwith placed him at the head of the war department; and the reform of the army was prosecuted with the vigour which might have been expected from the joint skill and talent of the provisional head of the

government and this practised minister. The confusion which had of late prevailed in that department was extreme. The government did not even know the existence of regiments raised in the provinces: arms, clothing, discipline in every article, had been neglected. The organization of the army was very speedily mended.

The insurgent Chouans next claimed attention; and here the personal character of Napoleon gave him advantages of the first importance. The leaders of those brave bands were disposed to consider such a soldier as a very different sort of ruler from the pentarchy of the Louxembourg; and their admiration for his person prepared them to listen to his terms. The first measures of the new government were obviously calculated to sooth their prejudices, and the general display of vigour in every branch of the administration to overawe them. Chatillon, D'Antichamp, Suzannet, and other royalist chiefs, submitted in form; and ever afterward remained faithful to Napoleon. Bernier, a leading clergyman in La Vendée, followed the same course, and was an acquisition of even more value. Others held out; but were soon routed in detail, tried, and executed. The appearances of returning tranquillity were general and most welcome.

Some of the party vanquished on the 18th Brumaire, however, still lingered in Paris, and were busy in plotting new convulsions. It was therefore the advice of all the ministers to condemn them to exile; and lists of proscription were drawn up and published. But Buonaparte only meant to overawe these persons: no one was apprehended: they kept quiet for a season; and the edict of exile sunk by degrees into oblivion.

Meanwhile, it was necessary that the government itself should assume some permanent form, ere the time arrived for the reassembling of the legislative bodies. Their two committees met in one chamber

with the consuls, and the outline of a new constitution was laid before them by Sieyes; who enjoyed the reputation of being the greatest of scientific politicians. The Abbé, however, had soon perceived that Napoleon was to be the real creator of whatever should be adopted; and in the progress of the ensuing consultations, submitted, step by step, to the laconic dictator, who accepted or discarded propositions, exactly as they happened to coincide, or be at variance with his own notions of his own personal interest. He cared little in what manner the structure of the future representative assemblies might be arranged; but there must be no weakening of the executive power, which he was determined to vest virtually in himself alone, and by means of which, he doubted not, it would be easy to neutralize all other influences.

The metaphysical Abbé proposed a scheme, by far too delicately complicated for the tear and wear of human business and human passions. The absurdity, even of the parts which Napoleon consented to adopt, became apparent to all when the machine was set in motion. The two most prominent and peculiar devices—namely, that of placing at the head of the state a sort of mock sovereign, destitute of any effective power, and capable at any time of being degraded by the vote of a single legislative body, under the title of GRAND ELECTOR; and, 2dly, that of committing the real executive power to two separate consuls, one for war and one for peace, nominally the inferiors of the elector, but in influence necessarily quite above him, and almost as necessarily the rivals and enemies of each other; these ingenious twins were strangled in the birth by Napoleon's shrewd practical sense. "Who," said he, "would accept an office, the only duties of which were to fatten like a pig, on so many millions a year? And your two consuls—the one surrounded with churchmen, lawyers, and civilians—the other

with soldiers and diplomatists,—on what footing would be their intercourse? the one demanding money and recruits, the other refusing the supplies? A government, made up of such heterogeneous and discordant materials, would be the shadow of a state." He added two words, which at once decided the main question; "I, for one, would never be your grand elector."

The constitution actually announced by proclamation on the 14th of December, 1799, presents the following principal features. I. The male citizens who are of age, and who pay taxes, in every *commune*, shall choose a tenth of their number to be the notables of the commune; and out of these notables the officers of the commune shall be appointed. II. The notables of the communes constituting a *department* shall choose, in like manner, the tenth of their number to be the notables of the department; and out of these the officers of the department shall be appointed. III. The notables of all the departments shall, in the same way, choose the tenth of their number to be notables of France; and out of these the public functionaries of *The State* shall be chosen. IV. Three assemblies shall be composed of persons chosen from the notables of France, viz.—1. The *Conservative Senate*, consisting (at first) of twenty-four men, of forty years of age, to hold their places for life, and to receive, each, a salary equal to 1-20th of that of the chief consul: 2. *The Tribunate*, to be composed of 100 men, of twenty-five years of age and upwards, of whom 1-5th go out every year, but re-eligible indefinitely; the salary of each 15,000 francs (£625): and, 3dly, *The Legislative Senate*, composed of 300 members, of thirty years of age, renewable by fifths every year, and having salaries of 10,000 francs (£416). V. The executive power shall be vested in three consuls, chosen individually, as chief consul, second, and third; the two former for ten years, the last for five.

VI. In order that the administration of affairs may have time to settle itself, the tribunate and legislative senate shall remain as first constituted for ten years, without any re-elections. VII. With the same view of avoiding discussions during the unsettled state of opinion, a majority of the members of the conservative senate are for the present appointed by the consuls, Sieyes and Ducos, going out of office, and the consuls, Cambaceres and Lebrun, about to come into office; they shall be held to be duly elected, if the public *acquiesce;* and proceed to fill up their own number and to nominate the members of the tribunate and legislative senate. VIII. The acts of legislation shall be proposed by the consuls: the tribunate shall discuss and propound them to the legislative senate, but *not vote:* the legislative senate shall hear the tribunate, and vote, but *not debate* themselves; and the act thus discussed and voted, shall become law on being promulgated by the chief consul. IX. Buonaparte is nominated chief consul, Cambaceres (minister of justice) second, and Lebrun third consul.

It would be rash to say that this could never have turned out in practice a free constitution. Circumstances might have modified its arrangements, and given the spirit of freedom to institutions not *ex-facie* favourable to it. But for the present, it was universally admitted that, under these new forms, the power of the state must be virtually lodged in Buonaparte. He, in fact, named himself chief consul. His creatures chose the conservative senate, and the conservative senate were to choose the members of the other two assemblies. The machinery, thus set in motion, could hardly fail to remain under his control; and, looking at things more largely, the contrivances of making the electoral bodies in the departments choose, not their actual representatives, but only the persons from among whom these were to be chosen by the conservative senate,

and of preventing the legislative senate from debating for themselves on the measures destined to pass into law, appear to have been devised for the purpose of reducing to a mere nullity the forms of a representative government.* However, the consuls announced their manufacture to the people in these terms:—"Citizens, the constitution is grounded on the true principles of a representative government, on the sacred rights of property, of equality, and of liberty. The powers which it institutes will be vigorous and permanent; such they should be to secure the rights of the citizens and the interests of the state. Citizens! the revolution is fixed on the principles from which it originated: IT IS ENDED." And in effect, books being opened throughout France, the names of the citizens who inscribed their acceptance of this new constitution amounted to four millions, while but a few votes to the contrary were registered—an irrefragable proof that the national mind was disposed to think no sacrifice too dear, so tranquillity could be obtained.

The circumstance, perhaps, which occasioned most surprise on the promulgation of the new constitution, was the non-appearance of the name of

* The morning after the constitution was announced, the streets of Paris were placarded with the following pasquil:—

POLITICAL SUBTRACTION.

From 5 Directors
Take 2

There remain 3 Consuls
From them take 2

And there remains 1 BUONAPARTE.

This sufficiently expresses what was considered to be the essence of the new constitution.

Sieyes in the list of permanent consuls. It is probable that the Abbe made up his mind to retire, so soon as he found that Buonaparte was capable, not only of mutilating his ideal republican scheme, but of fulfilling, in his own person, all the functions of a civil ruler of France. Howbeit, the ingenious metaphysician did not disdain to accept of a large estate and pension, by way of "public recompense"—when he withdrew to a situation of comparative obscurity, as president of the conservative senate.

One of Buonaparte's first acts was to remove the seat of government from the Louxembourg to the old palace of the Tuilleries, "which," he significantly said to his colleagues, "is a good military position." It was on the 19th of February, 1800, that the chief consul took possession of the usual residence of the French kings. Those splendid halls were reopened with much ceremony, and immediately afterward Napoleon held a great review in the Place du Carousel. This was the first public act of the chief consul. Shortly after he appeared in his new official costume, a dress of red silk, and a black stock. Some one observed to him that this last article was out of keeping with the rest: "No matter," answered he, smiling, "a small remnant of the military character will do us no harm."

While Napoleon was thus rapidly consolidating the elements of a new monarchy in his own person —the Bourbonists, at home and abroad, had still nourished the hope that his ultimate purpose was the restoration of the rightful king of France. Very shortly after the 18th Brumaire, one of the foreign ambassadors resident at Paris had even succeeded in obtaining a private audience for Messieurs Hyde de Neuville and Dandigne, two agents of the exiled princes. Buonaparte received them at night in a small closet of the Tuilleries, and requested them to speak with frankness. "You, sir," they said, "have now in your hands the power of re-establish

ing the throne, and restoring to it its legitimate master. Tell us what are your intentions; and, if they accord with ours, we, and all the Vendeans, are ready to take your commands." He replied, that the return of the Bourbons could not be accomplished without enormous slaughter; that his wish was to forget the past, and to accept the services of all who were willing henceforth to follow the general will of the nation; but that he would treat with none who were not disposed to renounce all correspondence with the Bourbons and the foreign enemies of the country. The conference lasted half an hour; and the agents withdrew with a fixed sense that Buonaparte would never come over to their side. Nevertheless, as it will appear hereafter, the Bourbons themselves did not as yet altogether despair; and it must be admitted that various measures of the provisional government were not unlikely to keep up their delusive hopes. We may notice in particular a hange in the national oath of allegiance, by which one most important clause was entirely erased, namely, that expressive of hatred to *royalty;* and an edict, by which the celebration of the day on which Louis XVI. died, was formally abolished. Sieyes, in opposing this last measure, happened to speak of Louis as "the tyrant;"—"Nay, nay," said Napoleon, "he was no tyrant: had he been one, I should this day have been a captain of engineers—and you saying mass." The Bourbons were very right in considering these as monarchical symptoms; but shrewd observers perceived clearly in whose favour such changes were designed to operate. It appears that some of Napoleon's colleagues made a last effort to circumscribe his power, by urging on him the necessity of his immediately placing himself at the head of the armies in the field; expecting, no doubt, great advantages, could they remove him from the seat of government, at the time when the new machinery was

getting into a regular course of motion. He sternly resisted all such suggestions. "I am chief consul," said he, biting his nails to the quick, "I will remain in Paris."

And it was, indeed, most necessary for his success that he should remain there at this critical epoch: for, in the arrangement of every branch of the new government, he had systematically sought for his own security in balancing against each other the lovers of opposite sets of principles—men, who, by cordially coalescing together, might still have undone him; or, by carrying their animosities to extremity, overturned the whole fabric of his manufacture. It was thus that he had chosen one consul from the republican party, and another from the royalist; either of whom might, in his absence, have been tempted to undermine his sway; whereas both, overawed by his presence, proved eminently serviceable in drawing over to the interests of the chief consul innumerable persons, of their own ways of thinking originally, but no longer such zealous theorists as to resist the arguments of self-interest—those strong springs of hope and fear, of both of which Napoleon, while at the Tuilleries, held the master-key. It was thus, also, that in forming his ministry, he grouped together men, each of whom detested or despised the others; but each unquestionably fitted, in the highest degree, for the particular office assigned to him; and each, therefore, likely to labour in his own department, communicating little with his colleagues, and looking continually to the one hand that had invested him with his share of power. It was in vain that one party objected to the weathercock politics of Talleyrand. "Be it so," answered the chief consul; "but he is the ablest minister for foreign affairs in our choice, and it shall be my care that he exerts his abilities." Carnot, in like manner, was objected to as a firm republican. "Republican or not," answered Napo-

leon, "he is one of the last Frenchmen that would wish to see France dismembered. Let us avail ourselves of his unrivalled talents in the war department, while he is willing to place them at our command." All parties equally cried out against the falsehood, duplicity, and, in fact, avowed profligacy of Fouché. "Fouché," said Buonaparte, "and Fouché alone, is able to conduct the ministry of the police: he alone has a perfect knowledge of all the factions and intrigues which have been spreading misery through France. We cannot create men: we must take such as we find; and it is easier to modify by circumstances the feelings and conduct of an able servant than to supply his place." Thus did he systematically make use of whatever was willing to be useful—counting on the ambition of one man, the integrity of a second, and the avarice of a third, with equal confidence; and justified, for the present time (which was all he was anxious about), by the results of each of the experiments in question.

It is impossible to refuse the praise of consummate prudence and skill to these, and, indeed, to all the arrangements of Buonaparte, at this great crisis of his history. The secret of his whole scheme is unfolded in his own memorable words to Sieyes: "We are creating a new era—of the past we must forget the bad, and remember only the good." From the day when the consular government was formed, a new epoch was to date. Submit to that government, and no man need fear that his former acts, far less opinions, should prove any obstacle to his security—nay, to his advancement. Henceforth the regicide might dismiss all dread of Bourbon revenge; the purchaser of forfeited property of being sacrificed to the returning nobles; provided only they chose to sink their theories and submit. To the royalist, on the other hand, Buonaparte held out the prospect, not indeed of Bourbon restoration, but

of the re-establishment of a monarchical form of government, and all the concomitants of a court: for the churchman the temples were at once opened; and the rebuilding of the heirarchical fabric, in all its wealth, splendour, and power, was offered in perspective. Meanwhile, the great and crying evil, from which the revolution had really sprung, was for ever abolished. The odious distinction of castes was at an end. Political liberty existed, perhaps, no longer; but civil liberty—the equality of all Frenchmen in the eye of the law—was, or seemed to be, established. All men henceforth must contribute to the state in the proportion of their means; all men appeal to the same tribunals; and no man, however meanly born, had it to say, that there was one post of power or dignity in France to which talent and labour never could elevate him.

CHAPTER XV.

The Chief Consul writes to the King of England—Lord Grenville's Answer—Napoleon passes the Great St. Bernard—The taking of St. Bard—The Siege of Genoa—The Battle of Marengo—Italy reconquered—Napoleon returns to Paris—The Infernal Machine—The Battle of Hohenlinden—The Treaty of Luneville.

Much had been already done towards the internal tranquillization of France; but it was obvious that the result could not be perfect until the war, which had so long raged on two frontiers of the country, should have found a termination. The fortune of the last two years had been far different from that of the glorious campaigns which ended in the treaty —or armistice, as it might more truly be named— of Campo-Formio. The Austrians had recovered the north of Italy, and already menaced the Savoy

frontier, designing to march into Provence, and there support a new insurrection of the royalists. The force opposed to them in that quarter was much inferior in numbers, and composed of the relics of armies beaten over and over again by Suwarrow. The Austrians and French were more nearly balanced on the Rhine frontier; but even there, there was ample room for anxiety. On the whole, the grand attitude in which Buonaparte had left the republic, when he embarked for Egypt, was exchanged for one of a far humbler description; and, in fact, as has been intimated, the general disheartening of the nation, by reason of those reverses, had been of signal service to Napoleon's ambition. If a strong hand was wanted at home, the necessity of having a general who could bring back victory to the tricolour banners in the field had been not less deeply felt. And hence the decisive revolution of Brumaire.

Of the allies of Austria, meanwhile, one had virtually abandoned her. The emperor Paul, of Russia, taking offence at the style in which his army under Suwarrow had been supported, withdrew it altogether from the field of its victories; and that hair-brained autocrat, happening to take up a sort of personal admiration for Buonaparte, was not likely for the present to be brought back into the Antigallican league. England appeared steadfast to their cause; but it remained to be proved whether the failure of her expedition to Holland under the duke of York, or the signal success of her naval arms in the Mediterranean under lord Nelson, had had the greater influence on the feelings of the government of St. James's. In the former case, Napoleon might expect to find his advances towards a negotiation, in his new character of chief consul, received with better disposition than his predecessors of the directory had extended to the last overtures of the English cabinet tendered by lord Malmesbury. He

resolved to have the credit of making the experiment at least, ere the campaign with the Austrians should open; and, discarding, as he had on a former occasion,* the usual etiquettes of diplomatic intercourse, addressed a letter to king George III. in person, almost immediately after the new consulate was established in the Tuilleries, in these terms: (Dec. 25, 1799.)

"*French Republic—Sovereignty of the People—Liberty and Equality.*

"*Buonaparte, First Consul of the Republic, to his Majesty the King of Great Britain and Ireland.*

"Called by the wishes of the French nation to occupy the first magistracy of the republic, I have thought proper, in commencing the discharge of its duties, to communicate the event directly to your majesty.

"Must the war, which for eight years has ravaged the four quarters of the world, be eternal? Is there no room for accommodation? How can the two most enlightened nations of Europe, stronger and more powerful than is necessary for their safety and independence, sacrifice commercial advantages, internal prosperity, and domestic happiness, to vain ideas of grandeur? Whence comes it that they do not feel peace to be the first of wants as well as of glories? These sentiments cannot be new to the heart of your majesty, who rule over a free nation with no other view than to render it happy. Your majesty will see in this overture only my sincere desire to contribute effectually, for the second time, to a general pacification—by a prompt step taken in confidence, and freed from those forms, which, however necessary to disguise the apprehensions of feeble states, only serve to discover in the powerful a mutual wish to deceive.

* When he wrote from Clagenfurt to the archduke Charles.

"France and England, abusing their strength, may long defer the period of its utter exhaustion; but I will venture to say, that the fate of all civilized nations is concerned in the termination of a war, the flames of which are raging throughout the whole world. I have the honour to be, &c. &c. &c.

"BUONAPARTE."

It is manifest that the chief consul was wonderfully ignorant of the English constitution, if he really believed that the king (whose public acts must all be done by the hands of responsible ministers) could answer his letter personally. The reply was an official note from lord Grenville, then secretary of state for the department of foreign affairs, to Talleyrand. It stated "that the king of England had no object in the war but the security of his own dominions, his allies, and Europe in general: he would seize the first favourable opportunity to make peace—at present he could see none. The same general assertions of pacific intentions had proceeded, successively, from all the revolutionary governments of France; and they had all persisted in conduct directly and notoriously the opposite of their language. Switzerland, Italy, Holland, Germany, Egypt,—what country had been safe from French aggression? The war must continue until the causes which gave it birth ceased to exist. The restoration of the exiled royal family would be the easiest means of giving confidence to the other powers of Europe. The king of England by no means pretended to dictate any thing as to the internal polity of France; but he was compelled to say, that he saw nothing in the circumstances under which the new government had been set up, or the principles it professed to act upon, which could tend to make foreign powers regard it as either more stable or more trustworthy than the transitory forms it had supplanted."

Such was the tenour of lord Grenville's famous note. It gave rise to an animated discussion in both houses immediately on the meeting of the British parliament; and, in both, the conduct of the ministry was approved by very great majorities. When, however, the financial preparations were brought forward, and it turned out that Russia was no longer to be subsidized—or, in other words, had abandoned the league against France—the prospects of the war were generally considered as much less favourable than they had been during this discussion. In the mean time, the French government put forth, by way of commentary on lord Grenville's state paper, a pretended letter from the unfortunate heir of the House of Stuart to George III., demanding from him the throne of England, which, now that the principle of legitimacy seemed to be recognised at St. James's, there could (said the pasquinade) be no fair pretext for refusing. Some other trifles of the same character might be noticed; but the true answer to Mr. Pitt was the campaign of Marengo.

Buonaparte rejoiced cordially in the result of his informal negotiation. It was his policy, even more clearly than it had been that of his predecessors, to buy security at home by battle and victory abroad. The national pride had been deeply wounded during his absence; and something must be done in Europe, worthy of the days of Lodi, and Rivoli, and Tagliamento, ere he could hope to be seated firmly on his throne. On receiving the answer of the British minister, he said to Talleyrand, (rubbing his hands, as was his custom when much pleased,) "it could not have been more favourable." On the same day, the 7th of January, (just three days after the date of lord Grenville's note,) the first consul issued his edict for the formation of an army of reserve, consisting of all the veterans who had ever served, and a new levy of 30,000 conscripts.

At this time, France had four armies on her fron

tiers: that of the north, under Brune, watched the partisans of the House of Orange in Holland, and guarded those coasts against any new invasion from England; the defeat of the duke of York had enabled the government to reduce its strength considerably: the second was the army of the Danube, under Jourdan, which, after the defeat at Stockach, had been obliged to repass the Rhine: the third, under Massena, styled the army of Helvetia, had been compelled in the preceding campaign to evacuate great part of Switzerland; but, gaining the battle of Zurich against the Russians, now reoccupied the whole of that republic: the fourth was that broken remnant which still called itself the army of Italy. After the disastrous conflict of Genola, it had rallied in disorder on the Apennine and the heights of Genoa, where the spirit of the troops was already so much injured, that whole battalions deserted *en masse*, and retired behind the Var. Their distress, in truth, was extreme; for they had lost all means of communication with the valley of the Po, and the English fleet effectually blockaded the whole coasts both of Provence and Liguria; so that, pent up among barren rocks, they suffered the hardships and privations of a beleaguered garrison.

The chief consul sent Massena to assume the command of the "army of Italy;" and issued, on that occasion, a general order, which had a magical effect on the minds of the soldiery. Massena was highly esteemed among them; and, after his arrival at Genoa, the deserters flocked back rapidly to their standards. At the same time, Buonaparte ordered Moreau to assume the command of the two corps of the Danube and Helvetia, and consolidate them into one great "army of the Rhine." Lastly, the rendezvous of the "army of reserve" was appointed for Dijon: a central position, from which either Massena or Moreau might, as circumstances demanded, be supported and reinforced; but which Napoleon

really designed to serve for a cloak to his main purpose. For he had already, in concert with Carnot, sketched the plan of that which is generally considered as at once the most daring and the most masterly of all the campaigns of the war; and which in so far as the execution depended on himself turned out also the most dazzlingly successful.

In placing Moreau at the head of the army of the Rhine, full 150,000 strong, and out of all comparison the best disciplined as well as largest force of the republic, Buonaparte exhibited a noble superiority to all feelings of personal jealousy. That general's reputation approached the most nearly to his own; but his talents justified this reputation, and the chief consul thought of nothing but the best means of accomplishing the purposes of the joint campaign. Moreau, in the sequel, was severely censured by his master for the manner in which he executed the charge intrusted to him. His orders were to march at once upon Ulm, at the risk of placing the great Austrian army under Kray between him and France; but he was also commanded to detach 15,000 of his troops for the separate service of passing into Italy by the defiles of St. Gothard; and given to understand that it must be his business to prevent Kray at all hazards, from opening a communication with Italy by way of the Tyrol. Under such circumstances, it is not wonderful that a general, who had a master, should have proceeded more cautiously than suited the gigantic aspirations of the unfettered Napoleon. Moreau, however, it must be admitted, had always the reputation of a prudent, rather than a daring, commander. The details of his campaign against Kray must be sought elsewhere. A variety of engagements took place, with variety of fortune. Moreau, his enemies allow, commenced his operations by crossing the Rhine in the end of April; and, on the 15th of July, had his head-quarters at Augsburg, and was in condition either to reinforce the

French in Italy, or to march into the heart of the Austrian states, when the success of Buonaparte's own expedition rendered either movement unnecessary.

The chief consul had resolved upon conducting in person one of the most adventurous enterprises recorded in the history of war. The formation of the army of reserve at Dijon was a mere deceit. A numerous staff, indeed, assembled in that town; and the preparation of the munitions of war proceeded there and elsewhere with the utmost energy: but the troops collected at Dijon were few; and,—it being universally circulated and believed, that they were the force meant to re-establish the once glorious army of Italy, by marching to the head-quarters of Massena at Genoa,—the Austrians received the accounts of their numbers and appearance, not only with indifference, but with derision. Buonaparte, meanwhile, had spent three months in recruiting his armies throughout the interior of France; and the troops, by means of which it was his purpose to change the face of affairs beyond the Alps, were already marching by different routes, each detachment in total ignorance of the others' destination, upon the territory of Switzerland. To that quarter Buonaparte had already sent forward Berthier, the most confidential of his military friends, and other officers of the highest skill, with orders to reconnoitre the various passes in the great Alpine chain, and make every other preparation for the movement, of which they alone were, as yet, in the secret.

The statesmen who ventured, even after Brumaire, to oppose the investiture of Buonaparte with the whole power of the state, had, at first, (as we have seen,) attempted to confine him to the military department; or so arrange it, that his orders, as to civil affairs, should, at least, not be absolute. Failing in this, they then proposed that the chief consul should be incapable of heading an army in the field, without

abdicating previously his magistracy: and, to their surprise, Napoleon at once acceded to a proposition which, it had been expected, would rouse his indignation. It now turned out how much the saving clause in question was worth. The chief consul could not, indeed, be general-in-chief of an army; but he could appoint whom he pleased to that post; and there was no law against his being present, in his own person, as a spectator of the campaign. It signified little that a Berthier should write himself commander, when a Napoleon was known to be in the camp.

It was now time that the great project should be realized. The situation of the "army of Italy" was become most critical. After a variety of petty engagements, its general saw his left wing (under Suchet) wholly cut off from his main body; and, while Suchet was forced to retire behind the Var, where his troops had the utmost difficulty in presenting any serious opposition to the Austrians, Massena had been compelled to throw himself with the remainder into Genoa. In that city he was speedily blockaded by the Austrian general Ott; while the imperial commander-in-chief, Melas, advanced, with 30,000, upon Nice—of which place he took possession on the 11th of May. The Austrians, having shut up Massena, and well knowing the feebleness of Suchet's division, were in a delirium of joy. The gates of France appeared, at length, to be open before them; and it was not such an army of reserve as had excited the merriment of their spies at Dijon that could hope to withstand them in their long-meditated march on Provence—where Pichegru, as they supposed, was prepared to assume the command of a numerous body of royalist insurgents, so soon as he should receive intelligence of their entrance into France. But they were soon to hear news of another complexion from whence they least expected it—from behind them.

The chief consul remained in Paris until he received Berthier's decisive despatch from Geneva—it was in these words: "I wish to see you here. There are orders to be given by which three armies may act in concert, and you alone can give them in the lines. Measures decided on in Paris are too late." He instantly quitted the capital; and, on the 7th of May, appeared at Dijon, where he reviewed, in great form, some 7 or 8000 raw and half-clad troops, and committed them to the care of Brune. The spies of Austria reaped new satisfaction from this consular review: meanwhile, Napoleon had halted but two hours at Dijon; and, travelling all night, arrived, the next day, at Geneva. Here he was met by Marescot, who had been employed in exploring the wild passes of the Great St. Bernard, and received from him an appalling picture of the difficulties of marching an army by that route into Italy. "Is it possible to pass?" said Napoleon, cutting the engineer's narrative short. "The thing is barely possible," answered Marescot. "Very well," said the chief consul, "*en avant*—let us proceed."

While the Austrians were thinking only of the frontier where Suchet commanded an enfeebled and dispirited division,—destined, as they doubted not, to be reinforced by the army, such as it was, of Dijon,—the chief consul had resolved to penetrate into Italy, as Hannibal had done of old, through all the dangers and difficulties of the great Alps themselves. The march on the Var and Genoa might have been executed with comparative ease, and might, in all likelihood, have led to victory; but mere victory would not suffice. It was urgently necessary that the name of Buonaparte should be surrounded with some blaze of almost supernatural renown; and his plan for purchasing this splendour was to rush down from the Alps, at whatever hazard, upon the rear of Melas, cut off all his communica-

tions with Austria, and then force him to a conflict, in which, Massena and Suchet being on the other side of him, reverse must needs be ruin.

For the treble purpose of more easily collecting a sufficient stock of provisions for the march, of making its accomplishment more rapid, and of perplexing the enemy on its termination, Napoleon determined that his army should pass in four divisions, by as many separate routes. The left wing, under Moncey, consisting of 15,000 detached from the army of Moreau, was ordered to debouche by the way of St. Gothard. The corps of Thureau, 5000 strong, took the direction of Mount Cenis: that of Chabran, of similar strength, moved by the Little St. Bernard. Of the main body, consisting of 35,000, the chief consul himself took care; and he reserved for them the gigantic task of surmounting, with the artillery, the huge barriers of the Great St. Bernard. Thus along the Alpine chain—from the sources of the Rhine and the Rhone to Isere and Durance—about 60,000 men, in all, lay prepared for the adventure. It must be added, if we would form a fair conception of the enterprise, that Napoleon well knew not one-third of these men had ever seen a shot fired in earnest.

The difficulties encountered by Moncey, Thureau, and Chabran, will be sufficiently understood from the narrative of Buonaparte's own march. From the 15th to the 18th of May all his columns were put in motion: Lannes, with the advanced guard, clearing the way before them; the general, Berthier, and the chief consul himself superintending the rear guard, which, as having with it the artillery, was the object of highest importance. At St. Pierre all semblance of a road disappeared. Thenceforth an army, horse and foot, laden with all the munitions of a campaign, a park of forty field-pieces included, were to be urged up and along airy ridges of rock and eternal snow, where the goatherd, the hunter

of the chamois, and the outlaw-smuggler are alone accustomed to venture; amid precipices, where to slip a foot is death; beneath glaciers from which the percussion of a musket-shot is often sufficient to hurl an avalanche; across bottomless chasms caked over with frost or snow-drift; and breathing

> "The difficult air of the iced mountain top,
> Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing
> Flit o'er the herbless granite."*

The transport of the artillery and ammunition was the most difficult point; and to this, accordingly, the chief consul gave his personal superintendence. The guns were dismounted, grooved into the trunks of trees hollowed out so as to suit each calibre, and then dragged on by sheer strength of muscle—not less than a hundred soldiers being sometimes harnessed to a single cannon. The carriages and wheels, being taken to pieces, were slung on poles, and borne on men's shoulders. The powder and shot, packed into boxes of fir-wood, formed the lading of all the mules that could be collected over a wide range of the Alpine country. These preparations had been made during the week that elapsed between Buonaparte's arrival at Geneva and the commencement of Lannes's march. He himself travelled sometimes on a mule, but mostly on foot, cheering on the soldiers who had the burden of the great guns. The fatigue undergone is not to be described. The men in front durst not halt to breathe, because the least stoppage there might have thrown the column behind into confusion, on the brink of deadly precipices; and those in the rear had to flounder, kneedeep, through snow and ice trampled into sludge by the feet and hoofs of the preceding divisions. Happily, the march of Napoleon was not harassed, like that of Hannibal, by the assaults of

* Byron's Manfred.

living enemies. The mountaineers, on the contrary, flocked in to reap the liberal rewards which he offered to all who were willing to lighten the drudgery of his troops.

On the 16th of May, Napoleon slept at the convent of St. Maurice; and, in the course of the four following days, the whole army passed the Great St. Bernard. It was on the 20th that Buonaparte himself halted an hour at the convent of the Hospitallers, which stands on the summit of this mighty mountain. The good fathers of the monastery had furnished every soldier as he passed with a luncheon of bread and cheese and a glass of wine; and, for this seasonable kindness, they received the warm acknowledgments of the chief.* It was here that he took his leave of a peasant youth, who had walked by him, as his guide, all the way from the convent of St. Maurice. Napoleon conversed freely with the young man, and was much interested with his simplicity. At parting, Buonaparte asked the guide some particulars about his personal situation; and, having heard his reply, gave him money and a billet to the head of the monastery of St. Maurice. The peasant delivered it accordingly, and was surprised to find that, in consequence of a scrap of writing which he could not read, his worldly comforts were to be permanently increased. The object of this generosity remembered, nevertheless, but little of his conversation with the consul. He described Napoleon as being "a very dark man," (this was the effect of the Syrian sun,) and having an eye that, notwithstanding his affability, he could not encounter without a sense of fear. The only saying of the hero which he treasured in his memory

* The worthy Hospitallers of St. Bernard have stationed themselves on that wild eminence, for the purpose of alleviating the misery of travellers lost or bewildered amid the neighbouring defiles. They entertain a pack of dogs, of extraordinary sagacity, who roam over the hills night and day, and frequently drag to light and safety pilgrims who have been buried in the snow.

was, "I have spoiled a hat among your mountains: well, I shall find a new one on the other side."—Thus spoke Napoleon, wringing the rain from his covering as he approached the hospice of St. Bernard.—The guide described, however, very strikingly, the effects of Buonaparte's appearance and voice, when any obstacle checked the advance of his soldiery along that fearful wilderness which is called, emphatically, "The Valley of Desolation." A single look or word was commonly sufficient to set all in motion again. But if the way presented some new and apparently insuperable difficulty, the consul bade the drums beat and the trumpets sound, as if for the charge; and this never failed. Of such gallant temper were the spirits which Napoleon had at command, and with such admirable skill did he wield them!

On the 16th, the vanguard, under Lannes, reached the beautiful vale of Aosta, and the other divisions descended rapidly on their footsteps. This part of the progress was not less difficult than the ascent before. The horses, mules, and guns were to be led down one slippery steep after another—and we may judge with what anxious care, since Napoleon himself was once contented to slide nearly a hundred yards together, *seated*.

On the 17th, Lannes arrived at Chatillon, where he attacked and defeated a corps of 5000 Austrians —who received the onset of a French division in that quarter with about as much surprise as if an enemy had dropped on them from the clouds. Every difficulty now seemed to be surmounted, and corps after corps came down into the plentiful and verdant valley, full of joy. But suddenly, the march of the vanguard was arrested by an obstacle unforeseen, or, at least, grievously under-estimated. Midway between Aosta and Ivrea, the Dora flows through a defile, not more than fifty yards in width: the heights on either hand rise precipitous; and in the

midst an abrupt conical rock, crowned with the fortress of St. Bard, entirely commands the river and a small walled town, through the heart of which lies the only passage. Lannes having vainly attempted to force the place by a *coup de main*, a panic arose, and, this spreading to the rear, orders were given for stopping the descent of the artillery. Buonaparte had come as far as the town of Aosta when this intelligence reached him. He immediately hastened to St. Bard, where he found the troops in much confusion.

On occasions like this he rarely failed to vindicate the *prestige* of his reputation. Napoleon, after hastily surveying the localities, climbed the height of the Albaredo, which rises on the one side above the fort, and satisfied himself that, though the path had hitherto been trodden only by solitary huntsmen, the army who had crossed the St. Bernard might, by similar efforts, find or make their way here also. A single cannon being, with the last difficulty, hoisted to the summit, he planted it so as to play full on the chief bastion of St. Bard. The moment this was arranged, the troops began their painful march; and they accomplished it without considerable loss; for Napoleon's gun was so excellently placed, that the main battery of the subjacent castle was, ere long, silenced. The men crept along the brow of the Albaredo in single file, each pausing (says an eye-witness) to gaze for a moment on Napoleon, who, overcome with his exertions, had lain down and fallen fast asleep upon the summit of the rock. Thus passed the main body, slowly, but surely. Meantime, colonel Dufour had been ordered to scale the wall of the town at nightfall; and his regiment (the 58th) performed this service so impetuously, that the Austrian troops took refuge in the castle, and the French made good their lodgment in the houses below. For some hours the garrison poured down grape-shot at half-

musket distance upon the French, but at last, out of compassion for the inhabitants, the fire slackened; and ere day broke, Buonaparte had effected his main purpose. The streets of the town having been strewn with litter to deafen sound, the guns, covered with straw and branches of trees, were dragged through it under the very guns of St. Bard, and without exciting the least suspicion in its garrison. Next morning the Austrian commandant sent on a messenger to Melas, with tidings that a large division of the French had indeed passed by the goat-tracks of Albaredo, but that most certainly not one great gun was with them. Buonaparte, meantime, was hurrying forwards with horse, foot, and artillery too, upon Ivrea.

The march of the consul received no new check until he reached the town of Ivrea, where, after two days' hard fighting, Lannes at length forced an entrance, and the garrison, with severe loss, withdrew. Buonaparte then took the road to Turin, and the vanguard had another severe piece of service at the bridge of Chiusilla, where 10,000 Austrians had been very strongly posted. Lannes broke them, and pursuing as far as Orca, cut them off from their magazines at Chevagno, and seized a vast quantity of stores which had been embarked on the Po. The advance was now within one march of Turin, while Murat occupied Vercelli, and the other divisions (those of Moncey, Chabran, and Thureau) having accomplished their several Alpine journeys, were pouring down upon the low country, and gradually converging towards the appointed rendezvous on the Ticino. Buonaparte had thus overcome the great difficulties of his preparation, and was ready with his whole army to open the campaign in good earnest against Melas.

The blockade of Genoa had been kept up all this time; while Suchet resolutely maintained the last

line of defence on the old frontier of France. On the 29d of May, Melas made a desperate effort to force the passage of the Var, but failed; and immediately afterward received his first intelligence of the movements of Buonaparte, and the defeat of his own detachment at the bridge of Chiusilla. He perceived that it was high time to leave Suchet to inferior hands, and, giving that charge to general Elsnitz, set off to oppose in person "the army of reserve." Suchet, on his part, was not slow to profit by the departure of the Austrian commander-in-chief: he being informed of Buonaparte's descent, forthwith resumed the offensive, recrossed the Var, and carried Vintimiglia at the point of the bayonet. Pursuing his advantage, Suchet re-obtained the mastery, first of the defile of Braus, and then of that of Tende, and at length re-occupied his old position at Melagno, whence his advanced guard pushed on as far as Savona.

The garrison of Genoa, meantime, had been holding out gallantly. Massena for some time kept possession of the semicircular chain of heights on the land side, and was thus enabled to obtain provisions, despite the 40,000 Austrians under general Ott who lay watching him, and the English fleet under lord Keith which completely blockaded the shore. A great effort made to dislodge him from the heights on the 3d of April had failed. But, by degrees, the superiority of numbers proved too much for him, and being shut at last within the walls,—where, to increase all his difficulties, a great part of the population was violently hostile to the French cause,—his sufferings from want of provisions, and the necessity of constant watchfulness and daily skirmishes, began to be severe. In his sorties, Massena had for the most part the advantage; and never in the whole war was the heroism of the French soldiery more brilliantly displayed than during this

siege.* The news of the expedition of Napoleon at length penetrated to the beleaguered garrison, and the expectation of relief gave them from day to day new courage to hold out. But day passed after day without any deliverer making his appearance, and the scarcity of food rendered it almost impossible to keep the inhabitants from rising *en masse* to throw open the gates. The English, meanwhile, anchored closer to the city, and, having cut out the vessels which guarded the entrance of the harbour, were bombarding the French quarters at their pleasure. Every thing eatable, not excepting the shoes and knapsacks of the soldiers, had been devoured, ere Massena at length listened to the proposal of a conference with general Ott and lord Keith. If the French general's necessities were urgent, the English admiral's desire to get possession of Genoa, ere Buonaparte could make further progress, was not less vehement. Lord Keith frankly told Massena, that his gallantry had been such that no terms could be too good for him. The word *capitulation* was omitted: the French marched out of the town with arms and baggage, and were allowed to proceed to Suchet's head-quarters; and, on the 5th of June, Ott occupied Genoa.

* The following anecdote is given by *Dumas*:—"On one of these occasions, when a desperate attack was led on by Soult, there occurred a circumstance as honourable as it was characteristic of the spirit which animated the French. The soldiers of two regiments, or demi-brigades, of the army of Italy namely, the 25th light, and the 24th of the line, had sworn eternal enmity against one another; because that, previous to the opening of the campaign, when desertion, and all the evils of insubordination prevailed in that army, disorganized by suffering, the former, in which discipline had been maintained, was employed to disarm the latter. The utmost care had been taken to keep them separate; but it so happened, that these two corps found themselves one day made rivals as it were in valour, the one before the eyes of the other. The same dangers, the same thirst of glory, the same eagerness to maintain themselves, at once renewed in all hearts generous sentiments; the soldiers became instantly intermingled; they embraced in the midst of the fire, and one half of the one corps passing into the ranks of the other, they renewed the combat, after the exchange, with double ardour."

General Ott, notwithstanding this success, had been very ill-employed in lingering before Genoa, while Napoleon was so rapidly advancing; and Melas, utterly perplexed between Suchet on the one side and the consul on the other, had in fact lain still, and done nothing. Buonaparte, between the 1st and 4th of June, crossed the Ticino with his whole army. Murat carried Turbigo on the 5th, the very day that Genoa fell; and on the 2d, the chief consul himself once more entered Milan, where he was received with enthusiasm, and restored in form the Cisalpine republic. Lannes, after various conflicts, occupied Pavia. Chapon and Thureau threatened Turin by two different routes; and Melas, at last roused to a sense of his imminent danger, abandoned the open country of Piedmont, took up his head-quarters at Alessandria, and began to draw together his widely separated columns, and concentrate them for the inevitable battle which must decide the fate of Italy.

Buonaparte, meanwhile, was ignorant of the fall of Genoa. He supposed, therefore, that the army of Ott was still at a wide distance from that of the Austrian commander-in-chief, and meditated to pass the Po suddenly, and either attack Ott and relieve Genoa, ere Melas knew he was in that neighbourhood, or, if he should find this more practicable, force Melas himself to accept battle unsupported by Ott. Lannes and the van, accordingly, pushed on as far as Montebello, where, to their surprise, they found the Austrians in strength. Early in the morning of the 9th of June, Lannes was attacked by a force which he had much difficulty in resisting. The Austrians were greatly superior in cavalry, and the ground was favourable for that arm. But at length Victor's division came up, after a severe struggle, and turned the tide. The battle was a most obstinate one. The fields being covered with very tall crops of rye, the hostile battalions were often almost within bayonet's length ere they were

aware of each other's presence; and the same circumstances prevented the generals, on either side, from displaying much science in their manœuvres. It was a conflict of man against man, and determined at a vast cost of blood. The field was strewn with dead, and the retiring Austrians left 5,000 prisoners in the hands of Lannes—who, in memory of this day of slaughter, was created afterward duke of Montebello. It was from the prisoners taken here that the first consul learned the fate of Genoa. He immediately concluded that Melas had concentrated his army; and, having sent messengers to Suchet, urging him to cross the mountains by the Col di Cadibona, and march on the Scrivia (which would place him in the rear of the enemy), halted his whole line upon the strong position of Stradella.

It was on the evening after Montebello, that general Dessaix, whom Napoleon considered as second only to himself in military genius, arrived at headquarters. Buonaparte had, as we have seen, on leaving Egypt, ordered Kleber to send Dessaix to France in the course of November. He had accordingly landed at Frejus shortly after the establishment of the new government, where he found letters from the chief consul, urging him to join him without delay. In these letters there were some melancholy phrases, and Dessaix, who really loved Napoleon, was heard to say, "He has gained all, and yet he is not satisfied." A hundred obstacles rose up to keep Dessaix from joining his friend so speedily as both wished. He was yet in France when the news of St. Bernard came thither, and exclaiming, "He will leave us nothing to do," travelled night and day until he was able to throw himself into his arms. Napoleon immediately gave him the command of a division; and they spent the night together in conversing about the affairs of Egypt.

The first consul was anxious to tempt Melas to attack him at Stradella, where the ground was un-

favourable to cavalry movements; but, after lying there unmolested for three days, he began to fear that the Austrian had resolved, either on moving to the left flank, crossing the Ticino, occupying Milan, and so re-opening his communication with Vienna;—or, on falling back to Genoa, overwhelming Suchet, and taking up a position where the British fleet could supply him with provisions—or even, in case of necessity, embark his army, carry it round to the other side of Italy, and by that means place him once more between his enemy and the German states. Buonaparte, being perplexed with these apprehensions, at last descended into the great plain of Marengo, on which he had, not without reason, feared to abide the onset of Melas and the Austrian horse. He was at Volghera on the 11th, and next day at St. Juliano, in the very centre of the plain; but still no enemy appeared. On the 13th, he advanced to the village of Marengo itself, and finding nothing even there but a scanty out-post, which retreated before him, concluded certainly that Melas had given him the slip, and marched either to the left on the Ticino, or to the right on Genoa. In great anxiety, he detached one division under Dessaix to watch the road to Genoa, and another under Murat towards the Scrivia. Dessaix was already half a day's journey from the head-quarters, when Napoleon received intelligence which made him hastily recall all his detachments. The Austrian general, after long hesitation, had at length resolved to let a fair field decide once more the fate of Italy. On the evening of the 13th, his whole army mustered in front of Alessandria, having only the river Bormida between them and the plain of Marengo; and early in the following morning, they passed the stream at three several points, and advanced towards the French position in as many columns.

The Austrians were full 40,000 strong; while, in the absence of Dessaix and the reserve, Napoleon

could, at most, oppose to them 20,000, of whom only 2,500 were cavalry. He had, however, no hesitation about accepting the battle. His advance, under Gardanne, occupied the small hamlet of Padre Bona, a little in front of Marengo. At that village, which overlooks a narrow ravine, the channel of a rivulet, Napoleon stationed Victor with the main body of his first line—the extreme right of it resting on Castel Ceriolo, another hamlet almost parallel with Marengo; Kellerman, with a brigade of cavalry, was posted immediately behind Victor for the protection of his flanks. A thousand yards in the rear of Victor was the second line, under Lannes, protected in like fashion by the cavalry of Champeaux. At about an equal distance, again, behind Lannes, was the third line, consisting of the division of St. Cyr, and the consular guard, under Napoleon in person. The Austrian heavy infantry, on reaching the open field, formed into two lines, the first, under general Haddick, considerably in advance before the other, which Melas himself commanded, with general Zach for his second. These moved steadily towards Marengo; while the light infantry and cavalry, under general Elsnitz, made a detour round Castel Ceriolo with the purpose of outflanking the French right.

Such was the posture of the two armies when this great battle began. Gardanne was unable to withstand the shock, and, abandoning Padre Bona, fell back to strengthen Victor. A furious cannonade along the whole front of that position ensued: the tirailleurs of either army posted themselves along the margins of the ravine, and fired incessantly at each other, their pieces almost touching. Cannon and musketry spread devastation every where—for the armies were but a few toises apart. For more than two hours Victor withstood singly the vigorous assaults of a far superior force; Marengo had been taken and retaken several times, ere Lannes received

orders to reinforce him. The second line at length advanced, but they found the first in retreat, and the two corps took up a second line of defence considerably to the rear of Marengo. Here they were, again, charged furiously—and again, after obstinate resistance, gave way. General Elsnitz, meantime, having effected his purpose, and fairly marched round Castel Ceriolo, appeared on the right flank with his splendid cavalry, and began to pour his squadrons upon the retreating columns of Lannes. That gallant chief formed his troops *en echelon*, and retired in admirable order—but the retreat was now general; and, had Melas pursued the advantage with all his reserve, the battle was won. But that aged general (he was eighty-four years old) doubted not that he had won it already; and at this critical moment, being quite worn out with fatigue, withdrew to the rear, leaving Zach to continue what he considered as now a mere pursuit.

At the moment when the Austrian horse were about to rush on Lannes's retreating corps, the reserve under Dessaix arrived on the outskirts of the field. Dessaix himself, riding up to the first consul, said, "I think this is a battle lost." "I think it is a battle won," answered Napoleon. "Do you push on, and I will speedily rally the line behind you."—And in effect the timely return of this reserve turned the fortune of the day.

Napoleon in person drew up the whole of his army on a third line of battle, and rode along the front, saying, "Soldiers, we have retired far enough. Let us now advance. You know it is my custom to sleep on the field of battle." The enthusiasm of the troops appeared to be revived, and Dessaix prepared to act on the offensive; he led a fresh column of 5,000 grenadiers to meet and check the advance of Zach. The brave Dessaix fell dead at the first fire, shot through the head. "Alas! it is not permitted to me to weep," said Napoleon; and the fall

of that beloved chief redoubled the fury of his followers. The first line of the Austrian infantry charged, however, with equal resolution. At that moment, Kellerman's horse came on them in flank; and being, by that unexpected assault, broken, they were, after a vain struggle, compelled to surrender:—general Zach himself was here made prisoner. The Austrian columns behind, being flushed with victory, were advancing too carelessly, and proved unable to resist the general assault of the whole French line, which now pressed onwards under the immediate command of Napoleon. Post after post was carried. The noble cavalry of Elsnitz, perceiving the infantry broken and retiring, lost heart; and, instead of forming to protect their retreat, turned their horses' heads, and galloped over the plain, trampling down every thing in their way. When the routed army reached at length the Bormida, the confusion was indescribable. Hundreds were drowned—the river rolled red amid the corpses of horse and men. Whole corps, being unable to effect the passage, surrendered: and at ten at night the Austrian commander with difficulty rallied the remnant of that magnificent array, on the very ground which they had left the same morning in all the confidence of victory.

It is not to be denied that Napoleon was saved on this occasion by the arrival of the reserve under Dessaix, and the timely charge of Kellerman. On the other hand, it is impossible not to condemn the rashness with which the Austrian generals advanced after their first successes.

The discomfiture of the imperialists was so great, that rather than stand the consequences of another battle, while Suchet was coming on their rear, they next day entered into a negotiation. Melas offered to abandon Genoa and all the strong places in Piedmont, Lombardy, and the Legations—provided Buonaparte would allow him to march the remains of his

army unmolested to the rear of Mantua. Napoleon accepted this offer. By one battle he had regained nearly all that the French had lost in the unhappy Italian campaign of 1799: at all events, he had done enough to crown his own name with unrivalled splendour, and to show that the French troops were once more what they had used to be—when he was in the field to command them. He had another motive for closing with the propositions of general Melas. It was of urgent importance to regain Genoa, ere an English army, which he knew was on its voyage to that port, could reach its destination.

On the 17th of June, Napoleon returned in triumph to Milan, where he formally re-established the Cisalpine republic, and was present at a festival of high state and magnificence. He then gave the command of the army of Italy to Massena; and appointed Jourdan French minister in Piedmont—in other words, governor of that dominion; and set out on his journey to Paris. He halted at Lyons to lay the first stone of the new *Place du Bellecour*, erected on the ruins of a great square destroyed by the jacobins during the revolutionary madness; and reached the Tuilleries on the 2d of July. He had set out for Switzerland on the 6th of May. Two months had not elapsed, and in that brief space what wonders had been accomplished! The enthusiasm of the Parisians exceeded all that has been recorded of any triumphal entry. Night after night every house was illuminated; and day following day the people stood in crowds around the palace, contented if they could but catch one glimpse of the preserver of France.

The effusion of joy was the greater—because the tale of victory came on a people prepared for other tidings. About noontide on the 14th of June, when the French had been driven out of Marengo, and were apparently in full and disastrous retreat, a commercial traveller left the field, and arriving,

after a rapid journey, in Paris, announced that Buonaparte had been utterly defeated by Melas. It is said that the ill-wishers of the first consul immediately set on foot an intrigue for removing him from the government, and investing Carnot with the chief authority. It is not doubtful that many schemes of hostility had been agitated during Napoleon's absence; or that, amid all the clamour and splendour of his triumphant reception in Paris, he wore a gloomy brow; nor has any one disputed that, from this time, he regarded the person of Carnot with jealousy and aversion.

The tidings of the great battle, meanwhile, kindled the emulation of the Rhenish army; and they burned with the earnest desire to do something worthy of being recorded in the same page with Marengo. But the chief consul, when he granted the armistice to Melas, had extended it to the armies on the German frontier likewise; and Moreau, consequently, could not at once avail himself of the eagerness of his troops. The negotiations which ensued, however, were unsuccessful. The emperor, subsidized as he had been, must have found it very difficult to resist the remonstrances of England against the ratification of any peace in which she should not be included; and it is natural to suppose, that the proud spirit of the Austrian cabinet revolted from setting the seal to an act of humiliation, not yet, as the English government insisted, absolutely necessary. News, meantime, were received, of the surrender of Malta to an English expedition under lord Keith and sir Ralph Abercrombie;* and this timely piece of good fortune breathed fresh spirit into the Antigallican league. In fine, insincerity and suspicion protracted, from day to day, a negotiation not destined to be concluded until more blood had been shed.

* Sept. 5, 1800.

During this armistice, which lasted from the 15th of June to the 17th of November, the exiled princes of the house of Bourbon made some more ineffectual endeavours to induce the chief consul to be the monk of France. The Abbé de Montesquiou, secret agent for the count de Lille (afterward Louis XVIII.), prevailed on the third consul, Le Brun, to lay before Buonaparte a letter addressed to him by that prince—in these terms: "You are very tardy about restoring my throne to me: it is to be feared that you may let the favourable moment slip. You cannot establish the happiness of France without me; and I, on the other hand, can do nothing for France without you. Make haste, then, and point out, yourself, the posts and dignities which will satisfy you and your friends." The first consul answered thus: "I have received your royal highness's letter. I have always taken a lively interest in your misfortunes and those of your family. You must not think of appearing in France—you could not do so without marching over five hundred thousand corpses. For the rest, I shall always be zealous to do whatever lies within my power towards softening your royal highness's destinies, and making you forget, if possible, your misfortunes." The comte D'Artois (now Charles X. of France) took a more delicate method of negotiating. He sent a very beautiful and charming lady, the duchesse de Guiche, to Paris: she, without difficulty, gained access to Josephine, and shone, for a time, the most brilliant ornament of the consular court. But the moment Napoleon discovered the fair lady's errand, she was ordered to quit the capital within a few hours. These intrigues, however, could not fail to transpire; and there is no doubt that, at this epoch, the hopes of the royalists were in a high state of excitement.

Meantime, among the meaner orders of both the great parties, who regarded with aversion the sove-

reign authority of the chief consul, there wanted not hearts wicked enough, nor hands sufficiently desperate, for attempts far different from these. The lawfulness, nay, the merit and the glory of tyrannicide, were ideas familiar to the jacobins of every degree; and, during the years of miserable convulsion which followed the imprisonment and murder of Louis XVI., the royalist bands had often been joined, and sometimes guided, by persons in whom a naturally fanatical spirit, goaded by the sense of intolerable wrongs, dared to think of revenge—no matter how accomplished—as the last and noblest of duties: nor is it wonderful that, amid a long-protracted civil war, when scenes of battle and slaughter were relieved only by the hardships of skulking in woods and the fears of famine, the character of others, originally both pure and gentle, had come to be degraded into a callous indifference or dark sullenness of temper,—fit preparatives for deeds, the thought of which, in earlier and better days, would have been horror and loathing.

It was among the jacobins, who had formerly worshipped Buonaparte as the "child and champion" of their creed, that the first schemes of assassination were agitated. An Italian sculptor, by name Ceracchi, who had modelled the bust of Napoleon while he held his court at Montebello, arrived in Paris, and, under pretence of retouching his work, solicited admission to the presence of the new Cæsar, whose Brutus he had resolved to be. The occupations of the consul did not permit of this; and the Italian, having opened his purpose to Topineau, Lebrun, a painter, the adjutant-general Arena, Damerville, and others of kindred sentiments, arranged a plan by which Buonaparte was to have been surrounded and stabbed in the lobby of the opera-house. But one of the accomplices betrayed the conspiracy; and Ceracchi and his associates were

arrested in the theatre, at the moment when they were expecting their victim.

This occurred towards the middle of August; and it has been said that the jacobin conspirators, being thrown into the same prison with some desperadoes of the Chouan faction, gave to these last the outline of another scheme of assassination, which had more nearly proved successful. This was the plot of *the infernal machine*. A cart was prepared to contain a barrel of gunpowder, strongly fastened in the midst of a quantity of grape-shot, which, being set on fire by a slow match, was to explode at the moment when Buonaparte was passing through some narrow street, and scatter destruction in every direction around it. The night selected was that of the 10th of October, when the chief consul was expected to visit the opera, and the machine was planted in the Rue St. Nicaise, through which he must pass in his way thither from the Tuilleries. Napoleon told his friends at St. Helena, that having laboured hard all day, he felt himself overpowered with sleep after dinner, and that Josephine, who was anxious to be at the opera, had much difficulty in at last rousing and persuading him to go. "I fell fast asleep again," he said, "after I was in my carriage; and, at the moment when the explosion took place, I was dreaming of the danger I had undergone some years before in crossing the Tagliamento at midnight, by the light of torches, during a flood." He awoke, and exclaimed to Lannes and Bessieres, who were with him in the coach, "We are blown up." The attendants would have stopped the carriage, but, with great presence of mind, he bade them drive as fast as they could to the theatre, which he alone of all the party entered with an unruffled countenance. He had escaped most narrowly. The coachman, happening to be intoxicated, drove more rapidly

than was his custom.* The engine exploded half a minute after the carriage had passed it—killing twenty persons, wounding fifty-three (among whom was St. Regent, the assassin who fired the train), and shattering the windows of several houses on both sides of the street.

The audience in the opera-house, when the news was divulged, testified their feelings with enthusiasm. The atrocity of the conspiracy roused universal horror and indignation, and invested the person of the chief consul with a new species of interest. The assassins were tried fairly, and executed, glorying in their crime: and, in the momentary exaltation of all men's minds, an edict of the senate, condemning to perpetual exile 130 of the most notorious leaders of the *terrorists*, was received with applause. Napoleon himself, however, despised utterly the relics of that odious party; and the arbitrary decree in question was never put into execution.

The chief consul, nevertheless, was not slow to avail himself of the state of the public mind, in a manner more consistent with his prudence and far-sightedness. It was at this moment that the erection of a new tribunal, called *the Special Commission*, consisting of eight judges, without jury, and without revision or appeal, was proposed to the legislative bodies. To their honour the proposal was carried by very narrow majorities; for after that judicature was established, the chief consul had, in effect, the means of disposing of all who were suspected of political offences, according to his own pleasure. Another law, which soon succeeded, and which authorized the chief magistrate to banish disaffected persons, as "enemies of the state," from Paris or from France, whenever such steps should seem proper, without the intervention of any tribunal what-

* The man took the noise for that of a salute.

ever, completed (if it was yet incomplete) the despotic range of his power: and the police, managed as that fearful engine was by Fouche, presented him with the most perfect means of carrying his purposes into execution.

How far these disturbances in the French capital might have contributed to the indecision of the Austrian cabinet during this autumn, we know not. Five months had now elapsed since the armistice after Marengo; and the first consul, utterly disgusted with the delay, determined to resume arms, and to be first in the field. Between the 17th and 27th of November, his generals received orders to set all their troops once more in motion. Every where the French arms had splendid success. Brune defeated the Austrians on the Mincio, and advanced within a few miles of Venice. Macdonald occupied the mountains of the Tyrol, and was prepared to reinforce either the army of Italy or that of the Rhine, as might be desired. Moreau, finally, advanced into the heart of Germany, and was met by the archduke John of Austria, who obtained considerable advantages in an affair at Haag. The archduke, elated by this success, determined on a general engagement, and appeared in front of the French on the evening of the 2d December, at Hohenlinden, between the Inn and the Iser.* At seven, on the morning of the 3d, the conflict began. The deep snow had obliterated the tracks of roads;

* The poet Campbell has vividly painted the opening of the great battle which followed.

"On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly:

"But Linden saw another sight
When the drums beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery." &c.

several Austrian columns were bewildered; and either came not at all into their positions, or came too late. Yet the battle was obstinate and severe; 10,000 imperialists were left dead on the field: and Moreau, improving his success, marched on immediately, and occupied Saltzburg.

The Austrian capital now lay exposed to the march of three victorious armies; and the emperor was at last compelled to release himself from his English obligations, and negotiate in sincerity for a separate peace. Mr. Pitt himself considered the prosecution of the continental war as for the time hopeless. On reading the bulletin of Marengo, he said, "Fold up that map" (the map of Europe); "it will not be wanted for these twenty years."

A definitive treaty was signed at Luneville on the 9th February, 1801; by which the emperor, not only as head of the Austrian monarchy, but also in his quality of chief of the German empire, guaranteed to France the boundary of the Rhine; thereby sacrificing certain possessions of Prussia and other subordinate princes of the empire, as well as his own. Another article, extremely distasteful to Austria, yielded Tuscany; which Napoleon resolved to transfer to a prince of the house of Parma, in requital of the good offices of Spain during the war. The emperor recognised the union of the Batavian republic with the French;—and acknowledged the Cisalpine and Ligurian commonwealths; both virtually provinces of the great empire, over which the authority of the first consul seemed now to be permanently established.

CHAPTER XVI.

Affairs of Naples and of the Pope—The Emperor Paul of Russia—Northern Confederacy against England—Battle of Copenhagen—Nelson's Victory—Death of Paul—Expedition to Egypt under Sir Ralph Abercrombie—Battle of Alexandria—Conquest of Egypt—The Flotilla at Boulogne—Negotiations with England—Peace of Amiens.

England alone remained steadfast in her hostility; and, as we shall presently see, the chief consul was even able to secure for himself the alliance against her of some of the principal powers in Europe: but before we proceed to the eventful year of 1801, there are some incidents of a minor order which must be briefly mentioned.

It has been already said that the half-crazy emperor of Russia had taken up a violent personal admiration for Buonaparte, and, under the influence of that feeling, virtually abandoned Austria before the campaign of Marengo. Napoleon took every means to flatter the autocrat, and secure him in his interests. Paul had been pleased to appoint himself grand master of the ruined order of the knights of St. John. It was his not idle ambition to obtain, in this character, possession of the island of Malta; and Buonaparte represented the refusal of the English government to give up that strong hold as a personal insult to Paul. Some 10,000 Russian prisoners of war were not only sent back in safety, but new clothed and equipped at the expense of France; and the autocrat was led to contrast this favourably with some alleged neglect of these troops on the part of Austria, when arranging the treaty of Luneville. Lastly, the queen of Naples, sister to the German emperor, being satisfied that, after the battle of Marengo, nothing could save her husband's Ita-

lian dominions from falling back into the hands of France (out of which they had been rescued, during Napoleon's Egyptian campaign, by the English, under lord Nelson), took up the resolution of travelling in person to St. Petersburg in the heart of the winter, and soliciting the intercession of Paul. The czar, egregiously flattered with being invoked in this fashion, did not hesitate to apply in the queen's behalf to Buonaparte; and the chief consul, well calculating the gain and the loss, consented to spare Naples for the present, thereby completing the blind attachment of that weak-minded despot.

At the same time when Nelson delivered Naples from the French, a party of English seamen, under commodore Trowbridge, had landed at the mouth of the Tiber, marched to Rome, and restored the pope. The French army, after the great victory which gave them back Lombardy and Piedmont, doubted not that the re-establishment of "the Roman republic" would be one of its next consequences. But Buonaparte, who had in the interim re-opened the churches of France, was now disposed to consider the affairs of the pope with very different eyes. In a word, he had already resolved to make use of the holy father in the consolidation of his own power as a monarch; and, as the first step to this object, the government of the pope was now suffered to continue—not a little to the astonishment of the French soldiery, and to the confusion, it may be added, and regret of various powers of Europe.

The first consul, meanwhile, proceeded to turn the friendship of the Russian emperor to solid account. It has never, in truth, been difficult to excite angry and jealous feelings among the minor maritime powers, with regard to the naval sovereignty of England. The claim of the right of searching neutral ships, and her doctrine on the subject of blockades, had indeed been recognised in many treaties

by Russia, and by every maritime government in Europe. Nevertheless, the old grudge remained; and Buonaparte now artfully employed every engine of diplomacy to awaken a spirit of hostility against England, first in the well-prepared mind of the czar, and then in the cabinets of Prussia, Denmark, and Sweden. The result was, in effect, a coalition of these powers against the mistress of the seas; and, at the opening of the nineteenth century, England had to contemplate the necessity of encountering, single-handed, the colossal military force of France, and the combined fleets of Europe. To deepen the shadows of her prospects at that great crisis of her history, the people suffered severely under a scarcity of food, in consequence of bad harvests; and the efforts which England made, under such an accumulation of adverse circumstances, must ever be treasured among the proudest of her national recollections.

In January, 1801, the first imperial parliament of Great Britain and Ireland assembled; and, shortly afterward, in consequence of a difference of opinion, touching the Roman Catholic question, between George III. and Mr. Pitt, that great minister resigned his office, and a new cabinet was formed, with Mr. Addington (now viscount Sidmouth) at its head. These changes were a new source of embarrassment; yet the prosecution of the war was urged with undiminished vigour.

Early in March, admiral Sir Hyde Parker and vice-admiral lord Nelson conducted a fleet into the Baltic, with the view of attacking the northern powers in their own harbours, ere they could effect their meditated junction with the fleets of France and Holland. The English passed the Sound on the 12th of March, and reconnoitred the road of Copenhagen, where the crown-prince, regent of Denmark, had made formidable preparations to receive them. It was on the 2d of April that Nelson,

who had volunteered to lead the assault, having at length obtained a favourable wind, advanced with twelve ships of the line, besides frigates and fire-ships, upon the Danish armament, which consisted of six sail of the line, eleven floating batteries, and an enormous array of small craft, all chained to each other and to the ground, and protected by the crown-batteries, mounting eighty-eight guns, and the fortifications of the isle of Amack. The battle lasted for four hours, and ended in a signal victory. Some few schooners and bomb-vessels fled early, and escaped: the whole Danish fleet besides were sunk, burned, or taken. The prince-regent, to save the capital from destruction, was compelled to enter into a negotiation, which ended in the abandonment of the French alliance by Denmark. Lord Nelson then reconnoitred Stockholm; but, being unwilling to inflict unnecessary suffering, did not injure the city, on discovering that the Swedish fleet had already put to sea. Meantime, news arrived that Paul had been assassinated in his palace at St. Petersburg; and that the policy which he had adopted, to the displeasure of the Russian nobility, was likely to find no favour with his successor. The moving spirit of the northern confederacy was, in effect, no more, and a brief negotiation ended in its total disruptnre.*

In the same month of March, the British arms were crowned with a more pleasing triumph in a more distant region. From the time when Buonaparte landed in Egypt, the occupation of that country by a French army, and its possible consequences

* For the details of the battle of Copenhagen see Southey's Life of Nelson. That conflict has been celebrated, in a noble lyric, by Campbell—

"Of Nelson and the north
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown," &c.

to our empire in the east, had formed a subject of anxious solicitude in the cabinet of St. James's; and the means for attacking the army which Napoleon had intrusted to Kleber, had, at length, been combined and set in motion, in opposition to the sentiments both of the king and Mr. Pitt, by the bold spirit of lord Melville, then at the head of the Indian board of control. The fleet of lord Keith, carrying Sir Ralph Abercrombie and his army, were already in possession of Malta; another army of 7000, composed partly of English troops and partly of seapoys, had been despatched from India, and approached Egypt by way of the Red Sea; and, lastly, the Ottoman porte was prepared to co-operate with general Abercrombie, whenever he should effect a landing in the neighbourhood of Alexandria. That event occurred on the 13th of March; the British troops disembarking in the face of the French, who were very strongly posted, and, at length, driving them from the shore. On the 21st, a general engagement took place in front of Alexandria; and Sir Ralph Abercrombie fell, mortally wounded, in the moment of victory. General Hutchinson (now earl of Donoughmore), on whom the command devolved, pursued the advantage. Kleber, who by his excellent administration had earned the title of the *Just Sultan*, had been assassinated by an obscure fanatic on the same day when Dessaix died gloriously at Marengo; and Menou, who succeeded to the command of the French army in Egypt, was found wholly incapable of conducting either the civil or the military business of the colony to advantage. He shut himself up in Alexandria with the relics of the army defeated on the 21st. The English, forthwith, let the sea into the lake Mareotis: the capital was thus made an island, and all communication with the country cut off. Hutchinson was now joined by the Turkish capitan-pacha and 6000 men; and intelligence reached him that the

Indian reinforcement under general Baird, had landed at Cossire. Rosetta was soon captured; and, after various skirmishes, Cairo was invested. On the 28th of June, general Belliard and a garrison of 13,000 surrendered, on condition that they should be transported in safety to France: and Menou, perceiving that defence was hopeless, and famine at hand, followed, ere long, the same example. Thus, in one brief campaign, was Egypt entirely rescued from the arms of France. But even that great advantage was a trifle, when compared with the stimulus afforded to national confidence at home, by this timely re-assertion of the character of the English army. At sea we had never feared an enemy; but the victories of Abercrombie destroyed a fatal prejudice which had, of recent days, gained ground,—that the military of Great Britain were unfit to cope with those of revolutionary France. Nor should it be forgotten, that if Abercrombie had the glory of first leading English soldiers to victory over the self-styled *invincibles* of Buonaparte, he owed the means of his success to the admirable exertions of the duke of York, in reforming the discipline of the service as commander-in-chief.

On learning the fate of Egypt, Buonaparte exclaimed, "Well, there remains only the descent on Britain;" and in the course of a few weeks, not less than 100,000 troops were assembled on the coasts of France. An immense flotilla of flat-bottomed boats was prepared to carry them across the channel, whenever, by any favourable accident, it should be clear of the English fleets; and both the soldiery and the seamen of the invading armament were trained and practised incessantly, in every exercise and manœuvre likely to be of avail when that long-looked-for day should arrive. These preparations were met as might have been expected, on the part of the English government and nation. Lord Nelson was placed in command of the channel fleet; and

the regular army was reinforced on shore by a multitude of new and enthusiastic volunteers; men of all parties and ranks joining heart and hand in the great and sacred cause. Lord Nelson more than once reconnoitred the flotilla assembled at Boulogne, and at length attempted the daring movement of cutting out the vessels, in the teeth of all the batteries. The French boats being chained to the shore, crowded with soldiery, and placed immediately under the fortifications, the attempt was unsuccessful; but the gallantry with which it was conducted struck new terror into the hearts of the French marine, and Nelson, continuing to watch the channel with unsleeping vigilance, the hopes of the first consul, ere long, sunk.

The successes of the English in the Baltic and in Egypt were well calculated to dispose Napoleon for negotiation; and the retirement of Mr. Pitt, who was considered throughout Europe as the author and very soul of the anti-revolutionary war, was not without its influence. On the other hand, Napoleon's mighty successes against the German emperor had been followed up this same year by the march of a French and Spanish army into Portugal, in consequence of which that last ally of England had been compelled to submit to the general fate of the continent. On both sides there existed the strongest motives for accommodation; and, in effect, after a tedious negotiation, the preliminaries of peace were signed, on the 10th of October, at Amiens. By this treaty, England surrendered all the conquests which she had made during the war, except Ceylon and Trinidad. France, on the other hand, restored what she had taken from Portugal, and guaranteed the independence of the Ionian islands. Malta was to be restored to the Knights of St. John, and declared a free port: neither England nor France was to have any representatives in the order; and the garrison was to consist of the troops

of a neutral power. This article was that which cost the greatest difficulty—and Malta was destined to form the pretext, at least, for the re-opening of the war at no distant date.

Meantime, except by a small party, who thought that England should never make peace unless the Bourbon family were restored to the throne of France, this news was received with universal satisfaction throughout Great Britain. "It was," as Mr. Sheridan summed up the matter, "a peace which all men were glad of, and of which no man could be proud." The definitive treaty was signed on the 25th of March, 1802; and nothing could surpass the demonstrations of joy on this occasion, both in London and in Paris, or the enthusiastic display of good-will with which the populace of either capital welcomed the plenipotentiaries.

CHAPTER XVII.

Peace of Amiens—The Concordat—The Legion of Honour—Buonaparte President of the Cisalpine Republic—First Consul for Life—Grand Mediator of the Helvetic Confederacy—St. Domingo—Toussaint L'Ouverture—Dissatisfaction of England—Trial of Peltier—Lord Whitworth—Rupture of the Peace of Amiens—Detention of English Travellers in France.

THE peace of Amiens, like that of Campo-Formio, turned out a mere armistice. It was signed in the midst of mutual suspicion; and the audacious ambition of the French government, from the very day of its ratification, accumulated the elements of an inevitable rupture. The continent, however, had been virtually shut against the English for ten years; and now, in the first eagerness of curiosity, travellers of all ranks, ages, and sexes poured across the channel, to contemplate, with their own eyes, the

scenes and effects of the many wonderful deeds and changes which had been wrought since the outbreaking of the French revolution. The chief object of curiosity was Napoleon himself; and English statesmen, of the highest class, were among those who now thronged the levees of the Tuilleries. Mr. Fox, in particular, seems to have been courted and caressed by the chief consul; and these two great men parted with feelings of mutual admiration. Our countrymen, in general, were received in Paris with extraordinary attentions and civilities; and, for a brief space, the establishment of friendly feelings between the two nations was confidently expected.

The English were agreeably disappointed with the condition of Paris. To their great surprise they found the consular court already arranged, in many particulars, upon the old model of the monarchy, and daily approximating to that example, step by step. Josephine had restored, titles alone excepted, the old language of polite intercourse: *Citoyenne* had been replaced by *Madame;* and *Citoyen* was preparing to make way for *Monsieur*. The emigrant nobility had flocked back in great numbers; and Buonaparte, dispensing with the awkward services of his aids-de-camp in the interior of the palace, was now attended by chamberlains and other officers of state—chosen, for the most part, from the highest families of the monarchy, and who studiously conducted themselves towards the chief consul exactly as if the crown of Louis XVI. had descended to him by the ordinary laws of inheritance. Napoleon himself, if we may believe Madame de Staël, had the weakness to affect, in many trivial matters, a close imitation of what his new attendants reported to have been the personal demeanour of the Bourbon princes. His behaviour, as the holder of a court, was never graceful. He could not, or would not, control the natural vehemence of his

temper, and ever and anon confounded the old race of courtiers, by ebullitions which were better suited to the camp than the saloons of the Tuileries. But whenever he thought fit to converse with a man capable of understanding him, the consul failed not to create a very lively feeling in his own favour; and, meantime, Josephine was admirably adapted to supply his deficiencies in the management of circles and festivals.

The labour which Napoleon underwent at this period, when he was consolidating the administration throughout France (in every department of which intolerable confusion had arisen during the wars and tumults of the preceding years), excited the astonishment of all who had access to his privacy. He exhausted the energies of secretary after secretary; seemed hardly to feel the want of sleep; and yet sustained the unparalleled fatigue without having recourse to any stimulus stronger than lemonade. Of the many great measures adopted and perfected during this short-lived peace we may notice in particular the following:—

A decree of the senate, dated 26th of April, 1802, allowed all emigrants to return to France, provided they chose to do so within a certain space of time, and to pledge allegiance to the consular government; and offered to restore to such persons whatever property of theirs, having been confiscated during the revolution, still remained at the disposal of the state. From this amnesty about 500 persons, however, were excepted; these were arranged under five heads, viz. those who had headed bodies of royalist insurgents; who had served in the armies of the allies; who had belonged to the household of the Bourbons during their exile; who had been agents in stirring up foreign or domestic war; and lastly, generals, admirals, representatives of the people, who had been banished for treason to the republic, together with bishops who were obstinate in refusing

to accept of the conditions on which the exercise of ecclesiastical functions had been sanctioned by the consuls. The event, in a great measure, justified the prudence of this merciful edict. The far greater part of the emigrants returned, and became peaceful subjects of Napoleon—even although the restoration of forfeited property never took place to any thing like the promised extent. Napoleon, having yielded back a few princely estates to their rightful lords, was, it is said, made aware, by sufficiently significant behaviour on their parts, that they had now obtained all they wished, and would not in future trouble themselves to merit his favour. A few instances of haughty ingratitude may, very probably, have occurred; but the consul, in breaking his word with the despoiled emigrants as a body, was preparing for himself dangers greater than those he removed by permitting their return to France.

A still more important measure was that by which the Romish religion was finally re-established as the national faith. The sparing of the papal dominion after Marengo, and the re-opening of the churches in France, were the preliminaries of the peace which was, at length, signed on the 18th of September, 1802, between the pope and the revolutionary government. This famous *concordat* was the work of Napoleon himself, who seems to have met with more opposition, whenever he touched the matter of religion, than the men of the revolution, with whom he consulted, thought fit to exhibit on any other occasions whatever. The question was argued one evening, at great length, on the terrace of the garden at Buonaparte's favourite villa of Malmaison. The chief consul avowed himself to be no believer in Christianity; "But religion," said he, "is a principle which cannot be eradicated from the heart of man." "Who made all that?" said Napoleon, looking up to the heaven, which was clear and starry. "But last Sunday evening," he continued, "I was walking

here alone when the church bells of the village of Ruel rung at sunset. I was strongly moved, so vividly did the image of early days come back with that sound. If it be thus with me, what must it be with others?—In re-establishing the church," he added, "I consult the wishes of the great majority of my people."

Volney, the celebrated traveller, was present. "You speak of the majority of the people," said he; "if that is to be the rule, recall the Bourbons to-morrow." Napoleon never conversed with this bold infidel afterward.

The *concordat* gave no satisfaction to the high Catholic party, who considered it as comprehending arrangements wholly unworthy of the dignity of the pope, and the destruction of the authority of the church. The great majority of the nation, however, were wise enough to be contented with conditions which the Vatican had been pleased to admit. The chief articles were these: I. The Roman Catholic religion is recognised as the national faith. II. The pope, in concert with the French government, shall make a new division of diocesses, requiring, if necessary, the resignation of any existing prelate. III. Vacant sees now and henceforth shall be filled by the pope *on nominations by the government.* IV. No bishops shall hold their sees unless they swear allegiance to the government, and adopt a ritual in which prayers are offered up for the consuls. V. The church livings shall be, like the diocesses, rearranged; and the cures be appointed by the bishop, but not without the approbation of the government VI. The French government shall make provision for the prelates and clergy, and the pope renounces for ever all right to challenge the distribution of church property consequent on the events of the revolutionary period.

The pope, in acceding to these terms, submitted to "the exigence of the times, which," said his holi-

ness in the deed itself, "lays its violence even upon us." The most bitter point of execution was that which regarded the bishops—the great majority of whom were yet in exile. These prelates were summoned to send in, each separately, and within fifteen days, his acceptance of the terms of the concordat, or his resignation of his see. Thus taken by surprise, having no means of consultation, and considering the concordat as fatal to the rights of the church, and the pope's assent as extorted by mere necessity, almost all of them, to their honour be it said, declined complying with either of these demands. That these bishops should prefer poverty and exile to submission, was not likely to increase the popularity of the concordat with the more devout part of the nation. Meantime, the self-called philosophers looked on with scorn; and the republicans, of every sect, regarded with anger and indignation a course of policy which, as they justly apprehended, provided for the re-establishment of the church, solely because that was considered as the likeliest means of re-establishing the monarchy—in a new dynasty indeed, but with all, or more than all, the old powers.

In moments of spleen, Napoleon is said to have occasionally expressed his regret that he should ever have had recourse to this concordat: but at St. Helena, when looking back calmly, he said that it was so needful a measure that had there been no pope, one ought to have been created for the occasion.

The name of the first consul was now introduced into the church service at least as often as that of the king had used to be. The cathedral of Notre Dame was prepared for the solemn reception of the concordat. Napoleon appeared there with the state and retinue of a monarch; and in every part of the ceremonial the ancient rules were studiously attended to. The prelate who presided was the same

archbishop of Aix who had preached the coronation sermon of Louis XVI.

It was not easy, however, to procure the attendance of some of the revolutionary generals of the true republican race. Berthier had invited a large party of them long beforehand to breakfast: he carried them from thence to the levee of the chief consul, and they found it impossible not to join in the procession. Buonaparte asked one of these persons, after the ceremony was over, what he thought of it? "It was a true *Capucinade*," was the answer. To another of these, whom he thought less sincere, he said, with a smile, "Things, you see, are returning to the old order." "Yes," the veteran replied, "all returns—all but the two millions of Frenchmen who have died for the sake of destroying the very system which you are now rebuilding." These officers are said to have paid dearly for their uncourtly language. Moreau was not to be tampered with by Berthier. The chief consul personally invited him to be present at the *Te Deum* in Notre Dame, to attend afterward at the consecration of some colours, and, lastly, to dine at the Tuilleries. Moreau answered, "I accept the last part of your invitation."

A third great measure, adopted about the same period, was received with unqualified applause. This was the establishment of a national system of education, the necessity of which had been much felt, since the old universities and schools under the management of the clergy had been broken up amid the first violence of the revolution. The Polytechnic School, established under the direction of Monge, dates from this epoch; and furnished France, in the sequel, with a long train of eminent men for every department of the public service.

It was now also that the chief consul commenced the great task of providing France with a uniform code of laws. He himself took constantly an

earnest share in the deliberations of the jurists, who were employed in this gigantic undertaking; and astonished them by the admirable observations which his native sagacity suggested, in relation to matters commonly considered as wholly out of the reach of unprofessional persons. But of the new code we shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

Buonaparte at this period devised, and began to put into execution, innumerable public works, of the highest utility. The inland navigation of Languedoc was to be made complete: a great canal between the Yonne and the Saonne was begun, for the purpose of creating a perfect water communication quite across the republican dominion—from Marseilles to Amsterdam. Numberless bridges, roads, museums, were planned; and the vain were flattered with rising monuments of magnificence, while the wise recognised in every such display the depth and forecast of a genius made for empire.

Thus far the measures of the consulate may be said to have carried with them the approbation of all but a few individuals. They were accompanied or followed by proceedings, some of which roused, or strengthened and confirmed, sentiments of a very different description among various important classes of the French community; while others were well calculated to revive the suspicion of all the neighbouring nations.

It is said that the first idea of the legion of honour arose in the breast of Napoleon on witnessing one day, from a window at the Tuilleries, the admiration with which the crowd before the palace regarded the stars and crosses worn by the marquis Lucchesini, ambassador of Prussia, as he descended from his carriage. The republican members of the senate could not be persuaded that the institution of an order, with insignia, was any thing but the first step to the creation of a new body of nobility; and they resisted the proposed measure with considerable

pertinacity. On this head, as on that of the concordat with the pope, the chief consul condescended to enter personally into discussion with the chief persons who differed from his opinion, or suspected his intentions: and if any, who heard his language on this occasion, doubted that both nobility and monarchy were designed to follow hard behind the legion of honour, they must have been singularly slow of understanding. *Berthier* had called ribbons and crosses "the playthings of monarchy," and cited the Romans of old as "having no system of honorary rewards." "They are always talking to us of the Romans," said Buonaparte. "The Romans had patricians, knights, citizens, and slaves:—for each class different dresses and different manners—honorary recompenses for every species of merit—mural crowns—civic crowns—ovations—triumphs—titles. When the noble band of patricians lost its influence, Rome fell to pieces—the people were vile rabble. It was then that you saw the fury of Marius, the proscriptions of Sylla, and afterward of the emperors. In like manner, Brutus is talked of as the enemy of tyrants: he was an aristocrat, who stabbed Cæsar, because Cæsar wished to lower the authority of the noble senate. You talk of *child's rattles*—be it so: it is with such rattles that men are led. I would not say that to the multitude; but in a council of statesmen one may speak the truth. I do not believe that the French people love *liberty* and *equality*. Their character has not been changed in ten years: they are still what their ancestors, the Gauls, were, vain and light. They are susceptible but of one sentiment—*honour*. It is right to afford nourishment to this sentiment, and to allow of distinctions. Observe how the people bow before the decorations of foreigners. Voltaire calls the common soldiers *Alexanders at five sous a day*. He was right: it is just so. Do you imagine that you can make men fight by reasoning? Never. You must

bribe them with glory, distinctions, rewards. To come to the point; during ten years there has been a talk of institutions. Where are they? All has been overturned: our business is to build up. There is a government with certain powers: as to all the rest of the nation, what is it but grains of sand? Before the republic can be definitely established, we must, as a foundation, cast some blocks of granite on the soil of France. In fine, it is agreed that we have need of some kind of institutions. If this legion of honour is not approved, let some other be suggested. I do not pretend that it alone will save the state; but it will do its part." Such were the words of Napoleon when the scheme was in preparation. Many years afterward, in his exile at St. Helena, he thus spoke of his order. "It was the reversion of every one who was an honour to his country, stood at the head of his profession, and contributed to the national prosperity and glory. Some were dissatisfied because the decoration was alike for officers and soldiers; others because it was given to civil and military merit indiscriminately. But if ever it cease to be the recompense of the brave private, or be confined to soldiers alone, it will cease to be the legion of honour."

On the 15th of May, 1802, the legion of honour was formally instituted, and crosses widely distributed among the soldiery, and among citizens of almost all professions.

The personal authority of the future emperor, meantime, was daily widening and strengthening. After the consulate was established in France, some corresponding change in the government of the Cisalpine republic was judged necessary, and Napoleon took care that it should be so conducted as to give himself not only permanent, but wholly independent, power beyond the Alps. A convention of 450 Italian deputies was summoned to meet at *Lyons;* and there Talleyrand was ready to dictate the terms of

a new constitution, by which the executive functions were to be lodged in a president and vice-president, the legislative in a council chosen from three electoral colleges. It was next proposed that Buonaparte should be invited to take on him the office of president—Buonaparte, it was studiously explained, not as chief consul of France, but in his own individual capacity. He repaired to Lyons in person, and having harangued the convention in the Italian tongue, assumed the dignity thus conferred on him on the 2d of January, 1802.

The next step was to prolong the period of his French consulate. Chabot de L'Allier, his creature, moved in the tribunate that the conservative senate should be requested to mark the national feelings of gratitude by conferring some new honour on Napoleon. The senate proposed accordingly that he should be declared consul for a second period of ten years, to commence on the expiration of his present magistracy. He thanked them; but said he could not accept of any such prolongation of his power except from the suffrages of the people. To the people the matter was to be referred; but the second and third consuls, in preparing the edict of the senate for public inspection and ratification, were instructed by their master-colleague to introduce an important change in its terms. The question which they sent down was, "Shall Buonaparte be chief consul for life?" No mention was made of *ten years*. Books were opened as on a former occasion: the officers of government in the departments well knew in what method to conduct the business, and the voice of the nation was declared to be in favour of the decree. Some few hundreds of sturdy republicans alone recorded their opposition; and Carnot, who headed them, said he well knew he was signing his own sentence of exile. But Napoleon was strong enough to dispense with any such severities. Carnot remained in safety, but out of office, until,

many years afterward, his services were tendered and accepted on the entrance of foreign invaders into France. Buonaparte was proclaimed consul for life on the 15th of May.

Shortly afterward, in the committee occupied with the code, Napoleon entered upon a long disquisition in favour of the Roman law of adoption; urging, with intrepid logic, that an heir so chosen ought to be even dearer than a son. The object of this harangue was not difficult of detection. Napoleon had no longer any hope of having children by Josephine; and meditated the adoption of one of his brother's sons as his heir. In the course of the autumn a simple edict of the conservative senate authorized him to appoint his successor in the consulate by a testamentary deed. By this act (Aug. 2, 1702) a new dynasty was called to the throne of France. The farce of opening books in the departments was dispensed with. Henceforth the words "*Liberty, Equality, Sovereignty of the People,*" disappeared from the state papers and official documents of the government—nor did the change attract much notice. The nation had a master, and sat by, indifferent spectators; while he, under whose sway life and property were considered safe, disposed of political rights and privileges according to his pleasure.*

* See Wordsworth's verses, "written at Calais, the 15th Aug. 1802," in which the indifference of the people is contrasted with their enthusiasm in the early days of the revolution.

"Festivals have I seen that were not names:—
This is young Buonaparte's natal day;
And his is henceforth an establish'd sway,
Consul for life. With worship France proclaims
Her approbation, and with pomps and games.
Heaven grant that other cities may be gay!
Calais is not: and I have bent my way
To the seacoast, noting that each man frames
His business as he likes. Another time
That was, when I was here long years ago:
The senselessness of joy was then sublime!" &c.

This year was distinguished by events of another order, and not likely to be contemplated with indifferenoe by the powers of Europe. After the peace of Amiens was ratified, certain treaties, which the chief consul had concluded with Turkey, Spain, and Portugal, and hitherto kept profoundly secret, were made known. The porte, it now appeared, had yielded to France all the privileges of commerce which that government had ever conceded to the most favoured nations. Spain had agreed that Parma, after the death of the reigning prince, should be added to the dominions of France: and Portugal had actually ceded her province in Guyana. In every quarter of the world the grasping ambition of Buonaparte seemed to have found some prey.

Nearer him, in the mean time, he had been preparing to strike a blow at the independence of Switzerland, and virtually unite that country also to his empire. The contracting parties in the treaty of Luneville had *guaranteed* the independence of the Helvetic republic, and the unquestionable right of the Swiss to model their government in what form they pleased. There were two parties there as elsewhere—one who desired the full re-establishment of the old federative constitution—another who preferred the model of the French republic "one and indivisible." To the former party the small mountain cantons adhered—the wealthier and aristocratic cantons to the latter. Their disputes at last swelled into civil war—and the party who preferred the old constitution, being headed by the gallant Aloys Reding, were generally successful. Napoleon, who had fomented their quarrel, now, unasked and unexpected, assumed to himself the character of arbiter between the contending parties. He addressed a letter to the eighteen cantons, in which these words occur:—"Your history shows that your intestine wars cannot be terminated, except through the intervention of France. I had, it is

true, resolved not to intermeddle in your affairs—but I cannot remain insensible to the distress of which I see you the prey:—I recall my resolution of neutrality—I *consent* to be the mediator in your differences." Rapp, adjutant-general, was the bearer of this insolent manifesto. To cut short all discussion, Ney entered Switzerland at the head of 40,000 troops. Resistance was hopeless. Aloys Reding dismissed his brave followers, was arrested, and imprisoned in the castle of Aarburg. The government was arranged according to the good pleasure of Napoleon, who henceforth added to his other titles that of "grand mediator of the Helvetic republic." Switzerland was, in effect, degraded into a province of France; and became bound to maintain an army of 16,000 men, who were to be at the disposal, whenever it should please him to require their aid, of the grand mediator. England sent an envoy to remonstrate against this signal and unprovoked rapacity: but the other powers suffered it to pass without any formal opposition. The sufferings, however, of Aloys Reding and his brave associates, and this audacious crushing-down of the old spirit of Swiss freedom and independence, were heard of throughout all Europe with deep indignation.

Feelings of the same kind were nourished every where by the results of an expedition which Buonaparte sent before the close of 1801 to St. Domingo, for the purpose of reconquering that island to France. The black and coloured population had risen, at the revolutionary period, upon their white masters, and after scenes of terrible slaughter and devastation, emancipated themselves. The chief authority was, by degrees, vested in Toussaint L'Ouverture, a negro, who, during the war, displayed the ferocity of a barbarian, but after its conclusion, won the applause and admiration of all men by the wisdom and humanity of his administration. Conscious

that, whenever peace should be restored in Europe, France would make efforts to recover her richest colony, Toussaint adopted measures likely to conciliate the exiled planters and the government of the mother country. A constitution on the consular model was established, Toussaint being its Buonaparte: the supremacy of France was to be acknowledged to a certain extent; and the white proprietors were to receive half the produce of the lands of which the insurgents had taken possession. But Napoleon heard of all these arrangements with displeasure and contempt. He fitted out a numerous fleet, carrying an army full 20,000 strong, under the orders of general Leclerc, the husband of his own favourite sister Pauline. It has often been said, and without contradiction, that the soldiers sent on this errand were chiefly from the army of the Rhine, whose good-will to the consul was to be doubted. Leclerc summoned Toussaint (Jan. 2, 1802) to surrender, in a letter which conveyed expressions of much personal respect from Buonaparte. The negro chief, justly apprehending insincerity, stood out, and defended himself gallantly for a brief space; but strong hold after strong hold yielded to numbers and discipline; and at length he too submitted, on condition that he should be permitted to retire in safety to his plantation. Some obscure rumours of insurrection were soon made the pretext for arresting him; and he, being put on board ship, and sent to France, was shut up in a dungeon, where either the midnight cord or dagger, or the wasting influence of confinement and hopeless misery, ere long put an end to his life. His mysterious fate, both before and after its consummation, excited great interest.* The atrocious cruelty of the French sol-

* Witness, among other evidences, the noble sonnet of Wordsworth--

"Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men!
Whether the all-cheering sun be free to shed

diery, in their subjugation of St. Domingo, equalled (it could not have surpassed) that of the barbarous negroes whom they opposed; but was heard of with disgust and horror, such as no excesses of mere savages could have excited. As if Heaven had been moved by these bloody deeds of vengeance, disease broke out in the camp: thousands, and among them Leclerc himself, died. For the time, however, the French armament triumphed—and, in the exultation of victory, the government at home had the extreme and seemingly purposeless ungenerosity, to publish an edict banishing all of the negro race from their European dominions.* But the yellow fever was rapidly consuming the French army in St. Domingo; and the island, again filled with irreconcilable feuds, remained ready to fall into other keeping, as it eventually did into the hand of England, on the recommencement of the war in 1803.

His beams around thee, or thou rest thy head
Pillowed in some dark dungeon's noisome den—
O, miserable chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience?—Yet die not; do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live and take comfort. Thou has left behind
Powers that will work for thee; Air, Earth, and Skies;
There's not a breathing of the common Wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are Exultations, Agonies,
And Love, and man's unconquerable Mind."

See Wordsworth's sonnet, "22d Sept. 1802."

"We had a fellow-passenger, who came
From Calais with us, gaudy in array,—
A negro woman like a lady gay,
Yet silent as a woman fearing blame;
Dejected, meek, yet pitiably tame,
She sat, from notice turning not away,
But on our proffered kindness still did lay
A weight of languid speech, or at the same
Was silent, motionless in eyes and face.
She was a negro woman driven from France—
Rejected, like all others of that race,
Not one of whom may now find footing there;
Thus the poor outcast did to us declare,
Nor murmured at the unfeeling ordinance."

The course of Napoleon's conduct, in and out of Europe, was calculated to fill all independent neighbours with new or aggravated suspicion; and in England, where public opinion possesses the largest means of making itself heard, and consequently the greatest power, the prevalence of such feelings became, from day to day, more marked. The British envoy's reclamation against the oppression of Switzerland, was but one of many drops, which were soon to cause the cup of bitterness to overflow. As in most quarrels, there was something both of right and of wrong on either side. When the English government remonstrated against any of those daring invasions of the rights of independent nations, or crafty enlargements, by diplomatic means, of the power of France, by which this period of peace was distinguished, the chief consul could always reply, that the cabinet of St. James's, on their part, had not yet fulfilled one article of the treaty of Amiens, by placing Malta in the keeping of some power which had been neutral in the preceding war. The rejoinder was obvious: to wit, that Napoleon was every day taking measures wholly inconsistent with that balance of power which the treaty of Amiens contemplated. It is not to be denied that he, in his audaciously ambitious movements, had contrived to keep within the strict terms of the treaty; and it can as little be disputed that the English cabinet had *equity* with them, although they violated the letter of the law, in their retention of the inheritance of the knights of St. John.

The feelings of the rival nations, however, were soon kindled into rage: and, on either side of the channel, the language of the public prints assumed a complexion of even more bitter violence than had been observable during the war. The English journalists resorted to foul, and often false, and even absurd, personal criminations of the chief consul of

France: and the Parisian newspapers replied in language equally indefensible on the score of truth and decency, but with this most essential difference, that whereas the press of England was free, that of France, being entirely under the control of Fouché and the police, could not, as all men knew, put forth any such calumnies otherwise than with the consent of the consular government. When Napoleon complained to the English ministers, their answer was obvious; "Our courts of law are open—we are ourselves accustomed to be abused as you are, and in them we, like you, have our only recourse." The paragraphs in the Moniteur, on the other hand, were, it was impossible to deny, virtually so many manifestos of the Tuileries.

Of all the popular engines which moved the spleen of Napoleon, the most offensive was a newspaper ("L'Ambigu") published in the French language, in London, by one Peltier, a royalist emigrant; and, in spite of all the advice which could be offered, he at length condescended to prosecute the author in the English courts of law. M. Peltier had the good fortune to retain, as his counsel, Mr. Mackintosh,* an advocate of most brilliant talents, and, moreover, especially distinguished for his support of the original principles of the French revolution. On the trial which ensued, this orator, in defence of his client, delivered a philippic against the personal character and ambitious measures of Napoleon, immeasurably more calculated to injure the chief consul in public opinion throughout Europe, than all the efforts of a thousand newspapers; and, though the jury found Peltier guilty of libel, the result was, on the whole, a signal triumph to the party of whom he had been the organ.

This was a most imprudent, as well as undignified proceeding; but ere the defendant, Peltier, could be

* Now Sir James.

called up for judgment, the doubtful relations of the chief consul and the cabinet of St. James's were to assume a different appearance. The truce of Amiens already approached its close. Buonaparte had, perhaps, some right to complain of the unbridled abuse of the British press; but the British government had a far more serious cause of reclamation against him. Under pretence of establishing French consuls for the protection of commerce, he sent persons, chiefly of the military profession, who carried orders to make exact plans of all the harbours and coasts of the United Kingdom. These gentlemen endeavoured to execute their commission with all possible privacy; but the discovery of their occupation was soon made; they were sent back to France without ceremony; and this trea cherous measure of their government was openly denounced as a violation of every rule of international law, and a plain symptom of warlike preparation.

Ere hostilities were renewed, Buonaparte em ployed M. Meyer, president of the regency of Warsaw, to open a negotiation with the head of the house of Bourbon then resident in Poland. He proposed that Louis should execute a formal deed, resigning for himself and his family all pretensions to the throne of France, and offered in return to put the Bourbon princes in possession of independent dominions in Italy. The heir of the French kings answered in language worthy of his birth. "I do not confound Monsieur Buonaparte," said he, "with those who have preceded him. I esteem his bravery and military genius: I owe him good-will for many of the acts of his government—for benefits done to my people I will always consider as done to me. But he is mistaken if he supposes that my rights can ever be made the subject of bargain and compromise. Could they have been called in question, this very application would have established them. What the designs of God may be for me and my

house I know not; but of the duties imposed on me by the rank in which it was His pleasure I should be born, I am not wholly ignorant. As a Christian, I will perform those duties while life remains. As a descendant of St. Louis, I will know how to respect myself, were I in fetters. As the successor of Francis the First, I will, at least, say with him—'all is lost except honour.'"

Such is the account of the Bourbon princes. Buonaparte utterly denied having given any authority for such a negotiation; and added, that in doing so he must have played the part of a madman, since any application to Louis must have been an admission that his own authority in France was imperfect in title. It is obvious that the consul would have acted most imprudently in avowing such an attempt —after it had proved unsuccessful; but the veracity of the exiled king lies under no suspicion; nor is it easy to believe that Meyer would have dared to open such a negotiation without sufficient authority from Napoleon. Hitherto he had betrayed no symptom of personal malevolence towards the house of Bourbon—but henceforth the autocrat, insulted as he thought in the style of "*Monsieur* Buonaparte," appears to have meditated some signal act of revenge.

He resented the refusal of Louis the more because he doubted not that that prince well understood how little the great powers of Europe were disposed to regard, with favourable eyes, the establishment of the Buonapartes as a new dynasty in France. He suspected, in a word, that his recent disputes with the cabinet of St. James, had inspired new hopes into the breasts of the exiled family.

It was at this period that Napoleon published, in the Moniteur, a long memorial, drawn up by general Sebastiani, who had just returned from a mission to the Levant, abounding in statements, and clothed in language, such as could have had no other object

but to inflame the government of England to extremity. Sebastiani detailed the incidents of his journey at great length, representing himself as having been every where received with honour, and even with enthusiasm, as the envoy of Napoleon. Such, he said, were the dispositions of the Mussulmans, that 6,000 French would now suffice to restore Egypt to the republic; and it was in vain that *general Stuart*, who represented the English king in that country, had endeavoured to excite the Turkish government to assassinate him, Sebastiani. Lastly, the report asserted, that the Ionian islands would, on the first favourable occasion, declare themselves French.

The English government reclaimed against this publication, as at once a confession of the dangerous ambition of Buonaparte, and a studied insult to them, whose representative's character and honour one of its chief statements must have been designed to destroy, at a wilful sacrifice of truth. The French minister replied, that the chief consul had as much right to complain of the recent publication of Sir Robert Wilson's Narrative of the English Expedition to Egypt, which contained statements in the highest degree injurious to his character and honour;* and had, nevertheless, been dedicated by permission to the duke of York. The obvious answer, namely, that Sir Robert Wilson's book was the work of a private individual, and published solely on his own responsibility, whereas Sebastiani's was a public document, set forth by an official organ, was treated as a wanton and insolent evasion. Meanwhile, the language of the press on either side became from day to day more virulently offensive; and various members of the British parliament, of opposite parties, and of the highest eminence, did not hesitate

* It was by this book that the two dark stories of Jaffa were first promulgated through Europe: and it is proper to add, that Sir R. Wilson publicly presented a copy to George III. at his levee.

to rival the newspapers in their broad denunciations of the restless and insatiable ambition of the chief consul.—"Buonaparte," said Mr. Wyndham, "is the Hannibal who has sworn to devote his life to the destruction of England. War cannot be far off, and I believe it would be much safer to anticipate the blow than to expect it. I would advise ministers to appeal to the high-minded and proud of heart—whether they succeed or not, we shall not then go down like the *Augustuli*." "The destruction of this country," said Mr. Sheridan, "is the first vision that breaks on the French consul through the gleam of the morning; this is his last prayer at night, to whatever deity he may address it, whether to Jupiter or to Mahomet, to the goddess of battles or the goddess of reason. Look at the map of Europe, from which France was said to be expunged, and now see nothing but France. If the ambition of Buonaparte be immeasurable, there are abundant reasons why it should be progressive."

Stung to the quick by these continual invectives, Napoleon so far descended from his dignity as to make them the subject of personal complaint and reproach to the English ambassador. He obtruded himself on the department of Talleyrand, and attempted to shake the resolution of the ambassador, lord Whitworth, by a display of rude violence, such as had, indeed, succeeded with the Austrian envoy at Campo-Formio, but which produced no effect whatever in the case of this calm and high-spirited nobleman. The first of their conferences took place in February; when the consul harangued lord Whitworth for nearly two hours, hardly permitting him to interpose a word on the other side of the question. "Every gale that blows from England is burdened with enmity," said he, "your government countenances Georges, Pichegru, and other infamous men, who have sworn to assassinate me. Your journals slander me, and the redress I am

offered is but adding mockery to insult. I could make myself master of Egypt to-morrow, if pleased. *Egypt, indeed, must, sooner or later, belong to France;* but I have no wish to go to war for such a trivial object. What could I gain by war? Invasion would be my only means of annoying you and invasion you shall have, if war be forced on me—but I confess the chances would be a hundred to one against me in such an attempt. In ten years I could not hope to have a fleet able to dispute the seas with you; but, on the other hand, the army of France could be recruited in a few weeks to 480,000 men. United, we might govern the world;—why can we not understand each other?" Lord Whitworth could not but observe the meaning of these hints, and answered, as became him, that the king of England had no wish but to preserve his own rights, and scorned the thought of becoming a partner with France in a general scheme of spoliation and oppression. They parted with cold civility, and negotiations were resumed in the usual manner; but England stood firm in the refusal to give up Malta—at least for ten years to come. The aggressions of Napoleon had wholly changed the arrangement of territory and power contemplated when the treaty of Amiens was drawn up; what security could there be for the retention of Malta by Naples, or any such minor power, if Buonaparte wished to have it? To surrender it would in fact be to yield an impregnable harbour and citadel in the heart of the Levant, to a government which had gone on trampling down the independence of state after state in the west. Meantime, the English government openly announced, in parliament, that the position of affairs seemed to be full of alarm—that the French were manning fleets and recruiting their armies, and that it was necessary to have recourse to similar measures; and, accordingly, a considerable addition to the military establishment was agreed to.

Thus stood matters on the 13th of March, when lord Whitworth made his appearance at the levee of the chief consul, in company with all the rest of the diplomatic body. Napoleon no sooner entered, than, fixing his eye on the English ambassador, he exclaimed aloud and fiercely, in presence of the circle, "You are then determined on war!" Lord Whitworth denied the charge, but the consul drowned his voice, and pursued thus:—"We have been at war for fifteen years—you are resolved to have fifteen years more of it—you force me to it." He then turned to the other ministers and said, in the same violent tone, "the English wish for war; but if they draw the sword first, I will be the last to sheath it again. They do not respect treaties—henceforth we must cover them with black crape." Then, turning again to Whitworth, "to what purpose," he cried, "are these armaments? If you arm, I will arm too; if you fight, I can fight also. You may destroy France, but you cannot intimidate her." "We desire neither to injure nor to alarm her, but to live on terms of good intelligence," said lord Whitworth. "Respect treaties, then," said Napoleon; "wo to those by whom they are not respected!—they shall be responsible to Europe for the result." He repeated these last words sternly, and immediately quitted the apartment, leaving the assembled ministers utterly confounded by this indecent display of violence.

Some persons, who knew Buonaparte well, have always asserted that this undignified scene was got up with calm premeditation, and that the ferocity of passion on the occasion was a mere piece of acting. Lord Whitworth, however, was an excellent judge of men and manners, and he never doubted that the haughty soldier yielded to the uncontrollable vehemence of wrath. The cautious Talleyrand made various efforts to explain away the intemperate words of his master; but they, and the tone in which

they had been uttered, went far to increase the jealousy and animosity of the English government and nation, and to revive or confirm the suspicion with which the other powers of Europe had had but too much reason to regard the career of revolutionary France.

On the 18th of May, Great Britain declared war. Orders had previously been given for seizing French shipping wherever it could be found, and it is said that 200 vessels, containing property to the amount of three millions sterling, had been laid hold of accordingly, ere the proclamation of hostilities reached Paris. Whether the custom of thus unceremoniously seizing private property, under such circumstances, be right, on abstract principle, or wrong, there can be no doubt that the custom had been long established, acted upon by England on all similar occasions, and of course considered, after the lapse of ages, and the acquiescence of innumerable treaties, as part and parcel of the European system of warfare. This was not denied by Napoleon; but he saw the opportunity, and determined to profit by it, of exciting the jealousy of other governments by reclaiming against the exercise, on the part of England, of a species of assault which England, from her maritime predominance, has more temptations and better means to adopt than any other power. He resolved, therefore, to retaliate by a wholly unprecedented outrage. The very night that the resolution of the cabinet of St. James's reached Paris, orders were given for arresting the persons of all English subjects residing or travelling within the dominions of France.

Not less than 10,000 persons, chiefly of course of the higher classes of society, thus found themselves condemned to captivity in a hostile land. Had Napoleon adopted less violent measures, his reclamations against the English government might have been favourably attended to throughout Europe.

But this despotic and unparalleled infliction of exile and misery on a host of innocent private individuals, was productive of far different effects. It moved universal sympathy, indignation, and disgust.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Recommencement of the War—French seize Hanover and Naples—The English take St. Domingo and other colonies—Scheme of invading England resumed—Moreau—Pichegru—Georges Cadoudal—Captain Wright—Murder of the Duke D'Enghien—Napoleon Emperor of France—King of Italy—Genoa united to the Empire.

The war was re-opened vigorously on both sides. The English fleets rapidly reconquered various colonies surrendered back to France by the treaty of Amiens, and forced also the dwindled army which Leclerc had commanded to yield up St. Domingo. Buonaparte, on the other hand, despised utterly the distinction between the British empire and Hanover—a possession indeed of the same prince, but totally unconnected with the English constitution, and, as belonging to the Germanic empire, entitled, if it chose, to remain neutral—and having first marched an army into Holland, ordered Mortier, its chief, to advance without ceremony and seize the electorate—as a pledge, he was pleased to say, for the delivery of Malta. At the same time, and with the same pretext, French troops poured into the south of Italy, and occupied Naples.

General Mortier's appearance on the Hanoverian frontier was such as to satisfy the duke of Cambridge, governor for the elector, that resistance was hopeless. He entered into a negotiation (May, 1803), by which the territory was to be surrendered provided his army were permitted to retire unbroken behind the Elbe, pledging themselves not to take

the field again against France during this war. But the ministers of George III. advised him not to ratify this treaty. Mortier demanded of general Walmsloden, commander-in-chief of the Hanoverian army, to surrender his arms—or abide the consequences of being attacked beyond the Elbe—and that fine body of men was accordingly disarmed and disbanded. The cavalry being ordered to dismount and yield their horses to the French, there ensued a scene which moved the sympathy of the invading soldiery themselves. The strong attachment between the German dragoon and his horse is well known; and this parting was more like that of dear kindred than of man and beast.

The emperor, whose duty it was, as head of the German body, to reclaim against this invasion of its territory, was obliged to put up with the consul's explanation, viz. that he had no wish to make the conquest of Hanover, but merely to hold it until England should see the necessity of fulfilling the Maltese article in the treaty of Amiens. Prussia, alarmed at the near neighbourhood of Mortier, hardly dared to remonstrate. Denmark alone showed any symptom of active resentment. She marched 30,000 men into her German provinces: but finding that Austria and Prussia were resolved to be quiescent, was fain to offer explanations, and recall her troops. The French general, meantime, scourged Hanover by his exactions, and even, without the shadow of a pretext, levied heavy contributions in Bremen, Hamburgh, and the other Hanse-towns in the vicinity of the electorate.

These successes enabled Napoleon to feed great bodies of his army at the expense of others, and to cripple the commerce of England, by shutting up her communication with many of the best markets on the continent. But he now recurred to his favourite scheme, that of invading the island itself, and so striking the fatal blow at the heart of his last

and greatest enemy. Troops, to the amount of 160,000, were mustered in camps along the French and Dutch coasts, and vast flotillas, meant to convey them across the channel, were formed, and constantly manœuvred in various ports, that of Boulogne being the chief station.

The spirit of England, on the other hand, was effectually stirred. Her fleets, to the amount of not less than 500 ships of war, traversed the seas in all directions, blockaded the harbours of the countries in which the power of the consul was predominant, and from time to time made inroads into the French ports, cutting out and destroying the shipping, and crippling the flotillas. At home, the army, both regular and irregular, was recruited and strengthened to an unexampled extent. Camps were formed along the English coasts opposite to France, and the king in person was continually to be seen in the middle of them. By night, beacons blazed on every hill-top throughout the island; and the high resolution of the citizen-soldiery was attested, on numberless occasions of false alarm, by the alacrity with which they marched on the points of supposed danger.* There never was a time in which the

* To this period belong Sir W. Scott's song to the Edinburgh volunteers:—

"If ever breath of British gale
Shall fan the tricolour,
Or footstep of invader rude,
With rapine foul and red with blood,
Polute our happy shore—
Then farewell, home! and farewell, friends!
Adieu, each tender tie!
Resolved we mingle in the tide
Where charging squadrons furious ride
To conquer or to die," &c.

And various sonnets of Mr. Wordsworth; such as—

"It is not to be thought of that the flood
Of British freedom," &c

"Vanguard of liberty! ye men of Kent,
Ye children of a soil that doth advance
Its haughty brow against the coast of France,
Now is the time to prove your hardiment!" &c.

national enthusiasm was more ardent and concentrated; and the return of Pitt to the prime-ministry (March, 1804) was considered as the last and best pledge that the councils of the sovereign were to exhibit vigour commensurate with the nature of the crisis. The regular army in Britain amounted, ere long, to 100,000; the militia to 80,000; and of volunteer troops there were not less than 350,000 in arms.

Soult, Ney, Davoust, and Victor were in command of the army designed to invade England, and the chief consul personally repaired to Boulogne and inspected both the troops and the flotilla. He constantly gave out that it was his fixed purpose to make his attempt by means of the flotilla alone: but while he thus endeavoured to inspire his enemy with false security (for Nelson had declared this scheme of a boat invasion to be *mad*, and staked his whole reputation on its miserable and immediate failure, if attempted), the consul was in fact providing indefatigably a fleet of men of war, designed to protect and cover the voyage. These ships were preparing in different ports of France and Spain, to the number of fifty: Buonaparte intended them to steal out to sea individually or in small squadrons, rendezvous at Martinico, and, returning thence in a body, sweep the channel free of the English, for such a space of time at least as might suffice for the execution of his great purpose. These designs, however, were from day to day thwarted by the watchful zeal of Nelson and the other English admirals; who observed Brest, Toulon, Genoa, and the harbours of Spain so closely, that no squadron nor hardly a single vessel, could force a passage to the Atlantic.

Napoleon persisted to the end of his life in asserting his belief that the invasion of England was prevented merely by a few unforeseen accidents, and that, had his generals passed the sea, they must have been successful. The accidents to which he attri-

buted so much influence, were, it is to be supposed, the presence and zeal of Nelson, Pellew, Cornwallis, and their respective fleets of observation. As for the results of the expedition if the channel had once been crossed—Napoleon never seemed to doubt that a single great battle would have sufficed to place London in his hands. Once arrived in the capital, he would, he said, have summoned a convention, restored the mass of the English people to their proper share of political power,—in a word, banished the king, and revolutionized England on the model of France: the meaning of all which is —reduced this island to be a province of the French empire, and yet bestowed upon its people all those rights and liberties of which he had already removed the last shadow, wherever his own power was established on the continent.

There can be little doubt that Napoleon egregiously underrated the resistance which would have been opposed to his army, had it effected the voyage in safety, by the spirit of the British people, and the great natural difficulties of the country through which the invaders must have marched. Nevertheless, it is not to be denied that, had the attempt been made instantly on the rupture of the peace, the chances of success might have been considerable—of success, temporary and short-lived, indeed, but still sufficient to inflict a terrible injury upon this country—to bathe her soil in blood—to give her capital to the flames—and not impossibly to shake some of her institutions. The enemy himself was, in all likelihood, unprepared to make the attempt, until we had had time to make adequate preparation for its encounter. It was otherwise ordered of God's providence, than that the last bulwark of liberty should have to sustain the shock of battle at its own gates.

The invasion of England was the great object of attention throughout Europe during the autumn and

winter of 1803. Early in the succeeding year Paris itself became the theatre of a series of transactions which for a time engrossed the public mind.

Even before Buonaparte proclaimed himself consul for life, it appears that, throughout a considerable part of the French army, strong symptoms of jealousy had been excited by the rapidity of his advance to sovereign power. After the monarchy of France was in effect re-established in him and his dynasty, by the decrees of the 19th of May and 2d August, 1802, this spirit of dissatisfaction showed itself much more openly; and ere long it was generally believed that the republican party in the army looked up to Moreau as their head, and awaited only some favourable opportunity for rising in arms against Napoleon's tyranny. Moreau was known to have treated both the concordat and the legion of honour with undisguised contempt; and Buonaparte's strictures on his conduct of the campaign of 1801 were not likely to have nourished feelings of personal good-will in the bosom of him whom all considered as second only to the chief consul himself in military genius. It has already been intimated that the army of the Rhine had been all along suspected of regarding Napoleon with little favour. He had never been their general; neither they nor their chiefs had partaken in the plunder of Italy, or in the glory of the battles by which it was won. It was from their ranks that the unhappy expedition under Leclerc had been chiefly furnished, and they considered their employment in that unwholesome climate as dictated, more by the consul's doubts of their fidelity to himself, than his high appreciation of their discipline and gallantry. How far Pichegru, while corresponding with the Bourbons as head of the army of the Rhine, had intrigued among his own soldiery, no evidence has as yet appeared. But after Pichegru's banishment, Moreau possessed

the chief a way over the minds of one great division of the armed force of the republic.

Carnot, meantime, and other genuine republicans in the legislative bodies, had been occupied with the endeavour, since they could not prevent Napoleon from sitting on the throne of France, to organize at least something like a constitutional opposition (such as exists in the parliament of England), whereby the measures of his government might be, to a certain extent, controlled and modified. The creation of the legion of honour, the decree enabling Buonaparte to appoint his successor, and other leading measures, had accordingly been carried through, far less triumphantly than could be agreeable to the self-love of the autocrat.

On the other hand, the return of so many emigrants—(a great part of whom, not receiving back the property promised to them, were disappointed and aggrieved anew)—could not fail to strengthen the influence of the royalists in the private society of Paris; and, by degrees, as has often happened in the history of parties, the leaders of the republicans and those of the Bourbonists came together, sinking for the time the peculiar principles of either side, in the common feeling of hatred to Napoleon.

Pichegru returned from his exile at Cayenne, and, after spending some time in England, where he, no doubt, communicated with the Bourbon princes, and with some members of Mr. Addington's government, passed over secretly into France. Georges Cadoudal and other Chouan chiefs were busy in stirring up their old adherents, and communicated with Pichegru on his arrival in Paris.

Suddenly, on the 12th of February, Paris was surprised with the announcement, that a new conspiracy against the life of the chief consul had been discovered by the confession of an accomplice—that 150 men had meant to assemble at Malmaison, in the uniform of the consular guard, and seize Buona-

parte while hunting; that Georges, the Chouan, had escaped by a quarter of an hour—but that Mairn, La Jollais, and other leaders of the conspiracy had been aken; finally, that Moreau had held various conferences with Georges, La Jollais, and Pichegru, and that he also was under arrest.

It is said, that Georges Cadoudal had once actually penetrated into the chamber of Napoleon at the Tuilleries, and been prevented by the merest accident from assassinating him: others of the conspirators had approached his person very nearly on pretext of presenting petitions. Buonaparte attributed his escape chiefly to the irregular mode of living, which his multifarious occupations involved: he seldom dined two days following at the same hour, hardly ever stirred out of the palace except with his attendants about him for some review or public ceremony, and perhaps never appeared unguarded except where his appearance must have been totally unexpected. The officer, who betrayed Cadoudal and his associates, was, it seems, a violent republican, and as such desired the downfall of the consul; but he had also served under Napoleon, and learning at a late hour that the life of his old leader was to be sacrificed, remonstrated vehemently, and rather than be accessory to such extremities, gave the necessary information at the Tuilleries. Moreau was arrested on the 5th of February: but Pichegru lurked undiscovered in the heart of Paris until the 28th: six gens d'armes then came upon his privacy so abruptly that he could not use either his dagger or pistols, though both were on his table. He wrestled for a moment, and then attempted to move compassion—but was immediately fettered. Shortly after, Cadoudal himself, who had for days traversed Paris in cabriolets, not knowing where to lay his head, was detected while attempting to pass one of the barriers. Captain Wright, an English naval officer, who had distinguished himself under Sir

Sydney Smith at Acre, and from whose vessel Pichegru was known to have disembarked on the coast of France, happened about the same time to encounter a French ship of much superior strength, and become a prisoner of war. On pretext that this gentleman had acted as an accomplice in a scheme of assassination, he also was immediately placed in solitary confinement in a dungeon of the Temple.

It was now openly circulated that England and the exiled Bourbons had been detected in a base plot for murdering the chief consul; that the proof of their guilt was in the hands of the government, and would soon be made public. The duc de Berri himself, it was added, had been prepared to land on the west coast of France whenever Pichegru or Cadoudal should inform him that the time was come; while another of the royal exiles lay watching the event, and in readiness to profit by it, on the other side, immediately behind the Rhine.

The name of this last prince, the heir of Condé, well known for the brilliant gallantry of his conduct while commanding the van of his grandfather's little army of exiles, and beloved for many traits of amiable and generous character, had hardly been mentioned in connexion with these rumours, ere the inhabitants of Paris heard, in one breath, with surprise and horror, that the duc d'Enghien had been arrested at Ettenheim, and tried and executed within sight of their own houses, at Fincennes. This story will ever form the darkest chapter in the history of Napoleon.

The duke had his residence at a castle in the dutchy of Baden, where, attended by a few noble friends, the partakers of his exile, he was chiefly occupied with the diversions of the chase. On the evening of the 14th of March, a troop of French soldiers and gens d'armes, under colonel Ordonner (who derived his orders from Caulaincourt), suddenly passed the frontier into the independent terri-

tory of Baden, surrounded the castle of Ettenheim, rushed into the apartment of the prince, and seized him and all his company. He would have used his arms, but his attendants, representing the overpowering numbers of the assailants, persuaded him to yield without resistance. He was forthwith conveyed to the citadel of Strasburg, and separated from all his friends, except one aid-de-camp, the baron de St. Jaques, and allowed no communication with any one else. After being here confined three days, he was called up at midnight on the 18th, and informed that he must prepare for a journey. He desired to have the assistance of his valet-de-chambre, and was refused: they permitted him to pack up *two* shirts, and the journey immediately began.

The duke reached Paris early on the 20th; and, after lying a few hours in the Temple, was removed to the neighbouring castle of Vincennes, used for ages as a state prison. Being much fatigued he fell asleep, but was presently roused, and his examination forthwith commenced. Weary and wholly unprepared as he must have been, the unfortunate prince conducted himself throughout in such a manner as to command the respect of his inquisitors. He at once avowed his name and his services in the army of Condé, but utterly denied all knowledge of Pichegru and his designs. To this the whole of his evidence (and there was no evidence but his own) amounted; and having given it, he earnestly demanded an audience of the consul. "My name," said he, "my rank, my sentiments, and the peculiar distress of my situation, lead me to hope that this request will not be refused."

At midnight the duke was again called from his bed, to attend the court which had been constituted for his trial. It consisted of eight military officers, appointed by Murat, Napoleon's brother-in-law, then governor of Paris. General Hullin, president of the military commission, commanded him to listen to

the charges on which he was to be tried; of having fought against France; of being in the pay of England; and of plotting with England against the internal and external safety of the republic. The duke was again examined, and the second interrogatory was a mere repetition of the first, with this addition, that the prisoner avowed his readiness to take part again in the hostilities against France, if the opportunity should present itself. No other evidence whatever was adduced, except the written report of a spy of the police, who testified that the duke received many emigrants at his table at Ettenheim, and occasionally left the castle for several days together, without the spy's being able to trace where he was (a circumstance sufficiently explained by the duke's custom of hunting in the Black Forest).

General Hullin, in his account of the proceedings,* says, "He uniformly maintained that 'he had only sustained the rights of his family, and that a Condé could never enter France but with arms in his hands. My birth,' said he, 'and my opinions must ever render me inflexible on this point.' The firmness of his answers," continues Hullin, "reduced the judges to despair. Ten times we gave him an opening to retract his declarations, but he persisted in them immoveably. 'I see,' he said, 'the honourable intentions of the commissioners, but I cannot resort to the means of safety which they indicate.' Being informed that the military commission judged without appeal, 'I know it,' answered he, 'nor do I disguise to myself the danger which I incur. My only desire is to have an interview with the first consul.'"

The irregularities of all this procedure were monstrous. In the first place, the duke owed no alle-

* This account was published *lately*, in consequence of a pamphlet by Savary (duke of Ro[illegible]

giance to the existing government of France. 2dly, The seizure of his person was wholly illegal; it took place by means of a violation of an independent territory: an outrage for which it is impossible to offer the smallest excuse. 3dly, Had the arrest been ever so regular, the trial of a prisoner accused of a political conspiracy was totally beyond the jurisdiction of a court-martial. 4thly, It was against the laws of France to hold any trial at midnight. 5thly, The interrogatory was not read over to the prisoner, which the law imperatively demanded; and, 6thly, No defender was assigned to him—an indulgence which the French code refuses not to the meanest or most atrocious criminal, by what tribunal soever he may be tried.

But to proceed—the judges were moved by the conduct of the prisoner, and inclined to listen to his request of an audience of the chief consul. But Savary, then minister of police, had by this time introduced himself into the chamber, and watched the course of procedure from behind the chair of the president. He now leaned forward, and whispered into Hullin's ear, "this would be inopportune."—These significant words were obeyed. The court pronounced the duke guilty of the capital crimes of having fought against the republic; of having intrigued with England; of having maintained intelligence with Strasburg, with the view of seizing that place; and of having conspired against the life of the chief consul. The prisoner, being remanded to his confinement, the report was instantly forwarded to Buonaparte, with a request that his further pleasure might be made known.

The court remained sitting until their messenger returned; he brought back their own letter with these words inscribed on it, "condemned to death." The prisoner, being called in again, heard his sentence with perfect composure. He requested the attendance of a confessor, and was answered,—

"Would you die like a monk?" Without noticing this brutality he knelt for a moment, as in prayer and rising, said, "Let us go."

He was immediately led down a winding stair by torchlight; and, conceiving that he was descending into some subterraneous dungeon, said to one of the soldiers of the escort, "Am I to be immured in an *oubliette?*" "Monseigneur," the man replied, sobbing, "be tranquil on that point." They emerged from a postern into the ditch of the castle, where a party of gens d'armes d'elite were drawn up, Savary, their master, standing on the parapet over them. It was now six o'clock in the morning, and the gray light of the dawn was mingled with the gleam of torches. The prince refused to have his eyes bandaged—Savary gave the word, and he fell. The body, dressed as it was, was immediately thrown into a grave, which had been prepared beforehand; at least, so say all the witnesses, except M. Savary.

To resume our notice of the mere informalities of the procedure:—1. The sentence was altogether unsupported by the evidence, except as to the mere fact of d'Enghien's having borne arms against France; but this could be no crime in him: he owed no allegiance to the French government; on the contrary, he and all his family had been expressly excepted from every act of amnesty to emigrants, and thereby constituted *aliens*. 2. The execution took place immediately after the sentence was pronounced; this is contrary to the laws of all civilized nations, and in direct contradiction to an article in the French code then in force, which gave twenty-four hours to every prisoner convicted by a court-martial, that he might, if he chose, appeal from their sentence. But, 3dly, the publications (long afterward extorted) of Savary and Hullin, prove that the court, perplexed with the difficulty of making their sentence appear to have any conformity with the

charge and the evidence, drew up, in fact, two different *sentences:* one before the duke was executed, which bore the article "immediate execution;" the other a more careful document, intended alone to meet the public eye, in which not a word about immediate execution occurs. The duke was *not* executed, therefore, at six in the morning of the 21st of March, upon that sentence which was made public at the time, as the authority for his death.

Every circumstance in the dismal tale, from the quantity of linen packed up at Strasburg, to the preparation of the grave in the ditch of Vincennes, attests the fact that the fate of the unfortunate young man (for he was but 32 years old when he fell) had been determined on to the minutest particular, long before he was summoned to a mock trial, before an incompetent tribunal. If ever man was murdered, it was the duke d'Enghien.

Such was the fate of the gallant and generous youth, who, by his fiery courage, won the battle of Bertsheim; and who, when his followers, to whom the republicans had so often refused quarter, seemed disposed to retaliate in the hour of victory, threw himself between them and their discomfited countrymen, exclaiming, "They are French—they are unfortunate; I place them under the guardianship of your honour."

The horror with which this remorseless tragedy was heard of in Paris, soon spread throughout all Europe; and from that day the name of Buonaparte was irremediably associated with the ideas of sullen revenge and tyrannic cruelty. The massacre of Jaffa had been perpetrated in a remote land, and many listened with incredulity to a tale told by the avowed enemies of the homicide. But this bloody deed was done at home, and almost in the sight of all Paris. Of the fact there could be no doubt; and of the pretexts set forth by the organs of the French government, there were few

men of any party who affected not to perceive the futility. Hitherto Napoleon had been the fortunate heir of a revolution, in whose civil excesses he had scarcely participated—henceforth he was the legitimate representative and symbol of all its atrocities.

In so far as Buonaparte had the power to suppress all mention of this catastrophe, it was, ere long, suppressed. But in after days, at St. Helena, when dictating the apology of his life to the companions of his exile, he not only spoke openly of the death of the duke d'Enghien, but appears to have dwelt upon it often and long. Well aware that this was generally regarded as the darkest trait in his history, he displayed a feverish anxiety to explain it away. But the sultan Akber wore a signet, inscribed, "I never knew any one that lost his way in a straight road;" and he that is conscious of innocence can have no temptation to multiply the lines of his defence. Buonaparte, according to the mood of the moment, or the companion whom he addressed, adopted different methods of vindicating himself. They were inconsistent as well as diverse; and even Las Cases seems to have blushed for his hero when he recorded them.

At one time, Napoleon represents himself as having been taken by surprise—his ministers come on him when he is alone, at midnight, and inform him that the Bourbons have conspired to assassinate him—that the proofs are in their hands—that the duke d'Enghien has already been more than once in Paris, and is lying close to the frontier, expecting the signal to return and head the conspirators in person. In the first flush of indignation he gives the order for arresting the duke—every artifice is adopted to prevent him from interfering afterward—every thing is arranged by Talleyrand—the duke addresses a letter to him from Strasburg—that letter Talleyrand suppresses until the tragedy is over—had

it been delivered in time, the life of the unhappy prince had been saved.

Unfortunately for Buonaparte, eight days elapsed between the order for the arrest and the order for the execution, a much longer period than was ever necessary for restoring the composure of his strong understanding. Further, the duke d'Enghien kept a diary during his imprisonment, in which the minutest incidents are carefully recorded; it contains no hint of the letter to Napoleon; and the baron de St. Jaques, who never quitted his master's chamber while he remained at Strasburg, bears distinct testimony that no such letter was written there. Moreover, neither Talleyrand, nor any other individual in the world, except Buonaparte, could have had the slightest motive for desiring the death of d'Enghien. On the contrary, every motive that has weight with mankind in general, must have swayed the other way with Talleyrand; a member of one of the noblest families in France; a man unstained by participation in any of the butcheries of the revolution; and, above all, a man whose consummate skill has through life steadily pursued one object, namely, his own personal interest, and who must have been mad to perpetrate a gratuitous murder. And, lastly, Talleyrand was minister for foreign affairs. A letter written at Strasburg could by no incident have been forwarded through his department in the government; and, in fact, there is perfect proof that the whole business was done by the police, whose chief, Savary, communicated directly with the chief consul, and the military, who acted under the orders either of Buonaparte's aid-de-camp, Caulaincourt (afterward duke of Vicenza), or of his brother-in-law Murat, the governor of Paris. It is needless to observe, that Napoleon's accusation of Talleyrand dates *after* that politician had exerted all his talents and influence in the work of procuring his own downfall, and the restoration of the house of Bourbon.

But in truth whether Talleyrand, or Savary, or Caulaincourt had the chief hand in the death of the duke d'Enghien, is a controversy about which we feel little interest. It is obvious to all men, that not one of them durst have stirred a finger to bring about a catastrophe of such fearful importance, without the express orders of Napoleon.

At other times the exile of St. Helena told a shorter and a plainer tale. "I was assailed," said he, "on all hands by the enemies whom the Bourbons had raised up against me: threatened with air-guns, infernal machines, and stratagems of every kind. There was no tribunal to which I could appeal for protection; therefore I had a right to protect myself. By putting to death one of those whose followers threatened my life, I was entitled to strike a salutary terror into all the rest."

The princes of the house of Bourbon, so far from stimulating assassins to take off the usurper of their throne, never failed, when such schemes were suggested, to denounce them as atrocities hateful in the sight of God and man. As to this part of their conduct, the proofs are abundant, clear, and irrefragable. But it is very possible that Buonaparte entertained the foul suspicion on which he justifies his violence. And indeed it is only by supposing him to have sincerely believed that the Bourbons were plotting against his life, that we can at all account for the shedding of d'Enghien's blood.—Unless Josephine spake untruly, or her conversation has been wilfully misrepresented, she strenuously exerted her influence to procure mercy for the royal victim.* But it demanded neither affection for Napoleon's person, nor regard for his interest, nor compassion for the youth and innocence of the duke d'Enghien, to perceive the imprudence, as well as wickedness, of

* Buonaparte, however, at St. Helena, denied that his wife had ever spoken to him on the subject.

the proceeding. The remark of the callous *Fouché* has passed into a proverb, "it was worse than a crime—it was a blunder."

A few days after the execution of the duke d'Enghien (on the morning of the 7th of April), general Pichegru was found dead in prison: a black handkerchief was tied round his neck, and tightened by the twisting of a short stick, like a tourniquet. It could not appear probable that he should have terminated his own life by such means; and, accordingly, the rumour spread that he had been taken off in the night by some of the satellites of Savary; or, according to others, by some Mamelukes whom Napoleon had brought with him from the East, and now retained near his person as an interior bodyguard of the palace. This is a mystery which has never been penetrated. The recent fate of d'Enghien had prepared men to receive any story of this dark nature; and it was argued that Buonaparte had feared to bring Pichegru, a bold and dauntless man, into an open court, where he might have said many things well calculated to injure the consul in public opinion.

A few more days elapsed, and another occurrence of the same cast transpired. Captain Wright, also, was found dead in his dungeon in the temple, with his throat cut from ear to ear. The French government gave out that the English officer, finding himself about to be exposed to public scorn, as a participator in the plots of Georges Cadoudal, and other assassins, chose to die by his own hand, rather than endure such degradation. It was whispered, on the other hand that captain Wright had been put to the torture in his dungeon, in the vain hope of extracting from him some evidence concerning matters of which, there can be no doubt, he was wholly ignorant; and was murdered in order that this cruelty might be buried with him. This mystery has always remained as dark as the other.

Moreau was now brought to trial. There was no evidence against him except the fact, admitted by himself, that he had been twice in company with Pichegru since his return to Paris. He in vain protested that he had rejected the proposals of Pichegru to take part in a royalist insurrection; and as for the murderous designs of Georges Cadoudal, that he had never even heard of them. He was sentenced to two years' confinement; but, on the intercession of his wife with Josephine, or rather on finding that a great part of the soldiery considered so eminent a commander as hardly used, the chief consul, ere long, commuted this punishment for two years of exile.

It remained to bring Georges Cadoudal and his associates to trial. Georges appeared in court with the miniature of Louis XVI. suspended round his neck, and gloried in the avowal of his resolution to make war personally on the usurper of the throne The presiding judge, Thuriot, had been one of those who condemned the king to death. Georges punned on his name, and addressed him as "Monsieur Tue Roi."* When called up for sentence, the judge missed the miniature, and asked him what he had done with it. "And you," answered the prisoner, "what have you done with the original?"—a retort which nothing could prevent the audience from applauding. Georges and eighteen more were condemned to death; and he, and eleven besides, suffered the penalty with heroic firmness. Of the rest, among whom were two sons of the noble house of Polignac, some were permitted to escape on condition of perpetual banishment; others had their punishment commuted to imprisonment.

With what indignation the death of the duke d'Enghien had been heard of throughout Europe, now began to appear. The emperor of Russia and

* *i. e.* Kill-king.

the kings of Sweden and Denmark put their courts into mourning, and made severe remonstrances through their diplomatic agents; and the correspondence which ensued laid in fact the train for another general burst of war. Austria was humbled for the time, and durst not speak out: Prussia could hardly be expected to break her long neutrality on such an occasion: but wherever the story went, it prepared the minds of princes, as of subjects, to take advantage of the first favourable opportunity for rising against the tyranny of France.

A conspiracy suppressed never fails to strengthen the power it was meant to destroy: and Buonaparte, after the tragedies of d'Enghien and Pichegru, beheld the French royalists reduced every where to the silence and the inaction of terror. Well understanding the national temper, he gave orders that henceforth the name of the exiled family should be as much as possible kept out of view and accordingly, after this time it was hardly ever alluded to in the productions of the enslaved press of Paris. The adherents of the Bourbons were compelled to content themselves with muttering their resentment in private saloons, where, however, the chief consul commonly had spies, who reported to him, or to his Savarys and Fouchés, the jests and the caricatures in which the depressed and hopeless party endeavoured to find some consolation.

In order to check the hostile feeling excited among the sovereigns of the continent by the murder of the Bourbon prince, the French government were now indefatigable in their efforts to connect the conspiracy of Georges Cadoudal with the cabinet of England. The agents of the police transformed themselves into numberless disguises, with the view of drawing the British ministers resident at various courts of Germany into some correspondence capable of being misrepresented, so as to suit the purpose of their master. Mr. Drake, envoy at Munich,

and Mr. Spenser Smith, at Stuttgard, were deceived in this fashion; and some letters of theirs, egregiously misinterpreted, furnished Buonaparte with a pretext for complaining, to the sovereigns to whom they were accredited, that they had stained the honour of the diplomatic body by leaguing themselves with the schemes of the Chouan conspirators. The subservient princes were forced to dismiss these gentlemen from their residences; but the English ministry made such explanations in open parliament as effectually vindicated the name of their country. Lord Elgin, British ambassador at Constantinople, had been one of those travellers detained at the out-breaking of the war, and was now resident on his parole in the south of France. He was, on some frivolous pretext, confined in a solitary castle among the Pyrenees, and there every device was practised, to induce him to, at least, receive letters calculated, if discovered in his possession, to compromise him. But this nobleman, sagaciously penetrating the design, baffled it by his reserve. Being liberated from confinement shortly after, he communicated what had happened to a friend, a member of the French senate, who traced the matter home to some of Fouché's creatures, and congratulated lord Elgin on having avoided very narrowly the fate of captain Wright.

Sir George Rumbold, the British minister at Hamburgh escaped that consummation still more narrowly. During the night of the 23d October, a party of French soldiers passed the Elbe, as Ordonner and his gang had crossed the Rhine on the 14th of March, and boldly seized Rumbold within the territory of an independent and friendly state. He was hurried to Paris, and confined in the fated dungeons of the Temple; but none of his papers afforded any plausible pretext for resisting the powerful remonstrance which the king of Prussia thought fit to make against an outrage perpetrated almost within

sight of his dominions; and, after a few days, Sir George was set at liberty.

Meantime, while all the princes of Europe regarded with indignation (though few of them, indeed, dared to express the feeling openly) the cruel tragedies which had been acted in France, the death of Pichegru had suppressed effectually the hopes of the royalists in that country, and the exile of Moreau deprived the republicans of the only leader under whom there was any likelihood of their taking arms against the chief consul. He resolved to profit by the favourable moment for completing a purpose which he had long meditated; and, on the 30th of April, little more than a month after the duke d'Enghien died, one Curée was employed to move, in the tribunate, "that it was time to bid adieu to political illusions—that victory had brought back tranquillity—the finances of the country had been restored, and the laws renovated—and that it was a matter of duty to secure those blessings to the nation in future, by rendering the supreme power hereditary in the person and family of Napoleon."—"Such," he said, "was the universal desire of the army and of the people. The title of emperor, in his opinion, was that by which Napoleon should be hailed, as best corresponding to the dignity of the nation."

This motion was carried in the tribunate, with one dissenting voice, that of Carnot; who, in a speech of great eloquence, resisted the principle of hereditary monarchy altogether. He admitted the merits in war and in policy of the chief consul—he was at present the dictator of the republic, and, as such, had saved it.—"Fabius, Camillus, Cincinnatus were dictators also. Why should not Buonaparte, like them, lay down despotic power, after the holding of it had ceased to be necessary to the general good? Let the services of a citizen be what they might, was there to be no limit to the gratitude of the nation? But, at all events, even granting that

Buonaparte himself could not be too highly rewarded or too largely trusted, why commit the fortunes of posterity to chance? Why forget that Vespasian was the father of Domitian, Germanicus of Caligula, Marcus Aurelius of Commodus?" In effect, Carnot, colleague as he had been of Robespierre, and stained as he was with the blood of Louis XVI., was a sincere republican; and, after his own fashion, a sincere patriot. He was alone in the tribunate—the rest of whose members prolonged, during three whole days, a series of fulsome harangues, every one of which terminated in the same implicit agreement to the proposal of Curée.

The legislative body, without hesitation, adopted it; and a senatus-consultum forthwith appeared, by which Napoleon Buonaparte was declared emperor of the French: the empire to descend in the male line of his descendants: in case of having no son, Napoleon might adopt any son or grandson of his brothers as his heir: in default of such adoption, Joseph and Louis Buonaparte were named as the next heirs of the crown (Lucien and Jerome being passed over, as they had both given offence to Napoleon by their marriages). The members of Napoleon's family were declared princes of the blood of France.

This decree was sent down to the departments: and the people received it with indifference. The prefects reported, on the 1st of December, that between three and four millions of citizens had subscribed their assent to the proposed measure, while not many more than three thousand voted in opposition to it. This result indicated, as these functionaries chose to say, the unanimous approbation of the French people. That nation, however, consisted at the time of more than thirty millions!

But Napoleon did not wait for this authority, such as it proved to be. On the 18th of May (more than six months ere the report reached him), he openly

assumed the imperial title and dignity. On the same day he nominated his late colleagues in the consulate, Cambaceres and Le Brun, the former to be arch-chancellor, the latter arch-treasurer of the empire. The offices of high constable, grand admiral, &c., were revived and bestowed on his brothers, and others of his immediate connexions. Seventeen generals (viz. Berthier, Murat, Moncey, Jourdan, Massena, Augereau, Bernadotte, Soult, Brune, Lannes, Mortier, Ney, Davoust, Bessieres, Kellermann, Lefebre, Perignon, Serrurier) were named marshals of the empire; Duroc, grand marshal of the palace; Caulaincourt, master of the horse; Berthier, grand huntsman; and count Segur, a nobleman of the ancient regime, master of the ceremonies. It was in vain attempted to excite popular enthusiasm. "It appeared," says an eye-witness, "as if the shades of d'Enghien and Pichegru had hovered over the scene, and spread coldness on all that was meant for the manifestation of joy."

It was not so with the soldiery. Napoleon, with his empress, visited the camps at Boulogne, and was received with the excess of military applause and devotion. He made a progress to Aix-la-Chapelle, and along the Rhenish frontier, flattered and extolled at every station. Except Russia, Sweden, and England, every crown in Europe sent to congratulate him on his enrolment in the body of hereditary monarchs. Nay, not a few of the smaller German potentates came in person, to swell, on this great occasion, the state and magnificence of the new imperial court.

In assuming the title of emperor, not of king, it escaped not observation that Napoleon's object was to carry back the minds of the French to a period antecedent to the rule of the recently dethroned dynasty—to the days of Charlemagne, who, with the monarchy of France, combined both a wider dominion and a loftier style. As that great con-

queror had caused himself to be crowned by pope Leo, so Napoleon now determined that his own inauguration should take place under the auspices of Pius VII.; nay, that the more to illustrate his power, the head of the Catholic church should repair to Paris for this purpose. It may be doubted whether, in this measure, he regarded more the mere gratification of his pride, or the chance of conferring a character of greater solemnity on the installation of the new dynasty, in the eyes of the Catholic population of France. On the 5th of November, however, the unresisting pope left Rome, and, having been received throughout his progress with every mark of respect and veneration, arrived in Paris to bear his part in the great pageant. On the 2d of December, Buonaparte and Josephine appeared, amid all that was splendid and illustrious in their capital, and were crowned in Notre-Dame. The pope blessed them, and consecrated the diadems; but these were not placed on their heads by his hand. That office, in either case, Napoleon himself performed. Throughout the ceremonial his aspect was thoughtful; it was on a stern and gloomy brow that he with his own hands planted the symbol of successful ambition and uneasy power, and the shouts of the deputies present, carefully selected for the purpose, sounded faint and hollow amid the silence of the people.

As a necessary sequel to these proceedings in Paris, the senators of the Italian republic now sent in their humble petition that their president might be pleased to do them also the favour to be crowned as their king at Milan. The emperor proceeded to that city accordingly, and, in like fashion, on the 26th of May, 1805, placed on his own head the old iron crown, said to have been worn by the Lombard kings, uttering the words which, according to tradition, they were accustomed to use on such occasions, "*God hath given it me, Beware who touches*

it."—Napoleon henceforth styled himself Emperor of the French and King of Italy, but announced that the two crowns should not be held by the same person after his death.

It was not, however, for mere purposes of ceremonial that he had once more passed the Alps. The Ligurian republic sent the doge to Milan, to congratulate the king of Italy, and also to offer their territories for the formation of another department of the French empire. But this was a step of his ambition which led to serious results.

Meantime, Eugene Beauharnois, son to Josephine, was left viceroy at Milan, and the imperial pair returned to Paris.

CHAPTER XI.

New Coalition against France—Sweden—Russia—Austria joins the Alliance—Napoleon heads the Army in Germany—Ulm surrendered by Mack—Vienna taken—Naval Operations—Battle of Trafalgar—Battle of Austerlitz—Treaty of Presburg—Joseph Buonaparte King of Naples—Louis Buonaparte King of Holland—Confederation of the Rhine—New Nobility in France.

On the 27th of January, 1805, Napoleon, in his new character of emperor, addressed a letter (as he had done before at the commencement of his consulate) to king George III. in person; and was answered, as before, by the British secretary of state for foreign affairs. The new emperor's letter contained many well-turned sentences about the blessings of peace, but no distinct proposition of any kind—least of all any hint that he was willing to concede Malta. The English minister, however, answered simply, that in the present state of relations between the cabinet of St. James's and that of St. Petersburg, it was impossible for the former

to open any negotiation without the consent of the latter.

This sufficiently indicated a fact of which Napoleon had just suspicion some time before. The murder of the duke d'Enghien had been regarded with horror by the young emperor of Russia; he had remonstrated vigorously, and his reclamations had been treated with indifference. The king of Sweden, immediately after he heard of the catastrophe at Vincennes, had made known his sentiments to the czar: a strict alliance had been signed between those two courts about a fortnight ere Napoleon wrote to the king of England; and it was now obvious that the northern powers had, in effect, resolved to take part with Great Britain in her struggle against France. Napoleon now made the Moniteur the vehicle of continual abuse against the sovereigns of Russia and Sweden; and the latter caused a note to be handed to the French minister at Stockholm, complaining of the "indecent and ridiculous insolence which *Monsieur Buonaparte* had permitted to be inserted" in that official journal.

The cabinets of London, Petersburg, and Stockholm were now parties in a league which had avowedly the following objects:—to restore the independence of Holland and Switzerland; to free the north of Germany from the presence of French troops; to procure the restoration of Piedmont to the king of Sardinia; and, finally, the evacuation of Italy by Napoleon. Until, by the attainment of these objects, the sway of France should be reduced to limits compatible with the independence of the other European states, no peace was to be signed by any of the contracting powers; and, during several months, every means was adopted to procure the association of Austria and Prussia. But the latter of these sovereigns had the misfortune at this time to have a strong French party in his council, and though personally hostile to Napoleon, could not as

yet count on being supported in a war against France by the hearty good-will of an undivided people. Austria, on the other hand, had been grievously weakened by the campaign of Marengo, and hesitated, on prudential grounds, to commit herself once more to the hazard of arms.

The czar repaired in person to Berlin, for the purpose of stimulating the king of Prussia. The two sovereigns met in the vault where the great Frederick lies buried, and swore solemnly, over his remains, to effect the liberation of Germany. But though thus pledged to the czar, the king of Prussia did not hastily rush into hostilities. He did not even follow the example of the Austrian, whose forbearance was at length wholly exhausted by the news of the coronation at Milan, and annexation of Genoa to the empire of France.

The government of Vienna no sooner heard of this new aggrandizement, than it commenced warlike preparations, rashly and precipitately, without making sure of the co-operation of Prussia, or even waiting until the troops of Russia could perform the march into Germany. Austria was guilty, moreover, of even a greater fault than this. The emperor haughtily demanded that the elector of Bavaria should take the field also; nay, that he should suffer his army to be entirely incorporated with the Austrian, and commanded by its chiefs. The elector, who had a son travelling in France, resisted anxiously and strenuously. "On my knees," he wrote to the emperor, "I beg of you that I may be permitted to remain neutral." This appeal was disregarded The Austrian troops advanced into Bavaria, where they appear to have conducted themselves as in an enemy's country; and the indignant elector withdrew his army into Franconia, where he expected the advance of the French as liberators.

This unjustifiable behaviour on the part of Austria was destined to be severely punished. No

sooner did Napoleon understand that war was inevitable, than he broke up his great army on the coast opposite to England, and directed its march upon the German frontier; while Massena received orders to assume, also, the offensive in Italy, and force his way, if possible, into the hereditary states of Austria. The favourite scheme of Carnot was thus revived; and two French armies, one crossing the Rhine, and the other pushing through the Tyrolese, looked forward to a junction before the walls of Vienna.

The rashness which had characterized the conduct of the cabinet of Vienna, was fatally followed out in that of its general, Mack: instead of occupying the line of the river Inn, which, extending from the Tyrol to the Danube at Passau, affords a strong defence to the Austrian territory, and on which he might have expected, in comparative safety, the arrival of the Russians—this unworthy favourite of the emperor left the Inn far behind him, and established his head-quarters on the western frontier of Bavaria, at Ulm.

Napoleon hastened to profit by this unpardonable error. Bernadotte advanced from Hanover, with the troops which had occupied that electorate, towards Wurtzburg, where the Bavarian army lay ready to join its strength to his; five divisions of the great force lately assembled on the coasts of Normandy under the orders of Davoust, Ney, Soult, Marmont, and Vandamme, crossed the Rhine at different points, all to the northward of Mack's position; while a sixth, under Murat, passing at Kehl, manœuvred in such a manner as to withdraw the Austrian's attention from these movements, and to strengthen him in his belief that Napoleon and all his army were coming against him, through the Black Forest, in his front.

The consequences of Buonaparte's combinations were, that while Mack lay expecting to be assaulted

in front of Ulm, the great body of the French army advanced into the heart of Germany, by the left side of the Danube, and then, throwing themselves across that river, took ground in his rear, interrupting his communication with Vienna, and, in fact, isolating him. In order that Bernadotte and the Bavarians might have a part in this great manœuvre, it was necessary that they should disregard the neutrality of the Prussian territories of Anspach and Bareuth; and Napoleon, well aware of the real sentiments of the court of Berlin, did not hesitate to adopt this course. Prussia remonstrated indignantly, but still held back from proclaiming war; and Napoleon cared little for such impediments as mere diplomacy could throw in the way of his campaign. He did not, however, effect his purpose of taking up a position in the rear of Mack without resistance. On the contrary, at various places, at Wertenghen, Guntzburg, Memingen, and Elchingen, severe skirmishes occurred with different divisions of the Austrian army, in all of which the French had the advantage. General Spangenburg and 5,000 men laid down their arms at Memingen, and, in all, not less than 20,000 prisoners fell into the hands of the French between the 26th of September, when they crossed the Rhine, and the 13th of October, when they were, in fact, in full possession of Bavaria and Swabia, holding Mack cooped up behind them in Ulm—as Wurmser had been in Mantua, during the campaign of Alvinzi.

But Mack was no Wurmser. Napoleon's recent movements had perplexed utterly the councils of the Austrians, whose generals, adopting different views of the state of the campaign, no longer acted in unison. Schwartzenberg and the archduke Ferdinand, considering further resistance in Bavaria as hopeless, cut their way, at the head of large bodies of cavalry, into Bohemia, and began to rouse the inhabitants of that kingdom to a levy *en masse*. The

French emperor, perceiving that they had for the present escaped him, drew back upon Ulm, invested that town on every side, and summoned Mack to surrender.

The garrison consisted of full 20,000 good troops; the place was amply victualled and stored; the advance of the great Russian army could not be distant; the declaration of war against Napoleon by Berlin was hourly to be expected: and the armies of Austria, though scattered for the present, would be sure to rally and make every effort for the relief of Ulm. Under circumstances comparatively hopeless, the brave Wurmser held Mantua to extremity. But in spite of example and argument, in terror or in treachery, general Mack capitulated without hazarding a blow.

On the 16th, he published a proclamation, urging his troops to prepare for the utmost pertinacity of defence, and forbidding, on pain of death, the very word *surrender* to be breathed within the walls of Ulm. On the 17th, he signed articles, by which hostilities were immediately to cease, and he and all his men to surrender themselves prisoners of war within ten days, unless some Austrian or Russian force should appear in the interval, and attempt to raise the blockade. After signing this document, Mack visited, in person, the head-quarters of Napoleon; and, whatever the nature of their conversation may have been, the result was, a *revision* of the treaty on the 19th, and the formal evacuation of Ulm on the 20th. Twenty thousand soldiers filed off, and laid down their arms before Napoleon and his staff.—Eighteen generals were dismissed on parole; an immense quantity of ammunition of all sorts fell into the hands of the victor; and a wagon filled with Austrian standards was sent to gratify the vanity of the Parisians.

The catastrophe of Ulm, striking new terror into the Prussian councils, prevented the violation of the

territory of Anspach from being immediately followed by the declaration of war, for which Buonaparte must have made up his mind when he hazarded that measure. Meantime, success had attended Massena in his advance from Lombardy towards the Venetian states, where the archduke Charles commanded an army of 60,000 men for Austria. The archduke, after sustaining various reverses, was forced to abandon Italy; and retreated, though slowly and leisurely, before Massena, through the strong passes of the Carinthian mountains.

Nor had marshal Ney, whom Napoleon had detached from his own main army with orders to advance into the Tyrol, been less successful than Massena. The archduke John, who commanded in that province, was beaten like his brother; and the outposts of the army of Massena from Italy, and that of Ney from the Upper Rhine, at length met and saluted in triumph at Clagenfurt. The archduke Charles, understanding how Ney was prospering in the Tyrol, had given up the design of retreating by that way into Germany, and proceeded through the Carinthian mountains towards Hungary. Prince John now followed his brother's example; and the remains of those two armies thus coalescing in a distant region, the divisions of Ney and Massena came, in fact, to be at the immediate disposal of Napoleon, who was now concentrating his force for the purpose of attacking Vienna.

While the victorious corps of Ney thus secured his right—Murat, on his left, watched the Austrians who had made their way into Bohemia; and Augereau, who had now advanced at the head of a large reserve from France, remained behind him in Swabia, to guard the passes from the Voralberg, in case of any hostile movement from that mountainous province, and, at the same time, to be ready for action against the Prussians, should that army at length receive orders to take part in the war, and

cross the Danube. Thus guarded, as he judged, against any chance of having his communications intercepted in the rear or flanks, Napoleon himself, with the main body, now moved on to the capital of the German emperor. Austrian and Russian troops, to the number of 45,000, had been thrown together with the view of relieving Ulm, and advanced considerably for that purpose ere they heard of the treacherous capitulation of Mack. They now retired again before the movement of Napoleon, halting, indeed, occasionally, and assuming the aspect of determination; but, whenever the outposts met, losing heart, and continuing their progress towards Moravia:—for there, at length, the czar, with his principal army, had made his appearance;—and there, around that standard, every disposable force was now to be rallied. The emperor Francis himself, perceiving that Vienna was incapable of defence, quitted his capital on the 7th of November, and proceeded to Brunn, in Moravia, the head-quarters of Alexander.

On the same evening count Giulay reached Napoleon's head-quarters at Lintz, with proposals for an immediate armistice and negotiation. Buonaparte refused to pause unless the Tyrol and Venice were instantly ceded to him. These were terms to which the Austrian envoy had no authority to submit. On the 13th of November, accordingly, the French entered Vienna, and Napoleon took up his residence in the castle of Schoenbrun, the proud palace of the Austrian Cæsars. General Clarke was appointed governor of the city; and the elector of Bavaria was gratified with a large share of the military stores and equipments found in its arsenals.

But the intoxication of this success was to be sobered by a cup of bitterness—and from a hand which had already dashed more than one of Napoleon's proudest triumphs.

When Buonaparte took up arms again, and de

voted every energy of his mind to the descent upon England, Spain, the next maritime power after France, professed, indeed, neutrality,—but by some of her proceedings raised the suspicion that her fleet was really destined to act along with that of the invader. The English government resolved to bring this matter to the test; and a squadron of four ships demanded a similar force of the Spaniards to yield themselves into their keeping, as a pledge of neutrality. The British squadron sent on such an errand ought, on every principle of policy and humanity, to have been much stronger than that which commodore Moore commanded on this occasion. The Castilian pride took fire at the idea of striking to an equal foe; and, unhappily, an action took place, in which three of the Spanish ships were captured, and one blown up. This catastrophe determined, as might have been expected, the wavering councils of Madrid. Spain declared war against England, and placed her fleets at the command of the French emperor.

Two of his own squadrons, meantime, had, in pursuance of the great scheme traced for the ruin of England, escaped early in this year out of Rochefort and Toulon. The former, passing into the West Indies, effected some trivial services, and returned in safety to their original port. The latter, under Villeneuve, had like fortune; and, venturing on a second sortie, joined the great Spanish fleet under Gravina at Cadiz. The combined fleets then crossed the Atlantic, where they captured an insignificant island, and once more returned towards Europe. Nelson had spent the summer in chasing these squadrons across the seas—and on this occasion they once more eluded his grasp: but on approaching cape Finisterre (22d July), another English squadron, of fifteen sail of the line and two frigates, under sir Robert Calder, came in view: and the allied admirals, having twenty sail of the

line, three fifty-gun ships, and four frigates, did not avoid the encounter. They were worsted, notwithstanding their superiority of strength, and Calder captured two of their best ships. But that they escaped from an English fleet, howsoever inferior in numbers, without sustaining severer loss than this, was in effect considered as a disgrace by the British public.—Calder, being tried by a court-martial, was actually censured for not having improved his success more signally; a striking example of the height to which confidence in the naval superiority of the English had been raised, at the very time when no arm appeared capable of thwarting the career of French victory by land.

Villeneuve and Gravina now made their way to Vigo, and thence finally to Cadiz: while Nelson, having at length received accurate intelligence of their motions, took the command in the Mediterranean, and lay watching for the moment in which they should be tempted to hazard another egress. The coasts of Spain being strictly blockaded, some difficulty began to be felt about providing necessaries for the numerous crews of the allied fleets; but the circumstance which had most influence in leading them to quit, once more, their place of safety, was, according to general admission, the impatience of Villeneuve under some unmerited reproaches with which Napoleon visited the results of the battle of Cape Finisterre. Villeneuve, a man of dauntless gallantry and the highest spirit, smarting under this injury, was anxious to take the noble revenge of victory. And, in truth, had numbers been to decide the adventure, he ran little risk: for Nelson commanded only twenty-seven sail of the line, and three frigates, manned in the ordinary manner; whereas the fleet in Cadiz mustered thirty-three ships of the line and seven frigates; and, besides the usual crews, carried 4000 troops, chiefly riflemen. The result was, the most glorious day in

the proud annals of the English marine. The combined fleets sailed from Cadiz on the 19th of October, and on the morning of the 21st—the very day after Mack surrendered at Ulm—they came in sight of the English admiral, off Cape Trafalgar.

The reader is referred to the historian of lord Nelson for the particulars of this great action. The French and Spaniards awaited the attack in a double line. Nelson hoisted the famous signal, "England expects every man to do his duty;" charged in two columns, and broke their array at the first onset. The battle, nevertheless, was sternly contested. In the end, nineteen ships of the line were taken; and of those Spanish vessels which escaped into Cadiz, seven had been rendered wholly unserviceable. Four French ships of the line, under commodore Dumanoir, made way for the Straits, and were captured a few days after by sir Richard Strachan, commander of the English squadron off Rochefort. The fleets of France and Spain were, in fact, annihilated: yet, great as was the triumph, glorious, and unrivalled, it was dearly purchased—for Nelson fell, mortally wounded, early in the action. The hero lived just long enough to hear the cheer of consummated victory; and then breathed out his noble spirit, in words worthy of his life, "Thank God! I have done my duty."*

* "Lamented hero! when to Britain's shore
Exulting Fame those awful tidings bore,
Joy's bursting shout in whelming grief was drown'd,
And victory's self unwilling audience found;
On every brow the cloud of sadness hung;
The sounds of triumph died on every tongue.
Yet not the vows thy weeping country pays;
Not that high meed, thy mourning sovereign's praise;
Not that the great, the beauteous, and the brave
Bend in mute reverence o'er thy closing grave;
That with such grief as bathes a kindred bier
Collective nations mourn a death so dear;
Not these alone shall sooth thy sainted shade,
And consecrate the spot where thou art laid—
Not these alone! but bursting thro' the gloom,
With radiant glory from thy trophied tomb,

The French and Spaniards had fought together against Nelson; but not in the same spirit. The former were determined and malignant enemies; the latter generous friends, hurried by the excitement of temporary and pardonable passion, into hostilities against the only power which could afford their country any chance of avoiding that political slavery under which it was now the settled purpose of Napoleon's ambition to crush every nation of Europe. But the unprincipled conduct of Dumanoir, who escaped from Nelson to be captured shortly after, as has been mentioned by Strachan, at once brought out the different feelings under which the two allied fleets had been acting. This French officer, retreating with his four ships, which had had no part in the battle, discharged his broadsides, as he passed, into English vessels no longer capable of pursuit,—conduct which, as the victory was complete, could have no object but that of carnage. Nay, such was the ruffian nature of this man's soul, he fired into the Spanish ships which had yielded to the English; thus, for the sake of trivially injuring his enemy, sacrificing without scruple the blood of his own unfortunate friends. The Spanish prisoners, in their indignation at this brutality, asked their English captors to permit them to man their guns against the retreating French; and such was the earnestness of their entreaty, and the confidence of Englishmen in the honour of Spaniards, that these men actually were permitted to do as they had requested. A mutual interchange of good offices ensued. In the evening after the battle a gale sprung up, and

> The sacred splendour of thy deathless name
> Shall grace and guard thy country's martial fame;
> Far seen shall blaze the unextinguished ray,
> A mighty beacon lighting glory's way—
> With living lustre this proud land adorn,
> And shine, and save, thro' ages yet unborn."*

* Ulm and Trafalgar, a poem, by the Rt. Honourable George Canning.

some of the captured vessels drifting on shore, a number of British seamen fell into the hands of the garrison of Cadiz. They were received as friends: for the reception of their wounded the Spanish soldiers gave up their own beds. Collingwood, who succeeded to Nelson's command, sent all the wounded Spaniards on shore to be cured in their own country, merely taking their parole that they would not serve again during the war: and the governor of Cadiz, with still more romantic generosity, offered his hospitals for the use of Collingwood's wounded seamen, pledging the honour of the Spanish name that they should be cared for like his own men, and sent back to their admiral whenever they had recovered. It will appear, hereafter, what illustrious consequences the kindly feelings thus manifested were destined to produce.

Buonaparte, when he heard of this mighty discomfiture, which for ever put an end to all his visions of invading England, is said to have lost that possession of himself, which he certainly maintained when the catastrophe of Aboukir was announced to him at Cairo. Yet arrogance mingled strangely in his expressions of sorrow,—"I cannot be every where," said he to the messenger of the evil tidings—as if Napoleon could have had any more chance of producing victory by his presence at Trafalgar, than Nelson would have dreamed of having by appearing on horseback at Marengo. In his newspapers, and even in his formal messages to the senate at Paris, Buonaparte always persisted in denying that there had been a great defeat at Trafalgar, or even a great battle. But how well he appreciated the facts of the case was well known to the unfortunate admiral Villeneuve. That brave officer, after spending a short time in England, was permitted to return to France on his parole. He died almost immediately afterward at Rennes: whether by his own hand in the agony of despair, as the French Gazette as-

serted, or assassinated, as was commonly believed at the time, by some of the blood-hardened minions of Fouché's police, is a mystery not yet cleared up; and, perhaps, never destined to be so until the day comes in which nothing shall be hid.

The tidings of Trafalgar, after the first moment, served but as a new stimulus to the fire of Napoleon's energy. He quitted Vienna, and put himself at the head of his columns, which, passing the Danube into Moravia, soon found themselves within reach of the forces of Russia and Austria, at length combined and prepared for action, under the eyes of their respective emperors. These princes, on the approach of the French, drew back as far as Olmutz, in order that a reserve of Russians, under Bexhowden, might join them before the decisive struggle took place. Napoleon fixed his head-quarters at *Brunn*, and, riding over the plain between Brunn and Austerlitz (a village about two miles from that town), said to his generals, "study this field—we shall, ere long, have to contest it."

Buonaparte has been much criticised by strategists for the rashness of thus passing the Danube into Moravia, while the archduke Ferdinand was organizing the Bohemians on his left, the archdukes Charles and John in Hungary, with still formidable and daily increasing forces on his right, the population of Vienna and the surrounding territories ready to rise, in case of any disaster, in his rear; and Prussia as decidedly hostile in heart as she was wavering in policy. The French leader did not disguise from himself the risk of his adventure; but he considered it better to run all that risk, than to linger in Vienna until the armies in Hungary and Bohemia should have had time to reinforce the two emperors.

Napoleon's preparations were as follows:—his left, under Lannes, lay at Santon, a strongly fortified position: Soult commanded the right wing: the

centre, under Bernadotte, had with them Murat and all the cavalry. Behind the line lay the reserve, consisting of 20,000, 10,000 of whom were of the imperial guard, under Oudenot; and here Napoleon himself took his station. But besides these open demonstrations, Davoust, with a division of horse and another of foot, lay behind the convent of Raygern, considerably in the rear of the French right—being there placed by the emperor, in consequence of a false movement, into which he, with a seer-like sagacity, foresaw the enemy might, in all likelihood, be tempted; and to which he lured them on accordingly by every engine of his craft.

Buonaparte, on learning that the emperor Alexander was personally in the hostile camp, sent Savary to present his compliments to that sovereign; but really, as we may suppose, to observe as much as he could of the numbers and condition of the troops. Savary, on his return, informed his master that the Russian prince was surrounded by a set of young coxcombs, whose every look and gesture expressed overweening confidence in themselves and contempt for their opponents. All the reverses of the previous campaign were, as they took care to signify, the result of unpardonable cowardice among the Austrians, whose spirit had been quite broken by the wars in Italy: but they were the countrymen of the same Suwarrow who had beaten the French out of all Buonaparte's Lombard conquests, and the first general battle would show what sort of enemies the Russians were. How much of this statement is true we know not: it was openly made at the time in one of Buonaparte's bulletins—and, what is of more moment, he appears to have acted on the belief that Savary told the truth. Having, ere he received it, advanced several leagues beyond the chosen field of battle, near Austerlitz, he forthwith retreated on that position, with a studied semblance of confusion. The

czar sent a young aid-de-camp to return the compliment carried by Savary; and this messenger found the French soldiery actively engaged in fortifying their position—the very position which their emperor had, in fact, all along determined to occupy. The account of what the young Russian saw in the French lines gave, as Napoleon wished, a new stimulus to the presumption of his enemy; and, having made the preparations above described, he calmly expected the consequences of their rashness and inexperience.

On the 1st of December he beheld with delight the commencement of those false movements which he had anticipated and desired. On seeing the Russians begin to descend from the heights, on which they might have lain in safety until the archdukes could come to swell their array with the armies from Bohemia and Hungary, Napoleon could not repress his rapturous joy: "In twenty-four hours," said he, "that army is mine."

Shortly afterward there arrived count Haugwitz, an envoy from the king of Prussia, who, being introduced into the emperor's presence, signified that he was the bearer of an important communication. "Count," said Napoleon, "you may see that the outposts of the armies are almost meeting—there will be a battle to-morrow—return to Vienna, and deliver your message when it is over." The Prussian envoy did not require two biddings. Napoleon had all this year been protracting the indecision of the Prussian counsels by holding out the delusive hope, that were Austria effectually humbled, the imperial crown of Germany might be transferred to the house of Brandenburg. The old jealousies, thus artfully awakened, had been sufficient to prevent a declaration of war from immediately following on the violation of the territory of Anspach and Bareuth. The intervention of the czar had, it is not to be doubted, at length determined the court of

Berlin to close their unworthy neutrality:—but Haugwitz had no Prussian army in his train; and, seeing what was before him, he certainly did prudently to defer, what had been so unwisely as well as ungenerously put off from month to month, for one day more.

At one o'clock in the morning of the 2d of December, Napoleon, having slept for an hour by a watch-fire, got on horseback, and proceeded to reconnoitre the front of his position. He wished to do so without being recognised, but the soldiery penetrated the secret, and, lighting great fires of straw all along the line, received him from post to post with shouts of enthusiasm. They reminded him that this was the anniversary of his coronation, and assured him they would celebrate the day in a manner worthy of its glory. "Only promise us," cried an old grenadier, "that you will keep yourself out of the the fire." "I will do so," answered Napoleon, "I shall be with the reserve *until you need us.*" This pledge, which so completely ascertains the mutual confidence of the leader and his soldiers, he repeated in a proclamation issued at daybreak. The sun rose with uncommon brilliancy: on many an after-day the French soldiery hailed a similar dawn with exultation as the sure omen of victory, and "the sun of Austerlitz" has passed into a proverb.

The Russian general-in-chief, Kutusoff, fell into the snare laid for him, and sent a large division of his army to turn the right of the French. The troops detached for this purpose met with unexpected resistance from Davoust's division, and were held in check at Raygern. Napoleon immediately seized the opportunity. They had left a deep gap in the line, and upon that space Soult forthwith poured a force, which entirely destroyed the communication between the Russian centre and left. The czar perceived the fatal consequences of this movement, and his guards rushed to beat back

Soult. It was on an eminence, called the hill of Pratzen, that the encounter took place. The Russians drove the French infantry before them: Napoleon ordered Bessieres to hurry with the imperial guard to their rescue. The Russians were in some disorder from the impatience of victory. They resisted sternly, but were finally broken, and fled. The grand duke Constantine, who had led them gallantly, escaped by the fleetness of his horse.

The French centre now advanced, and the charges of its cavalry under Murat were decisive. The emperors of Russia and Germany beheld from the heights of Austerlitz the total ruin of their centre, as they had already of their left. Their right wing had hitherto contested well against all the impetuosity of Lannes: but Napoleon could now gather round them on all sides, and his artillery plunging incessant fire on them from the heights, they at length found it impossible to hold their ground. They were forced down into a hollow, where some small frozen lakes offered the only means of escape from the closing cannonade. The French broke the ice about them by a storm of shot, and nearly 20,000 men died on the spot, some swept away by the artillery, the greater part drowned. Buonaparte, in his bulletin, compares the horrid spectacle of this ruin to the catastrophe of the Turks at Aboukir, when "the sea was covered with turbans." It was with great difficulty that the two emperors rallied some fragments of their armies around them, and effected their retreat. Twenty thousand prisoners, forty pieces of artillery, and all the standards of the imperial guard of Russia, remained with the conqueror. Such was the battle of Austerlitz;—or, as the French soldiery delighted to call it, "the battle of the emperors."

The Prussian envoy now returned, and presented to Napoleon his master's congratulations on the victory thus achieved. The emperor whispered to

Haugwitz, "Here is a message, of which circumstances have altered the address." Prussia, however, had 150,000 men under arms, and it by no means suited Napoleon's views to provoke her to extremities at this moment. He entered into a treaty with Haugwitz; and Prussia was bribed to remain quiescent, by a temptation which she wanted virtue to resist. The French emperor offered her Hanover, provided she would oppose no obstacle to any other arrangements which he might find it necessary to form: and the house of Brandenburg did not blush to accept at his hands the paternal inheritance of the royal family of England.

The emperor Francis, understanding how Prussia was disposed of, perceived too clearly that further resistance was hopeless; and negotiations immediately began.

The haughty emperor of Germany repaired to the French head-quarters. He was received at the door of a miserable hut. "Such," said Buonaparte, "are the palaces you have compelled me to occupy for these two months." "You have made such use of them," answered Francis, "that you ought not to complain of their accommodation."

The humiliated sovereign, having ere this obtained an armistice for himself, demanded of Napoleon that the czar might be permitted to withdraw in safety to his own states. To this the conqueror assented: and on the 6th of December the Russians commenced their retreat.

The definitive treaty with Francis was signed at Presburg on the 15th of December, and another with Prussia on the 26th, at Vienna;—and the terms of both, arranged on Napoleon's side by Talleyrand, corresponded to the signal and decisive events of the campaign.

Austria yielded the Venetian territories to the kingdom of Italy: her ancient possessions of the Tyrol and Voralberg were transferred to Bavaria, to

remunerate that elector for the part he had taken in the war; Wirtemberg, having also adopted the French side, received recompense of the same kind at the expense of the same power; and both of these electors were advanced to the dignity of kings. Bavaria received Anspach and Bareuth from Prussia, and, in return, ceded Berg, which was erected into a grand dutchy, and conferred, in an independent sovereignty, on Napoleon's brother-in-law, Murat. Finally, Prussia added Hanover to her dominions, in return for the cession of Anspach and Bareuth, and acquiescence in the other arrangements above mentioned.

Eugene Beauharnois, son of Josephine, and viceroy of Italy, received in marriage the eldest daughter of the new king of Bavaria: this being the first occasion on which Napoleon manifested openly his desire to connect his family with the old sovereign houses of Europe. It was announced at this time, that in case the emperor should die without male issue, the crown of Italy should descend to Eugene.

Other events of the same character now crowded on the scene. The king, or rather the queen of Naples, had not failed, during the recent campaign, to manifest the old aversion to the French cause. St. Cyr's army, which on the first rupture of the peace of Amiens had occupied the seaports of that kingdom, being called into the north of Italy to reinforce Massena against the archduke Charles, an Anglo-Russian expedition soon landed in Naples, and were welcomed cordially by the court. Napoleon, immediately after the battle of Austerlitz, issued a proclamation, declaring that "the royal house of Naples had ceased to reign for *ever*." On hearing of the decisive battle, and the retreat of the czar, the English and Russians evacuated the Neapolitan territories on the mainland of Italy. Joseph Buonaparte conducted a French army towards the

frontier; the court passed over into Sicily; and Joseph was proclaimed king of Naples.

The king of Sweden, rushing as hastily and inconsiderately as he of Naples into the war of 1805, landed with a small army in Germany, and besieged Hamelen, a fortress in Hanover, where Bernadotte had left a strong garrison. This movement, had Prussia broken her neutrality, might have been of high importance to the general cause; as events turned out, it was fruitless. The Swedes raised their siege in confusion, on receiving the news of Austerlitz; and Napoleon from that hour meditated the dethronement of the dynasty of Gustavus—but this object was not yet within reach.

The principalities of Lucca, Massa-Carrara, and Garfagnana were now conferred on Napoleon's sister, Eliza: on Pauline, the younger sister, who, after the death of general Leclerc, had married the prince Borghese, the sovereignty of Guastalla was in like manner bestowed.

The Batavian republic had for years been in effect enslaved by France. On pretence that her leading men, however, still yearned after the alliance of England, and thwarted him in his designs on the commerce of that great enemy, Napoleon now resolved to take away even the shadow of Dutch independence. The Batavian senate were commanded to ask Louis Buonaparte for their king; and these republicans submitted with the better grace, because the personal character of Louis was amiable; and since Holland must be an appendage to France, it seemed probable that the connexion might be rendered the less galling in many circumstances, were a prince of Napoleon's own blood constituted her natural guardian. Louis had married the beautiful Hortense-Fanny de Beauharnois, daughter of Josephine—so that, by this act, two members of the imperial house were at once ele-

vated to royalty.—They began their reign at the Hague, in May, 1806.

Another great consequence of Austerlitz remains to be mentioned. The kings of Wirtemberg and Bavaria, the grand duke of Berg, and other sovereigns of the west of Germany, were now associated together in a close alliance, under the style of the *Confederation of the Rhine:* Napoleon added to his other titles that of *Protector* of this confederacy; and the princes of the league were bound to place 60,000 soldiers at his command. This measure announced, in effect, the dissolution of the Germanic empire, whose fairest provinces were thus transformed into so many departments of the all-engrossing monarchy of Buonaparte.

Finally, it was on his return from the triumph of Austerlitz, that Napoleon trampled down the last traces of the revolutionary organization in France, by creating a new order of nobility. Talleyrand became prince of Beneventum, Bernadotte of Ponte Corvo, Berthier of Neufchatel; the most distinguished of the marshals received the title of duke, and a long array of counts of the empire filled the lower steps of the throne.

These princedoms and dukedoms were accompanied with grants of extensive estates in the countries which the French arms had conquered; and the great feudatories of the new empire accordingly bore titles, not domestic, but foreign. In every thing it was the plan of Napoleon to sink the memory of the Bourbon monarchy, and revive the image of Charlemagne, emperor of the West.

CHAPTER XX.

Discontent of Prussia—Death of Pitt—Negotiation of Lords Yarmouth and Lauderdale—Broken off—Murder of Palm, the Bookseller—Prussia declares War—Buonaparte heads the Army—Naumburgh taken—Battle of Jena—Napoleon enters Berlin—Full of Magdeburg, &c.—Humiliation of Prussia—Buonaparte's Cruelty to the Duke of Brunswick—His Rapacity and Oppression in Prussia.

The establishment of the confederation of the Rhine rendered Napoleon, in effect, sovereign of a large part of Germany. The states composing the union were bound to place 60,000 troops at the command of their protector; and these arrangements seemed to have so totally revolutionized Germany, that Francis of Austria declared the imperial constitution at an end. He retained the title of emperor as sovereign of his own hereditary dominions; but "The Holy Roman Empire," having lasted full one thousand years, was declared to be no more; and of its ancient influence the representative was to be sought for, not at Vienna, but at Paris.

The vacillating court of Berlin heard with much apprehension of the formation of the Rhenish confederacy;* and with deep resentment of its immediate consequence, the dissolution of the Germanic empire. The house of Brandenburg had consented to the humiliation of Francis in the hope of succeeding, at the next election, to the imperial crown, so long worn by the house of Austria: and now, not only was that long-cherished hope for ever dispelled, but it appeared that Napoleon had laid the foundation of a new system, under which the influence of the house of Brandenburg must, in all probability, be overruled far more effectually than it ever had

* Published 27th July, 1806.

been, of recent times, by the imperial prerogative of Austria.

The only method of counteracting the consolidation of French power all over Germany, seemed to be that of creating another confederacy in the northern circles, capable of balancing the league of the Rhine. The elector of Saxony, however, perceived that Napoleon was not likely to acquiesce in the realization of this scheme; and his minister at Berlin continued to decline acceding to the northern alliance. The prince of Hesse Cassel took a similar view of the case; but acted with a degree of vacillation worthy of the late conduct of Prussia herself, refusing on the one hand to embrace the confederation proposed by the cabinet of Berlin, and yet declining, on the other, to form part of the Rhenish league, to which effect Buonaparte had frequently and urgently invited this elector. In the reluctance, however, of these princes, Prussia saw nothing but the determination of Napoleon to suppress, in the beginning, any such confederation of the northern German states as had been contemplated; and irritation and jealousy from day to day increased.

The relations of France and Prussia continued in this dubious state, until the cabinet of Berlin learned some particulars of a negotiation between Napoleon and the English government, which took place in the summer of 1806.

Mr. Pitt, who despaired of opposing Buonaparte on the continent after Marengo, did not long survive the disastrous intelligence of Austerlitz. Worn out and broken by the endless anxieties of his situation, not even the glorious tidings of Trafalgar could revive the sinking spirit of this great minister. He died on the 23d of January, 1806, and was succeeded in the government by Mr. Fox, the same statesman who had, throughout every variety of fortune, arraigned his conduct of the war as imbecile

and absurd, and who had all along professed his belief that in the original quarrel between Great Britain and revolutionized France, the blame lay with his own country, and, above all, with Mr. Pitt.

The personal intercourse which took place between Mr. Fox and Napoleon, during the peace of Amiens, has already been alluded to. It was calculated to make all men regard the chances of a solid peace between France and England as increased by the event which transferred the reins of government, in the latter country, into the hands of the illustrious opponent of Mr. Pitt.

But the peculiar feelings of English politicians have seldom been understood by foreigners—never more widely misunderstood than by Buonaparte. When Fox visited him, as first consul, at the Tuileries, he complained that the English government countenanced the assassins who were plotting against his life. Mr. Fox, forgetting all his party prejudice when the honour of his country was assailed, answered in terms such as Napoleon's own military bluntness could not have surpassed—"Clear your head of that nonsense." And now, in like manner, Mr. Fox, once placed in the responsible management of his country's interests, was found, not a little to the surprise and disappointment of Napoleon, about as close and watchful a negotiator as he could have had to deal with in Mr. Pitt himself. The English minister employed on this occasion, first, lord Yarmouth,* one of the *detenus* of 1803, and afterward lord Lauderdale. For some time strong hopes of a satisfactory conclusion were entertained; but, in the end, the negotiation wholly broke up, on the absolute refusal of Napoleon to concede Malta to England, unless England would permit him to conquer Sicily from the unfortunate sovereign whose Italian kingdom had already been

* Now marquis of Hertford.

transferred to Joseph Buonaparte. Mr. Fox was lost to his country in September, 1806; and Napoleon ever afterward maintained, that had that great statesman lived, the negotiation would have been resumed and pushed to a successful close. Meantime, however, the diplomatic intercourse of the Tuilleries and St. James's was at an end, and the course which the negotiation had taken transpired necessarily in parliament.

It then came out that the article of *Hanover* had not formed one of the chief difficulties; in a word, Napoleon had signified that, although the electorate had been ceded by him to Prussia under the treaty of Vienna, at the close of 1805, Prussia yielding to him in return the principalities of Anspach, Bareuth, and Neufchatel, still, if the English government would agree to abandon Sicily, he, on his part, would offer no opposition to the resumption of Hanover by its rightful sovereign, George III. This contemptuous treachery being ascertained at Berlin, the ill-smothered rage of the Prussian court and nation at length burst into a flame. The beautiful queen of Prussia, and prince Louis, brother to the king, two characters whose high and romantic qualities rendered them the delight and pride of the nation, were foremost to nourish and kindle the popular indignation. The young nobility and gentry rose in tumult, broke the windows of the ministers who were supposed to lean to the French interest, and openly whetted their sabres on the threshold-stone of Napoleon's ambassador. The lovely queen appeared in the uniform of the regiment which bore her name, and rode at its head. The enthusiasm of the people thus roused might be directed, but could hardly be repressed.

Nor was it in Prussia alone that such sentiments prevailed. Split as Germany has for ages been into many independent states, there has always, nevertheless, been felt and acknowledged, a certain na-

tional unity of heart as well as head among all that speak the German language: the dissolution of the empire was felt all over Germany as a common wrong and injury: Napoleon's insulting treatment of Prussia was resented as indicative of his resolution to reduce that power also (the only German power now capable of opposing any resistance to French aggression) to a pitch of humiliation as low as that in which Austria was already sunk; and, lastly, another atrocious deed of the French emperor—a deed as darkly unpardonable as the murder of d'Enghien—was perpetrated at this very crisis, and arrayed against him, throughout all Germany, every feeling, moral and political, which could be touched either by the crimes or the contumelies of a foreign tyrant.

Palm, a bookseller of the free city of Naumburg, having published a pamphlet in which the ambition of Napoleon was arraigned, a party of French gens d'armes passed the frontier, and seized the unsuspecting citizen, exactly as the duke d'Enghien had been arrested at Ettenheim, and Sir George Rumbold at Hamburgh, the year before. The bookseller was tried for a libel against Napoleon, at Braunau, before a French court-martial; found guilty, condemned to death, and shot immediately, in pursuance of his sentence. It is needless to dwell upon this outrage—the death of d'Enghien has found advocates or palliators—this mean murder of an humble tradesman, who neither was nor ever had been a subject either of France or Buonaparte, has been less fortunate.

The emperor of Russia once more visited Berlin, when the feelings of Prussia, and indeed of all the neighbouring states, were in this fever of excitement. He again urged the king of Prussia to take up arms in the common cause, and offered to back him with all the forces of his own great empire. The English government, taking advantage of the

same crisis, sent lord Morpeth* to Berlin, with offers of pecuniary supplies—about the acceptance of which, however, the anxiety of Prussia on the subject of Hanover created some difficulty. Lastly, Buonaparte, well informed of what was passing in Berlin, and desirous, since war must be, to hurry Prussia into the field ere the armies of the czar could be joined with hers, now poured out in the Moniteur such abuse on the persons and characters of the queen, prince Louis, and every illustrious patriot throughout Prussia, that the general wrath could no longer be held in check. Warlike preparations of every kind filled the kingdom during August and September. On the first of October the Prussian minister at Paris presented a note to Talleyrand, demanding, among other things, that the formation of a confederacy in the north of Germany should no longer be thwarted by French interference, and that the French troops within the territories of the Rhenish league should recross the Rhine into France, by the 8th of the same month of October.

But Napoleon was already in person on the German side of the Rhine, and his answer to the Prussian note was a general order to his own troops, in which he called on them to observe in what manner a German sovereign still dared to insult the soldiers of Austerlitz.

The conduct of Prussia, in thus rushing into hostilities without waiting for the advance of the Russians, was as rash as her holding back from Austria, during the campaign of Austerlitz, had been cowardly. As if determined to profit by no lesson, the Prussian council also directed their army to advance towards the French, instead of lying on their own frontier—a repetition of the great leading blunder of the Austrians in the preceding year. The Prus-

* Now earl of Carlisle.

sian army accordingly invaded the Saxon provinces, and the elector of Saxony, seeing his country treated as rudely as that of the elector of Bavaria had been on a similar occasion by the Austrians, and wanting the means to withdraw his own troops as the Bavarian had succeeded in doing under like provocation, was compelled to accept the alliance which Prussia urged on him, and to join his troops with those of the power by which he had been thus insulted and wronged.

No sooner did Napoleon know that the Prussians had advanced into the heart of Saxony than he formed the plan of his campaign: and they, persisting in their advance, and taking up their position finally on the Saale, afforded him, as if studiously, the means of repeating, at their expense, the very manœuvres which had ruined the Austrians in the preceding campaign.

In a word, Buonaparte perceived that the Prussian army was extended upon too wide a line, and the consequent possibility of overpowering it in detail. He further discovered that the enemy had all his principal stores and magazines at Naumburg, to the rearward, not of his centre, but of his extreme right; and resolved to commence operations by an attempt to turn the flank, and seize those magazines, ere the main body of the Prussians, lying at Weimar, could be aware of his movement. The French army came forward in three great divisions; the corps of Soult and Ney in the direction of Hof; Murat, Bernadotte, and Davoust towards Saalburgh and Schleitz; and Lannes and Augereau upon Coburgh and Saalfield. These last generals were opposed sternly, at Saalfield, by the corps of prince Louis of Prussia. This brave young officer imprudently abandoned the bridge over the Saal, which he might have defended with success, and came out into the open plain, where his troops were overpowered by the French impetuosity. He himself,

fighting hand to hand with a subaltern, was desired to surrender, and replying by a sabre cut, was immediately struck down with a mortal thrust. The Prussians fled; the bridge, which ought to have defended, gave the French access to the country behind the Saal: in a word, the flank of the Prussian position was turned; the French army passed entirely round them; Napoleon seized Naumburg, and blew up the magazines there,—announcing, for the first time, by this explosion, to the king of Prussia, that he was in his rear.

From this moment the king was in fact isolated, and cut off from all his resources, as completely as the army of Mack was at Ulm, when the French had passed the Danube and overrun Swabia. The duke of Brunswick, who commanded the Prussian army, had now to concentrate his forces for the purpose of cutting his way back again to the frontier which he had so rashly abandoned. Napoleon, meantime, posted his divisions so as to watch all the chief passages of the Saal, and expected, in confidence, the assault of his outwitted opponent. It was now that he found leisure to answer the manifesto of the king of Prussia, which had reached Paris a day or two after he himself quitted that capital for the camp. His letter, dated at Gera, is written in the most elaborate style of insult. The king of Prussia, said he, had sent him a silly pamphlet of twenty pages, in very bad French—such a pamphlet as the English ministry were in the habit of commanding their hireling scribblers to put forth —but he acquitted the king of having read this performance. He was extremely anxious to live on the most friendly terms with his "good brother," and begged him, as the first token of equal goodwill, to dismiss the counsellors who had hurried him into the present unjust and unequal war. Such was the language of this famous note. Napoleon, already sure of his prey, desired his own generals to

observe how accurately he had already complied with one of the requests of the Prussian manifesto. —"The French army," said he, "has done as it was bidden. This is the 8th of October, and we *have* evacuated the territories of the confederation of the Rhine."

The Prussian king understood well, on learning the fall of Naumburg, the imminent danger of his position; and his army was forthwith set in motion, in two great masses; the former, where he was in person present, advancing towards Naumburg; the latter attempting, in like manner, to force their passage through the French line in the neighbourhood of Jena. The king of Prussia's march was arrested at Auerstadt by Davoust, who, after a severely contested action, at length repelled the assailants. Napoleon himself, meanwhile, was engaged with the other great body of the Prussians under general Mollendorf. Arriving on the evening of the 13th October at Jena, he perceived that the enemy were ready to attempt the advance next morning, while his own heavy train were still six-and-thirty hours' march in his rear. Not discouraged with this adverse circumstance, the emperor laboured all night in directing and encouraging his soldiery to cut a road through the rocks, and draw up by that means such light guns as he had at command to a position, on a lofty plateau in front of Jena, where no man could have expected beforehand that any artillery whatever should be planted, and where, accordingly, the effect even of a small park proved more decisive than that of a much larger one might have been under other circumstances. Buonaparte spent all the night among the men, offering large sums of gold for every piece that should be dragged to the position, and continually reminding his followers that the Prussians were about to fight, not for honour, but for safety,—that they were already isolated as completely as Mack's army had been at Ulm, and on stern resistance must needs submit to the fate of

the Austrians. Lannes commanded the centre; Augereau the right; Soult the left; and Murat the reserve and cavalry.

Soult had to sustain the first assault of the Prussians, which was violent and sudden; for the mist lay so thick on the field that the armies were within half gunshot of each other ere the sun and wind rose and discovered them; and on that instant Mollendorf charged. The battle was contested well for some time on this point; but at length Ney appeared in the rear of the emperor with a fresh division; and then the French centre advanced to a general charge, before which the Prussians were forced to retire. They moved for some space in good order; but Murat now poured his masses of cavalry on them, storm after storm, with such rapidity and vehemence that their rout became miserable. It ended in the complete breaking up of the army—horse and foot all flying together, in the confusion of panic, upon the road to Weimar. At that point the fugitives met and mingled with their brethren flying, as confusedly as themselves, from Auerstadt. In the course of this disastrous day, 20,000 Prussians were killed or taken; 300 guns, twenty generals, and sixty standards. The commander-in-chief, the duke of Brunswick, being wounded in the face with a grape-shot, was carried early off the field, never to recover. The loss of superior officers on the Prussian side was so great, that of an army which, on the evening of the 13th of October, mustered not less than 150,000, but a few regiments were ever able to act in concert for some time after the 14th. The various routed divisions roamed about the country, seeking separately the means of escape they were in consequence destined to fall an easy prey. Mollendorf and the prince of Orange-Fulda laid down their arms at Erfurt. General Kalkreuth's corps was overtaken and surrounded among the Hartz mountains: prince Eugene of Wirtemburg and 16,000 men, surrendered to Bernadotte at Halle.

The prince of Hohenlohe at length drew together not less than 50,000 of these wandering soldiers, and threw himself, at their head, into Magdeburg. But it turned out that that great fortress had been stripped of all its stores for the service of the duke of Brunswick's army before Jena. Hohenlohe, therefore, was compelled to retreat towards the Oder. He was defeated in a variety of skirmishes; and at length, finding himself devoid of ammunition or provisions, laid down his arms at Prenzlow; 20,000 surrendered with the prince. His rear, consisting of about 10,000, under the command of the celebrated general Blucher, were so far behind as to render it possible for them to attempt escape. Their heroic leader traversed the country with them for some time unbroken, and sustained a variety of assaults, from far superior numbers, with the most obstinate resolution. By degrees, however, the French, under Soult, hemmed him in on one side, Murat on the other, and Bernadotte appeared close behind him. He was thus forced to throw himself into Lubeck, where a severe action was fought in the streets of the town, on the 6th of November. The Prussian, in this battle, lost 4,000 prisoners, besides the slain and wounded: he retreated to Schwerta, and there, it being impossible for him to go farther without violating the neutrality of Denmark, on the morning of the 7th, Blucher at length laid down his arms—having exhibited a specimen of conduct and valour such as certainly had not been displayed by any of his superiors in the campaign.

The strong fortresses of the Prussian monarchy made as ineffectual resistance as the armies in the field. In how far the charge of actual treachery brought then, and still continued, against the commanders of those places, be just, we know not; but the fact is certain, that the governors of Spandau, Stettin, Custrin, Hamelen, and Magdeburg itself, yielded successively to the French generals, under circumstances which roused the indignant suspicion

of the Prussian people, as well as the soldiery and their unfortunate king. Buonaparte, in person, entered Berlin on the 25th of October: and before the end of November, except Konigsberg,—where the king himself had found refuge, and gathered round him a few thousand troops, the sad relics of an army which had been considered as not unable to withstand the whole power of France,—and a few less important fortresses, the whole of the German possessions of the house of Brandenburg were in the hands of the conqueror. Louis Buonaparte, king of Holland, meanwhile, had advanced into Westphalia, and occupied that territory also, with great part of Hanover, East Friesland, Embden, and the dominions of Hesse Cassel.

Thus, in the course of a few short weeks, was the proud and vigorous fabric of the Prussian monarchy levelled with the ground. The government being of a strictly military character, when the army, the pride and strength of the nation, disappeared, every bond of union among the various provinces of the crown seemed to be at once dissolved. To account for the unexampled rapidity of such a downfall, it must be remembered, first, that the Prussian states, many of them the fruits of recent military conquest, were held together by little but the name of the great Frederick, and the terror of the highly disciplined force which he had bequeathed to his successors; that, in a word, they had not yet had time to be blended and melted thoroughly into a national whole: secondly, that Prussia had rushed into this war, not only with imprudent rashness, but with the stain of dishonour on her hands. The acceptance of Hanover, as a bribe from the French despot, and the hard and brazen reluctance to part with that ill-gotten spoil, even when the preservation of peace with France seemed hopeless—these circumstances, together with the mean desertion of Austria during the preceding campaign of Austerlitz—had, in effect, injured the government deeply and degradingly in

the opinion of its own subjects, as well as of other nations; but, thirdly, the imbecile conduct of the chief Prussian officers, in the campaign of Jena, was as little likely to have been foreseen or expected, as the pusillanimous, if not treacherous, baseness of those who, after the army was defeated, abandoned so easily a chain of the best fortresses in Europe.

The personal character of king Frederick William was never calumniated, even when the measures of his government were most generally and most justly exposed to suspicion and scorn. On the contrary, the misfortunes of this virtuous sovereign and his family were heard of with unmixed regret and compassion.

These sentiments, and all sentiments likely in their consequences to be injurious to the cause of Napoleon, the conduct of the conqueror in Prussia, at this time of national humiliation and sorrow, was well calculated to strengthen and confirm. The duke of Brunswick, retiring wounded from Jena to the capital of his own hereditary principality, addressed a letter from thence to Napoleon, requesting that the territory of Brunswick might not be confounded with that of Prussia, although he, as an individual, had appeared in Prussian uniform against him. Buonaparte answered with insolence as well as harshness. He styled the duke "General Brunswick," and said he was determined to destroy his city, and displace his family for ever. The brave, though unfortunate duke, retired on this to Altona, a Danish town, from which he meant to embark for England: but his wound being inflamed by these untimely movements, he died ere a vessel could be prepared for him. His son, considering him as murdered, vowed eternal revenge—and how he kept his vow, we shall see hereafter. The Prussian nobility and gentry were treated on almost every occasion with like brutality. The great conqueror did not hesitate to come down from his dignity for

the petty pleasure of personally insulting gentlemen, who had done him no injury except that of being loyal to their own prince. The exactions of the victorious military were beyond all former example of license; and studied contempt was every where mingled with their rapacity. It was now that the French laid the foundation of that universal hatred with which the Prussian nation, in the sequel, regarded them, and which assumed every where the virulence of a private and personal passion.

In justice to Napoleon himself, a solitary instance of generous conduct, which occurred ere he had been long in Berlin, must be noticed. The prince of Hatzfeld continuing to reside in Berlin, under Napoleon's protection, corresponded, nevertheless, with Hohenlohe, then in the field, and sent information of the state and movements of the French army. One of his letters fell into the hands of the French—the prince was arrested—his wife gained access to the emperor, and, ignorant of her husband's conduct, spoke with the boldness of innocence in his favour. Napoleon handed to her the prince's letter, and, confounded with the clearness of that evidence, she fell on her knees in silence. "Put the paper in the fire, madam," said Napoleon, "and there will then be no proof."

Perhaps no part of Buonaparte's conduct at this time gave more general disgust, than his meanness in robbing the funeral monument of Frederick the Great of his sword and orders. These unworthy trophies he transmitted to Paris, along with the best statues and pictures of the galleries of Berlin and Potsdam, thus dealt with according to the example of Lombardy and Venice.

END OF VOL. I.

AQUILA
NEW YORK

JAN 14 1938